Collier's

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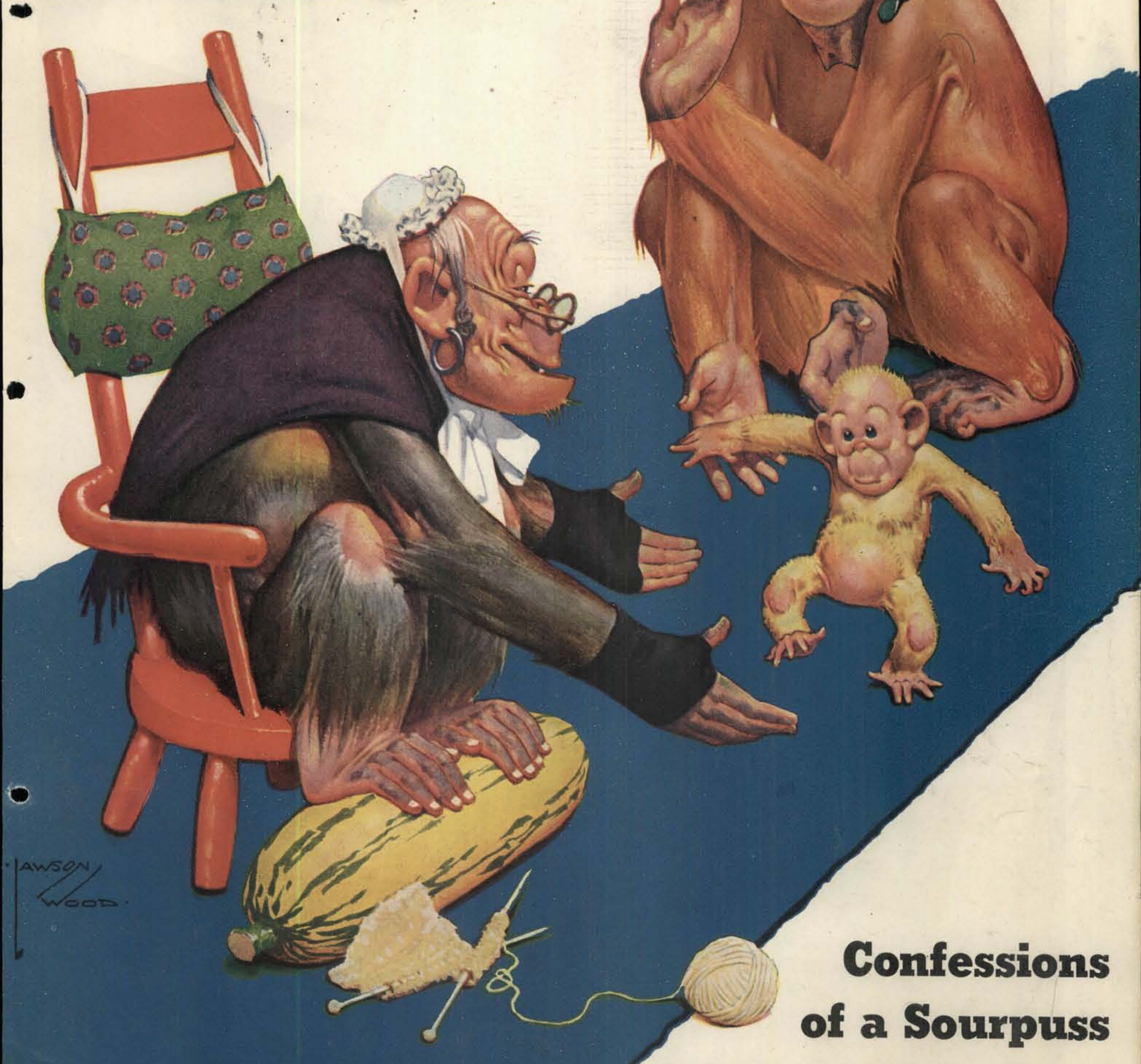

Confessions of a Sourpuss

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

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J H HENDERSON
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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
OLD TAYLOR

The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.
This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.

THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

I have made many whiskies in my lifetime but only one have I **signed**

And a token of the high standards I strove to have written into law, is the U.S. bottled in bond stamp with which it is **sealed**

I urge you to sample it, for here is a noble bourbon which the most critical palate will hail as mellow **and delicious**

E. H. Taylor Jr.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • •

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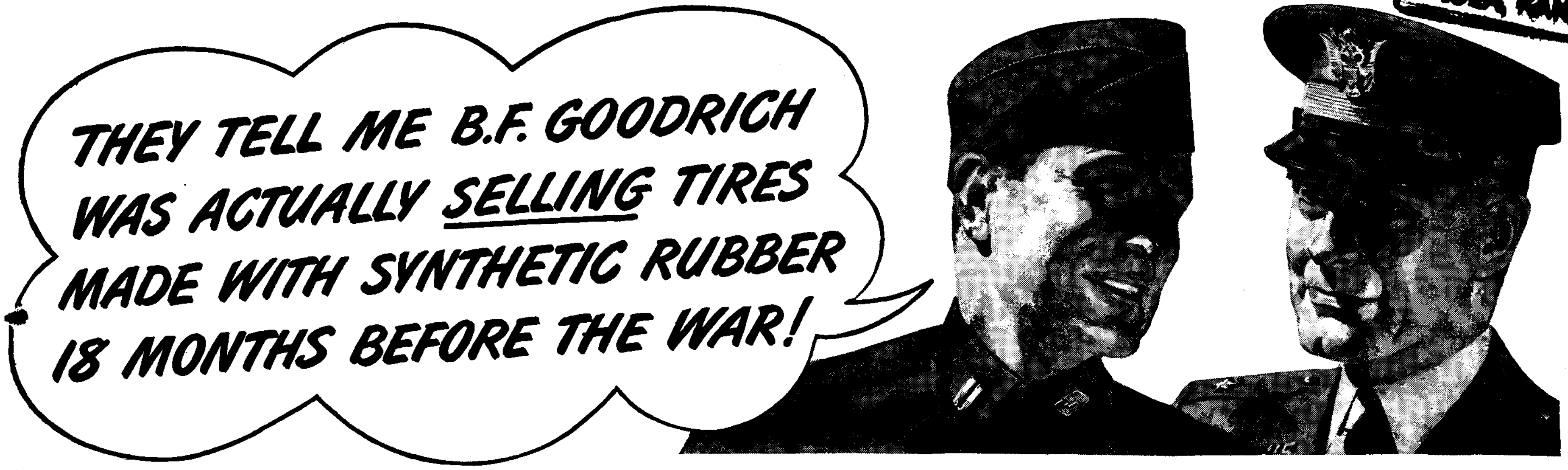
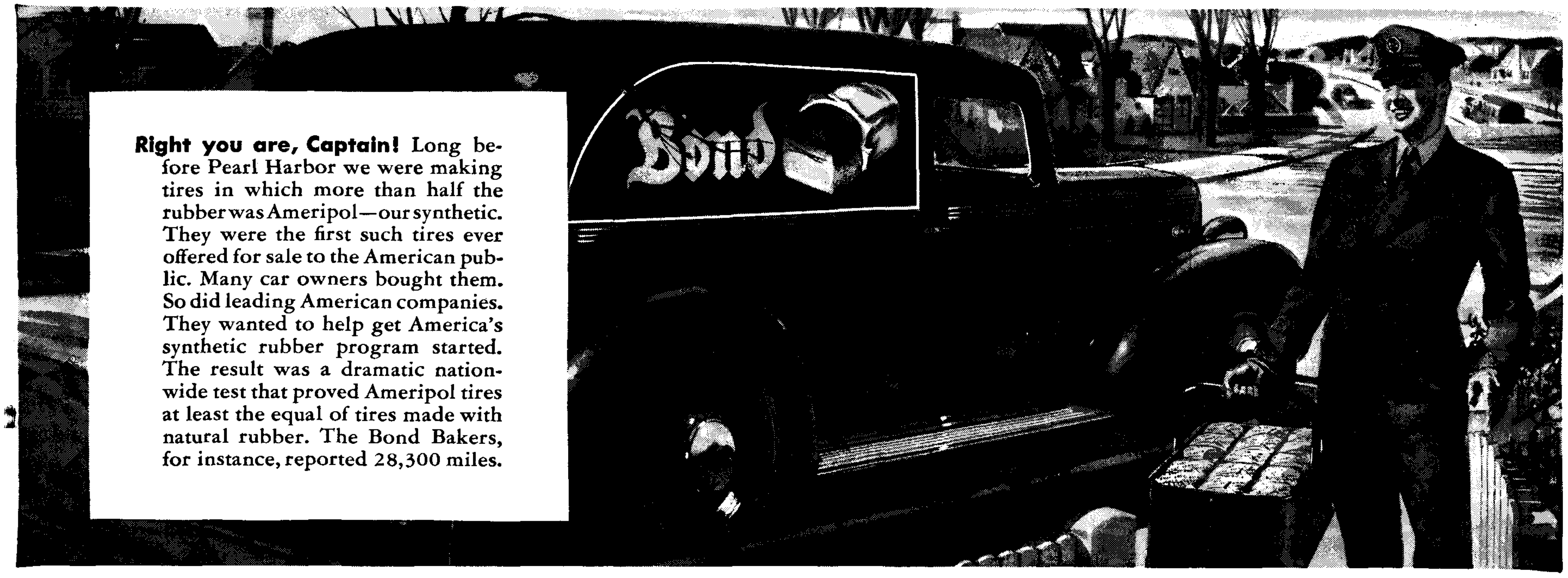
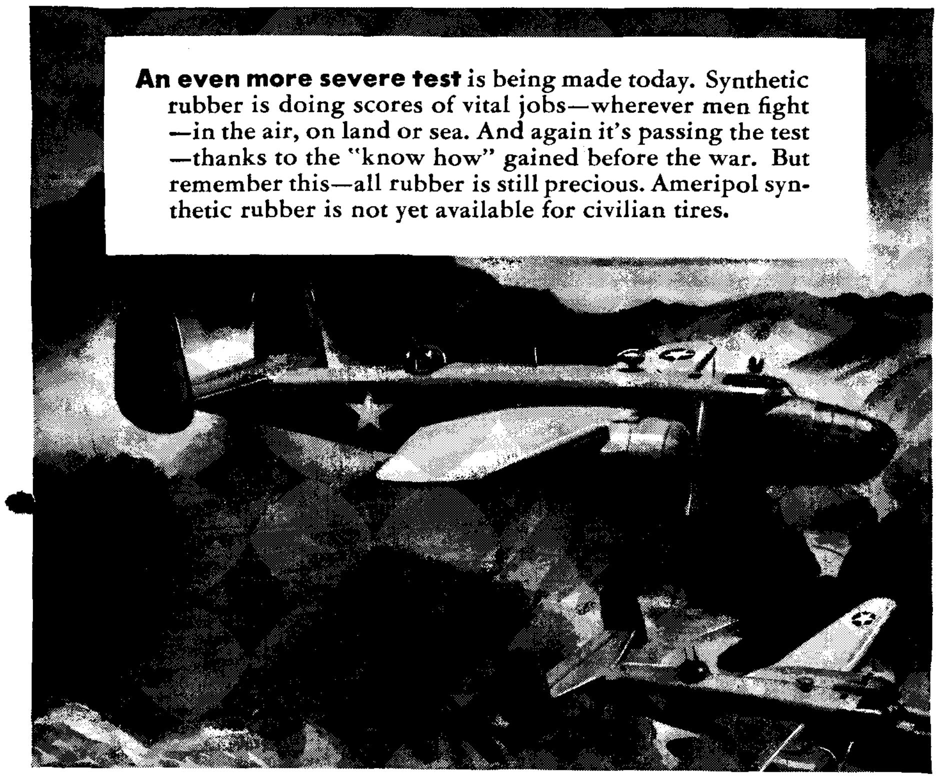
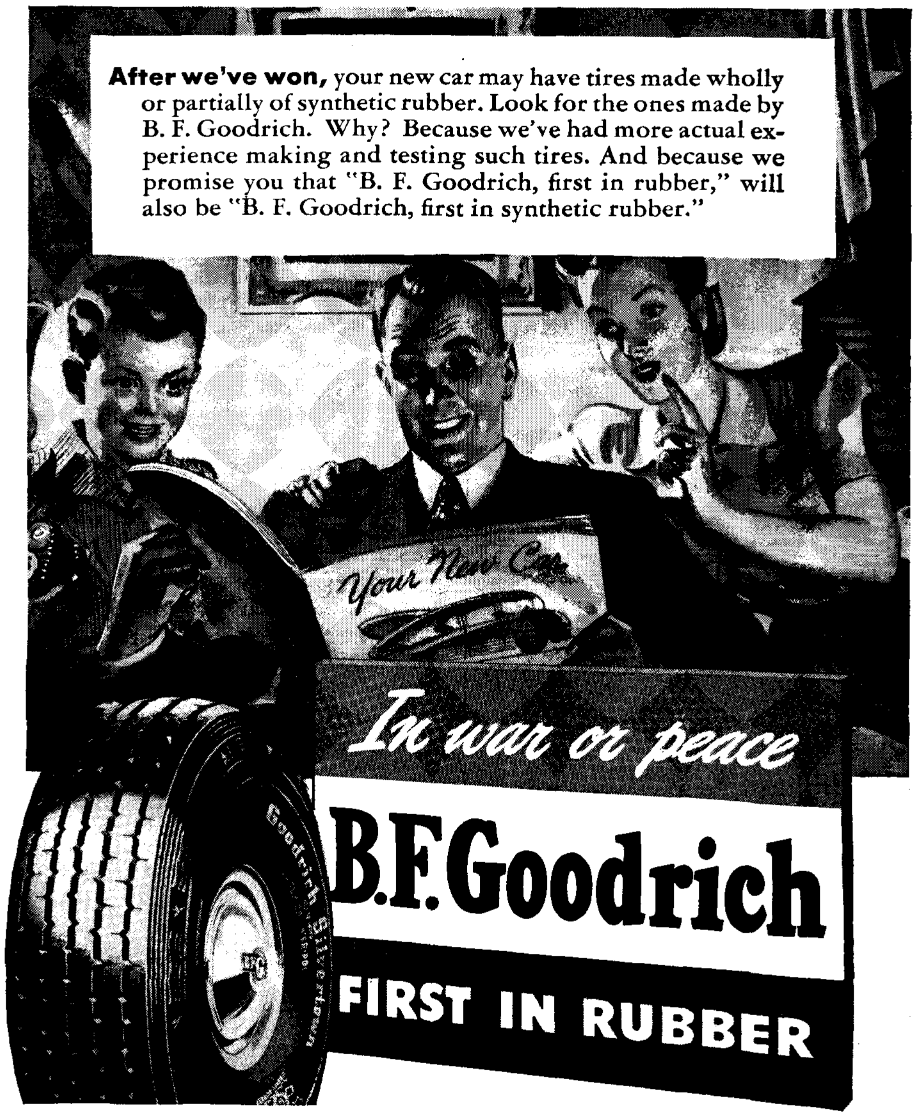

THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER 18 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!



Right you are, Captain! Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nationwide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.



An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember this—all rubber is still precious. Ameripol synthetic rubber is not yet available for civilian tires.



After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. And because we promise you that "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."

A few companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO. . . . GENERAL BAKING CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . THE TEXAS CO. . . . U. S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents
William Saroyan's
THE HUMAN COMEDY
starring
MICKEY ROONEY
with **FRANK MORGAN**

SUPPORTING PLAYERS: *James Craig, Marsha Hunt, Fay Bainter, Ray Collins, Van Johnson, Donna Reed, Jack Jenkins, Dorothy Morris, John Craven, Ann Ayars, Mary Nash, Henry O'Neill*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *Howard Estabrook, Based on the Book by William Saroyan*

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY: CLARENCE BROWN

BRIEF REVIEW: A coming event that is casting a considerable shadow ahead is "The Human Comedy". Via Hollywood and listening posts across the country, we hear that the picture tells a story so rich in meaning, so human in feeling, that it has everyone on his toes waiting for the Premiere!

"The Human Comedy" reaches down and touches the very earth of America. Its tender and sensitive story has caught the pounding heartbeats of the very real people it portrays—and magnifies them into a symphony of sound that is as strong as it is moving, as splendid as it is simple! You'll go down quiet country lanes and up the steps of rich mansions guided by the gentle but firm hand of Saroyan, master of the sweet and bitter-sweet!

All the nostalgias of boyhood will flow through you when Homer runs the 220 hurdles—and all your romantic inclinations will be with the tieless youth who woos the debutante daughter of the town's banker. Here is a story woven of the warp and woof of living and loving, dreaming and building. It is the big sum of all its wealth of tender and illuminating detail. It adds up to greatness!

"The Human Comedy" touches tragedy but it is never tawdry. It is mottled with sunlight but does not forget the rain. It probes the emotions so sensitively that as you see the story unfold, you will forget you are in the audience and step right into your part on the screen.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given this production the understanding directorship of Clarence Brown and the inspired interpretation of scene and role which the script demanded.

ACCOLADE: To Mickey Rooney who in this picture develops new stature as the young boy messenger whose duties bring him into contact with rich and poor and whose humanness brings him into direct contact with Life itself!

LAURELS: To Saroyan who makes the simple great—and simplifies the great—by applying the leveling touchstone of human feeling to all his characters.

OLIVE BRANCH: To all those who sometime claim that Hollywood does not make Great Pictures—here is a challenging story which will move the most critical to applause, for "The Human Comedy" has The Human Touch.

Collier's

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

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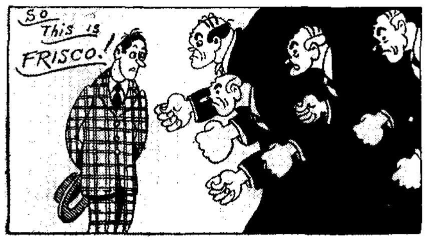
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

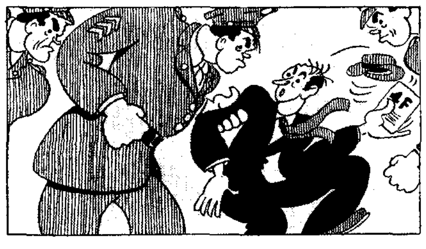
THE most sensitive people in the world live in San Francisco. Not only are they delicate to the point of desiccation but they bruise to the touch. We have attended dinners in the town that seemed pleasant and cultured but we realize now that we were sitting on a volcano. The gathering was simply waiting in terror for the great blunder. The crime, of course, was uttering the word "Frisco." Neva Lee Budworth of that excellent city has been protesting a caption in this magazine using the detestable word: "It means social ostracism in the Bay area, cold shoulders and unfriendly glares. Let this be a warning!" We are unable to understand this phobia because, to us, Frisco is the most beautiful word in the English language. It suggests romance, adventure, exciting life. San Francisco suggests nothing but fish grottoes, seals and Joe DiMaggio. The second most beautiful word in the language is Fresno.


So This is FRISCO!

IN TRUTH, love of place has always seemed to us the most pathetic of virtues. The native of Vermont who stands on the border of New Hampshire, two feet away, and says, "I couldn't stand an abominable climate like that," is no more to be admired than the gentleman who comments, with the air of having propounded a great truth, that New York is a nice place to *visit.* A word of reality is always a relief in this situation, and we think we've found it in a report from our Mr. James Darling, lately returned from a trip to western Canada, where he met a Negro cook and asked him how he found life in that vast waste. "Boss," said the cook sadly, "this country ain't nothin' but miles and miles of nothin' but miles and miles."

IT'S also miles back to the East Side of New York, but we are making it via a communication from one Bill Hebert of Hollywood, who forwards what must obviously be an apocryphal story about an East Side mother who had two sons, one of them a wizard in school, while the other always flunked. When the war came, both boys enlisted. The bright one went to officers' training school; the other entered the Air Forces and in no time at all was overseas in plenty of combat. Mamma was sitting on the front steps, a little depressed, the other day, after having just received a letter from her son in the Solomons, when a friend passed by. "Hozz treex, Mrs. Nussbaum?" asked the friend. "And hozz Louie and Henry—such smott boys?" "With Henry is everything fine," replied Mrs. Nussbaum. "Strictly *kopacetik*. He has just graduated from officers' trainink school. But dot dope, Louie, he writes he has just got three Zeros—again!"

JUST what Mrs. Nussbaum was doing on her front steps at this time of year is a matter for Mr. Hebert to explain, for we have had a tough winter in these parts and rarely leave the house without a cask of brandy around our neck. It has meant a great change in our life and we are sympathetic with David C. Waugh of Tomah, Wisconsin, who scoffs at the present regulations in England that cut down the depth of water in their bathtubs to five and a half inches. "Did you ever run five and a half inches of water in your tub and then get in and see how your body displacement pushed the water up the sides?" demands Mr. Waugh. "If you check, you'll find that the average amount of water in a tub in this country is from three to five inches before the person gets in." We confess we get a little more, because we have gone back to the old custom of taking our bath Saturday nights in a wooden tub by the kitchen stove. On a good night, the water often gets up to eight inches.



AND a letter from Arthur M. Herzog of New York states that he almost had the distinction of being the first native-born American shot for excess patriotism. It seems that Mr. Herzog was down at Penn Station seeing off a friend who was going to Camp Upton. As the line of selectees began to move, Mr. Herzog was pushed in among them by a tough sergeant. He protested, the sergeant admonished him to keep his lip to himself, and Herzog found himself on the train. He explained his dilemma to another sergeant, who said he couldn't do anything about it but suggested that Mr. Herzog might get off at Jamaica. Herzog decided it would be even better to get off before the train started, which he did—and was immediately chased by two other sergeants. He had almost reached the safety of the street when he slipped and was collared and dragged back

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COVER LAWSON WOO

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"Thanks for helping"

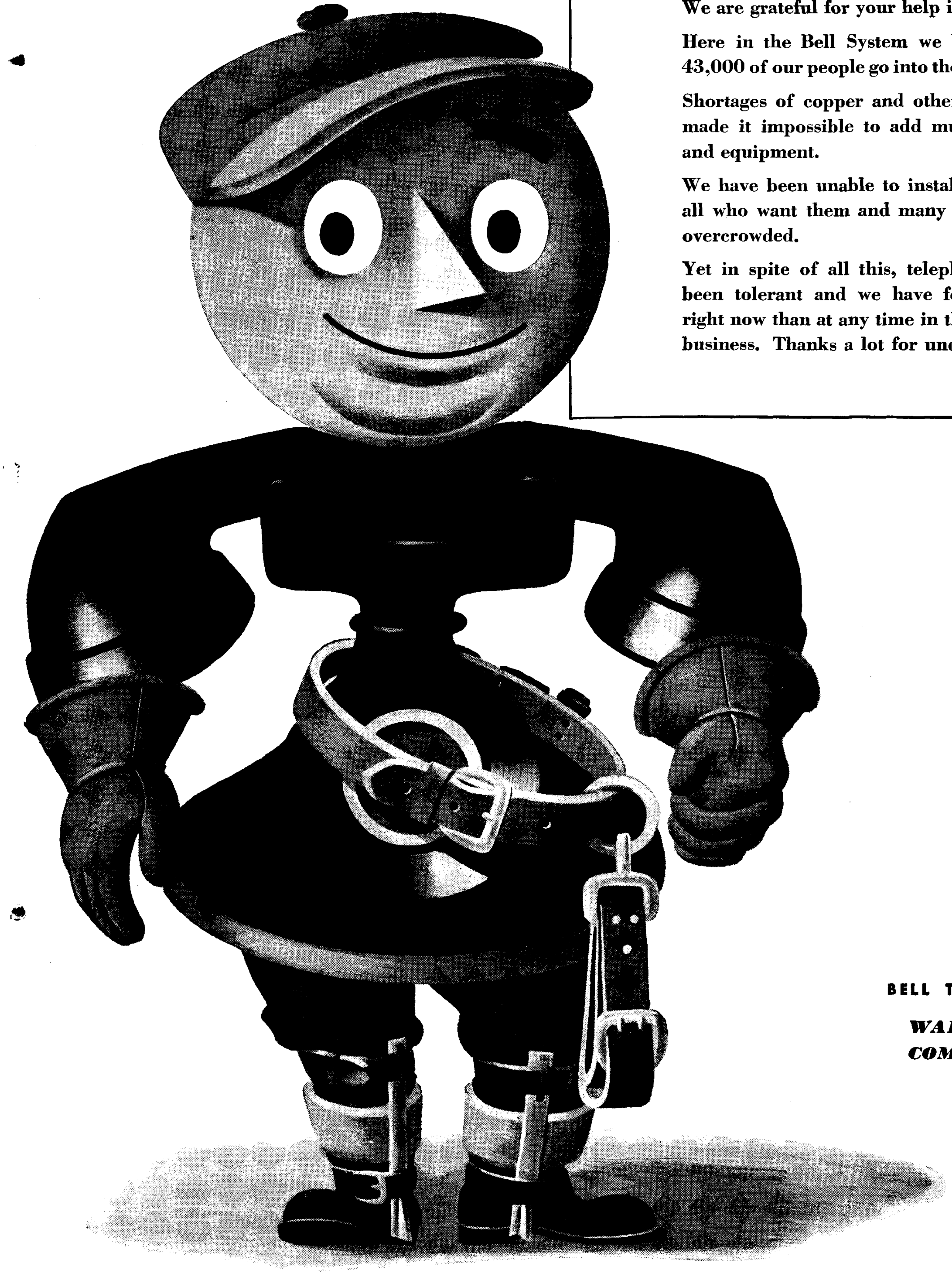
We are grateful for your help in difficult times.

Here in the Bell System we have seen some 43,000 of our people go into the armed services.

Shortages of copper and other materials have made it impossible to add much-needed lines and equipment.

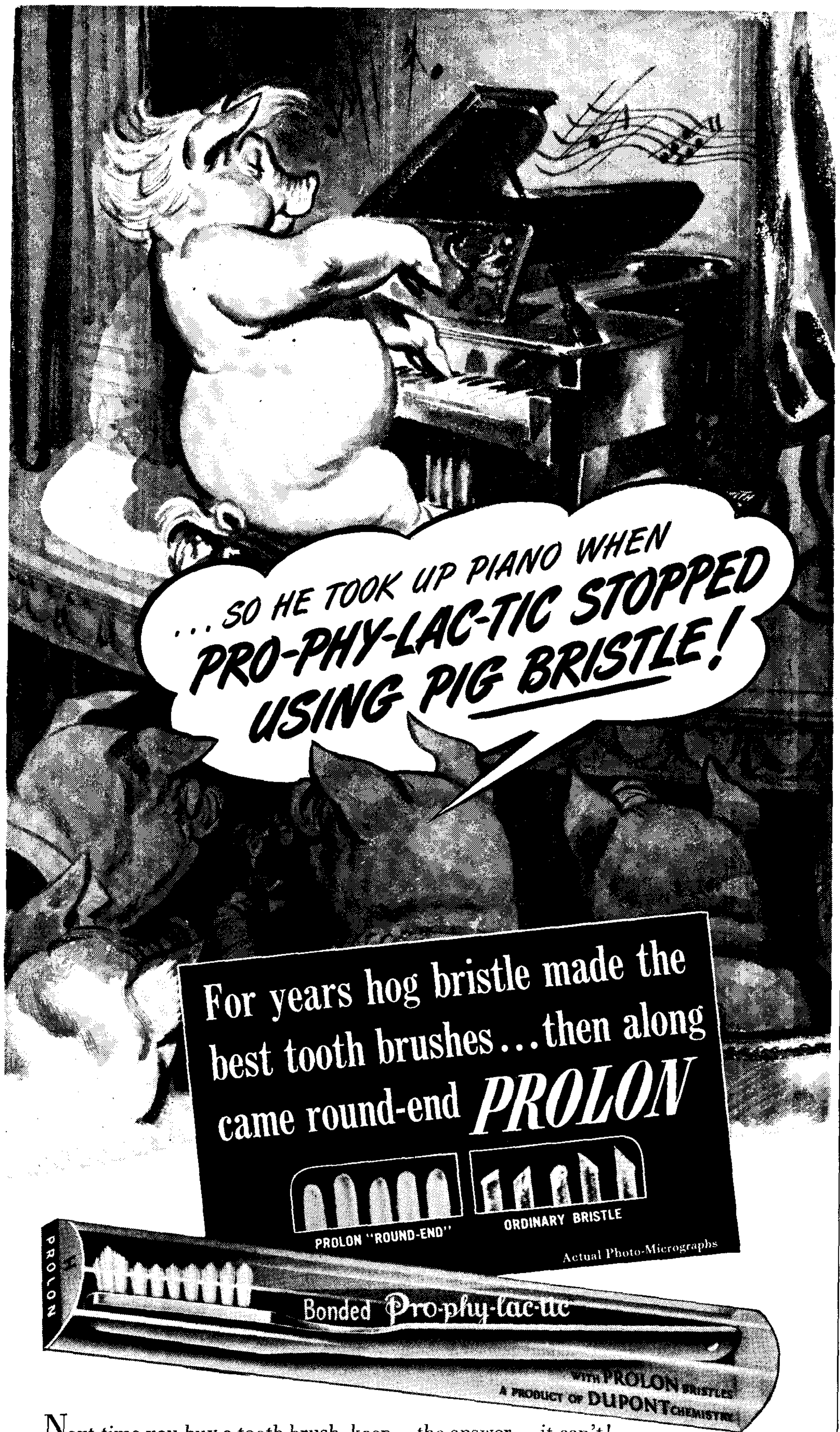
We have been unable to install telephones for all who want them and many of our lines are overcrowded.

Yet in spite of all this, telephone users have been tolerant and we have fewer complaints right now than at any time in the history of the business. Thanks a lot for understanding.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS
COME FIRST


... SO HE TOOK UP PIANO WHEN PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC STOPPED USING PIG BRISTLE!
For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes ... then along came round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer ... it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

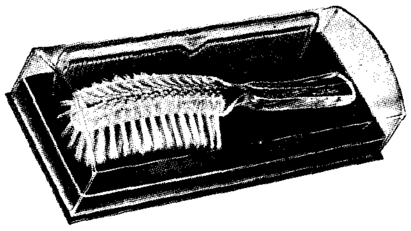
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush —the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00 —at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush ... with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is one of the few communities in this country in which party-line telephones cannot be tied up by lengthy conversations. Since 1939, its phones have been regulated by an automatic device which, after giving a warning signal sixty seconds in advance, disconnects all calls at the end of eight minutes.

Australia is the only democratic country that has completed the official history of its part in the first World War, the six-volume work having been finished recently after twenty-two years of preparation.—*By Annie W. Robertson, London, England.*

Naval guns fire such a variety of projectiles that the types are painted in different colors to distinguish them easily and quickly. Antiaircraft and bombardment shells are green, armor-piercing shells are black, high explosives are yellow, shrapnel are white, and gas are red. A white band indicates that the shell is also a tracer.

U. S. Army dogs are specially trained in rescue work. Upon locating a wounded man, the dog returns to headquarters, indicates his find by chewing his "brinsell," a short wooden stick that hangs from his collar, and leads stretcher-bearers to the spot.

Russia's refusal to disclose the names of the 2,500,000 Nazi soldiers killed or captured has been a major factor in the impairment of the morale of the German masses.

The compulsory banking of food-ration coupons does not affect about seventy-five per cent of the nation's retail food stores. Those who must have ration bank accounts are all food stores with two or more outlets and one-store retailers whose gross sales of all food was $5,000 or more in December, 1942.

The expression "Tell that to the marines" is an old English phrase that first found its way into print in Sir Walter Scott's novel Redgauntlet, written and published in 1824.

In addition to its 24-hour clock, the U. S. Army now uses Greenwich Civil Time exclusively to avoid confusion in time on our numerous fronts. Example: Officers in Alaska and Morocco, reporting incidents that occurred simultaneously, would use the same time figures, such as 271331Z, meaning the 27th day of the month at 31 minutes after 13 or 1 P. M., with the letter Z standing for Greenwich, or Zero Meridian.

Cities in Free China are still brightly illuminated at night because their systems of airplane detection always warn them of approaching bombers at least an hour in advance. —*By K. B. Soon, Kukong, Kwangtung, Free China.*

Latex, basis of crude rubber found in varying quantities and qualities in about 9,000 species of trees, shrubs, herbs and vines, differs from true sap in that it does not seem to have any necessary function in the life of the plant. In fact, its natural purpose is not completely understood.

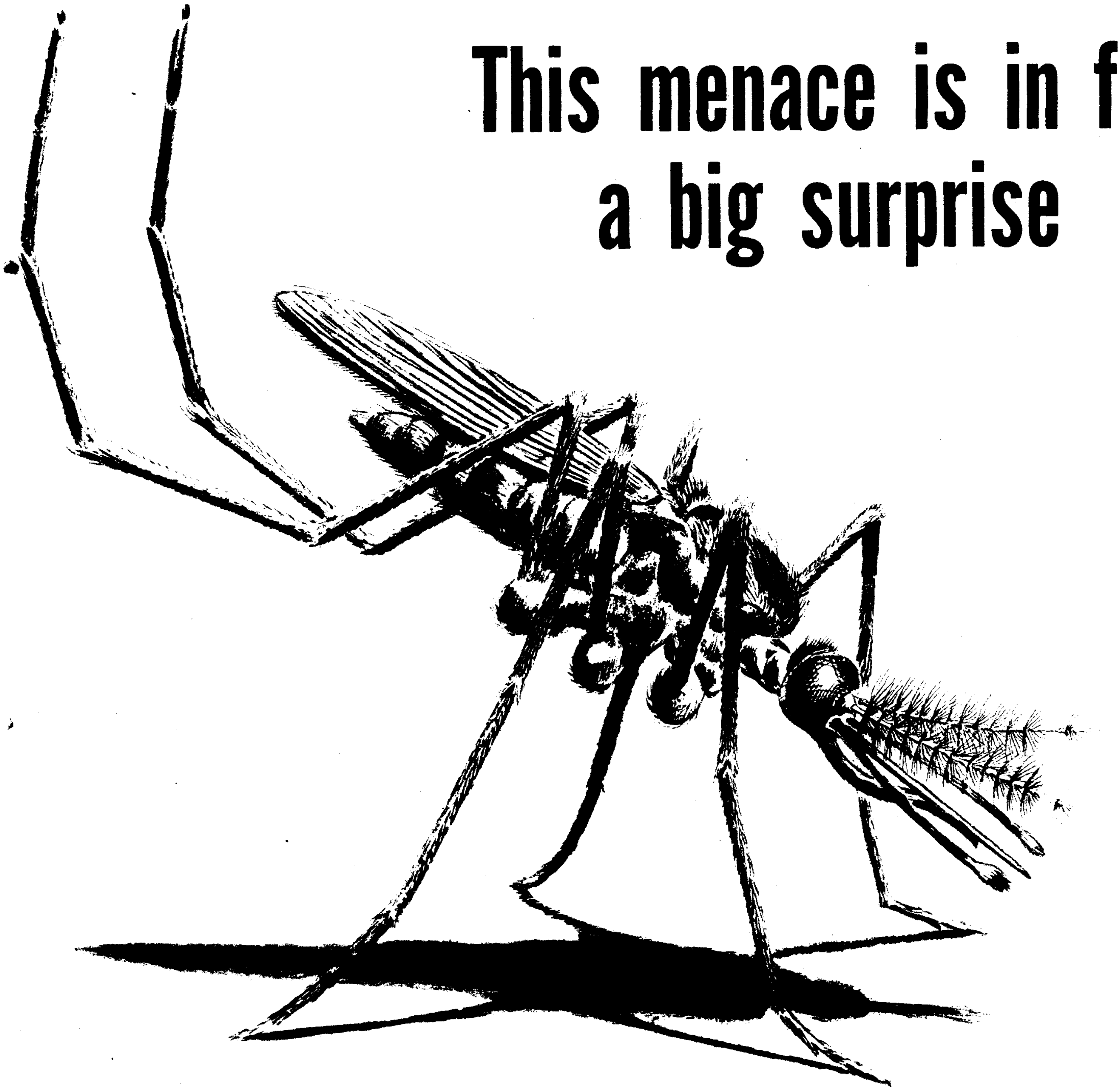
The first two cities to be awarded a "T" flag by the Treasury Department for having 90 per cent or more of their citizens invest over 10 per cent of their income in War Bonds are Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Ilion, New York.

The custom of slicing bread cost the commercial bakery no more than one cent for a hundred loaves, and added only three cents to the cost of producing an entire year's supply of bread for one average family.

Since officers of the Red Army learned from captured Nazis that they had expected to be buried alive, groups of these prisoners are frequently taken at night to the front lines where they tell their former comrades, via loud-speaker, how well they are being treated.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

This menace is in for a big surprise



Her name is *Anopheles.*

She is the mosquito that carries malaria.

From now on, she'll be much less of a menace to our fighting forces in Africa and the Pacific, and to all of us here in America . . . thanks to a new Westinghouse development in the field of insect control.

Insect control! Funny thing for an electrical manufacturer to be concerned with?

Not when you know that this new device—a small metal cylinder containing Aerosol, a development of the U. S. Department of Agriculture—was made possible by Westinghouse "know how" gained in building electric refrigerators.

With this device, soldiers in combat zones can destroy every deadly insect in barracks, dugouts, captured enemy positions, in an amazingly short time—with complete safety to themselves. Cargo and transport planes returning to America from malaria-infested areas can be rid of disease-laden insects *in flight*, long before there is any danger of bringing these unwelcome stowaways into the United States.

Is this so important? A high military authority has said that *this new Westinghouse device may save more American lives than any other single invention of the war to date.*

And it is only one of many Westinghouse products that are helping to bring Victory nearer. In addition to all the electrical products we are making—and there are literally thousands of them—we are turning out such things as precision Army binoculars, huge steam turbines and reduction gears for ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine, plastic linings for Army helmets, control pulleys for aircraft, anti-tank shot, mountings for big Navy guns.

In peacetime, our principal business is *electricity.*

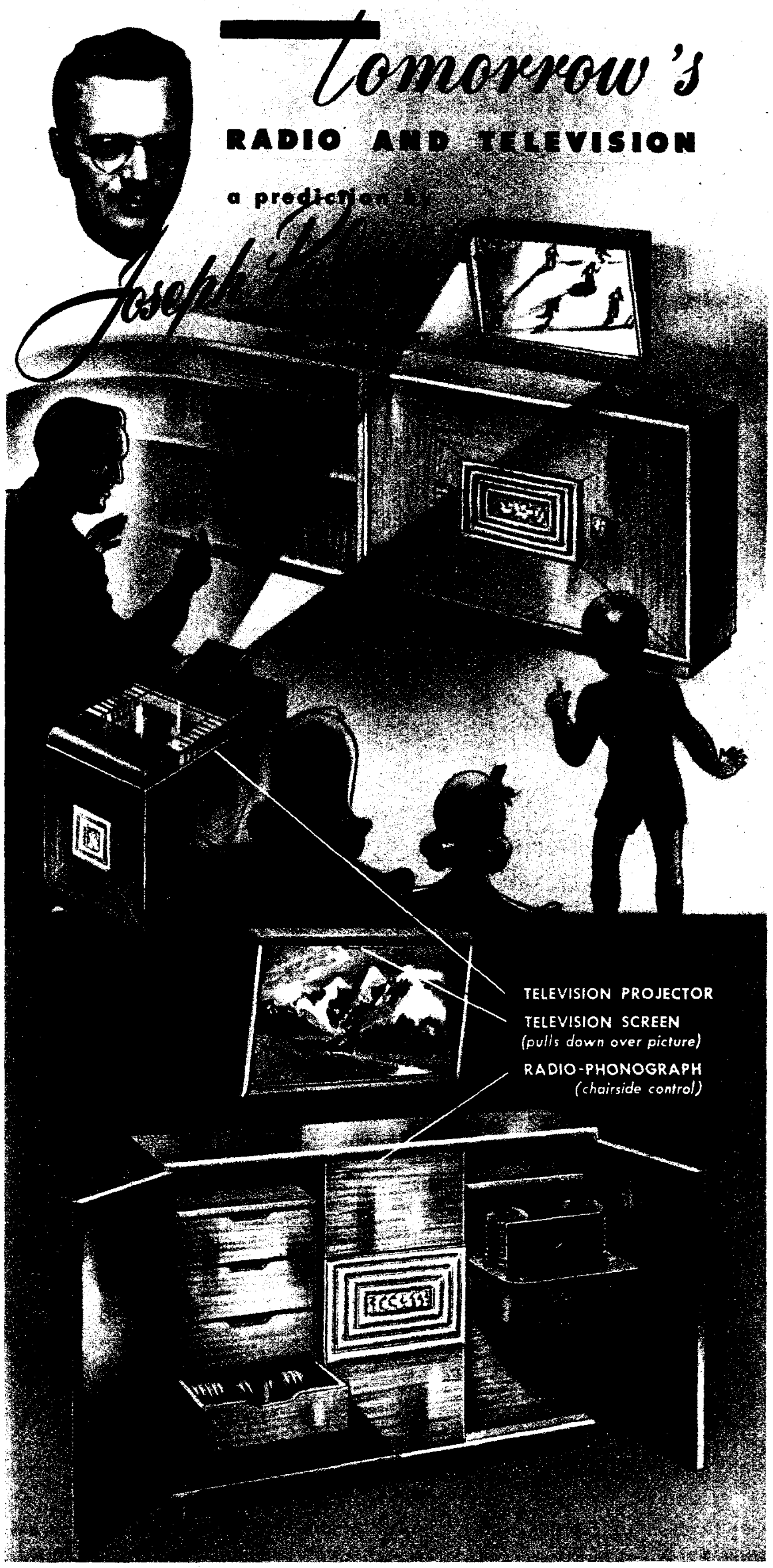
But in wartime, our only business is Victory. *And that means we are vitally concerned with anything—electrical or not—that our "know-how" can design or build to help win this war.*

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tune in the Westinghouse Program starring
John Charles Thomas—N B C Network,
Sunday, 2:30 P. M., Eastern War Time.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE



New and exciting adventures in radio and television are in prospect for the tomorrow when victory again brings its cherished blessings of peace. Joseph Palma's intriguing design . . . as well as others pictured in these columns . . . are providing Admiral engineers with many stimulating ideas for the future. Right now, however, both great Admiral plants are making vital communications equipment for our armed forces . . . to help hasten the tomorrow that victory will bring. ***Continental Radio & Television Corporation, 3800 W. Cortland St., Chicago, U.S.A.***

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

Admiral RADIO
AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

THE Johns and the Sallys who are staying away from their war jobs for no particular reason have become a main problem in war production today and "absentee" has become synonymous with "enemy" in the building of war planes. Last year, it was estimated, the absentee war workers in the plane factories "shot down" between 500 and 600 planes.

Last December, for instance, the loss of man-hours in the Douglas Aircraft plant totaled 322,720, when employees failed to show up because they had hang-overs, had gone shopping or visited beauty parlors or done something else besides work. In that one plant, those absentees cost *fifty-five combat planes for Uncle Sam's Army and Navy.*

With more money than they ever had before, and squared away with their creditors, the workers get the habit of taking it easy to enjoy hunting, sports or other diversions.

Everything is being tried to solve the problem, at a time when all hands are needed to keep the planes rolling off the production lines. The excuses the workers give are usually worthless; nevertheless the situation has to be handled with caution. Personal service bureaus are being established to take care of little chores which often keep the worker from his job. A morale-building program is under way to show the worker the importance of his task, and it may even come to a point of having a ceremony at which the habitual absentees dedicate a plane which wasn't built. It will be marked "Missing—But Not in Action."

SOMEWHERE on the fighting fronts of the world today are a dozen gold-star fighting planes, marked to avenge the death of soldiers who used to work at the Lockheed and Vega plants in southern California. Those planes started on their missions last December, and in the months to come, others will be so dedicated to former employees who have given their lives in battle.

THERE will be virtual flying service stations for planes after the war if plans now being considered materialize. Looking forward to the vast increase in flying in all its phases, plans are being considered to give the fastest and cheapest type of repair service to plane owners and operators. And with it will be an aerial repair service, so that the man in the small town where no aircraft-repair facilities are available can get the same type of quick service enjoyed by those whose planes are kept at thoroughly equipped bases.

Under a plan being discussed now, main bases would be set up at strategic locations where the actual work would be done. A shuttle service would be operated, with work planes in the area served by each base which would send mechanics, parts and even rental engines for the customer's plane. Such repair depots would serve for the small feeder-line systems, on an annual contract basis, when those systems are expanded in peacetime. In addition to having the possibility of developing into big business, such an operation would afford employment for the boys who are servicing warplanes today and will be looking for similar jobs when they come back.

Mrs. Betty Chambers and son Michael in front of a Lightning P-38—a fighting memorial to the husband and father, 2d Lt. Robert W. Chambers—one of twelve planes dedicated by Lockheed and Vega to Gold Star men on the companies' service flag

Hand in hand with this business will be a circuit of aviation country clubs developed in various cities. These clubs, in addition to the companionship they will offer, will give their members savings in fuel buying and other benefits, through group purchasing. Even existing golf clubs may find themselves adding runways and utilizing their existing facilities at a profit when the nation swings onto the peacetime aviation band wagon. . . .

JUSTIN B. BOWERSOCK

GOODBYE—MR. ZERO!

Time was when the words "Jap Zero" sent a chill through the blood . . . *not any more.*

A new cock-of-the-walk is ruling upstairs—the fightingest Navy plane ever launched in the skies—the new *Corsair!*

Five tons of armored fury, it climbs like a rocket—faster, *higher* than any Jap has ever gone! And with it rides a blazing, blasting battery of high-velocity guns that can dissolve a Zero into thin air half a mile away.

Tremendous power is the secret of this new star in our fighting heavens.

And we are proud that the Corsair's engine—more powerful than any Axis plane known—is a war responsibility shared by the men of Nash-Kelvinator.

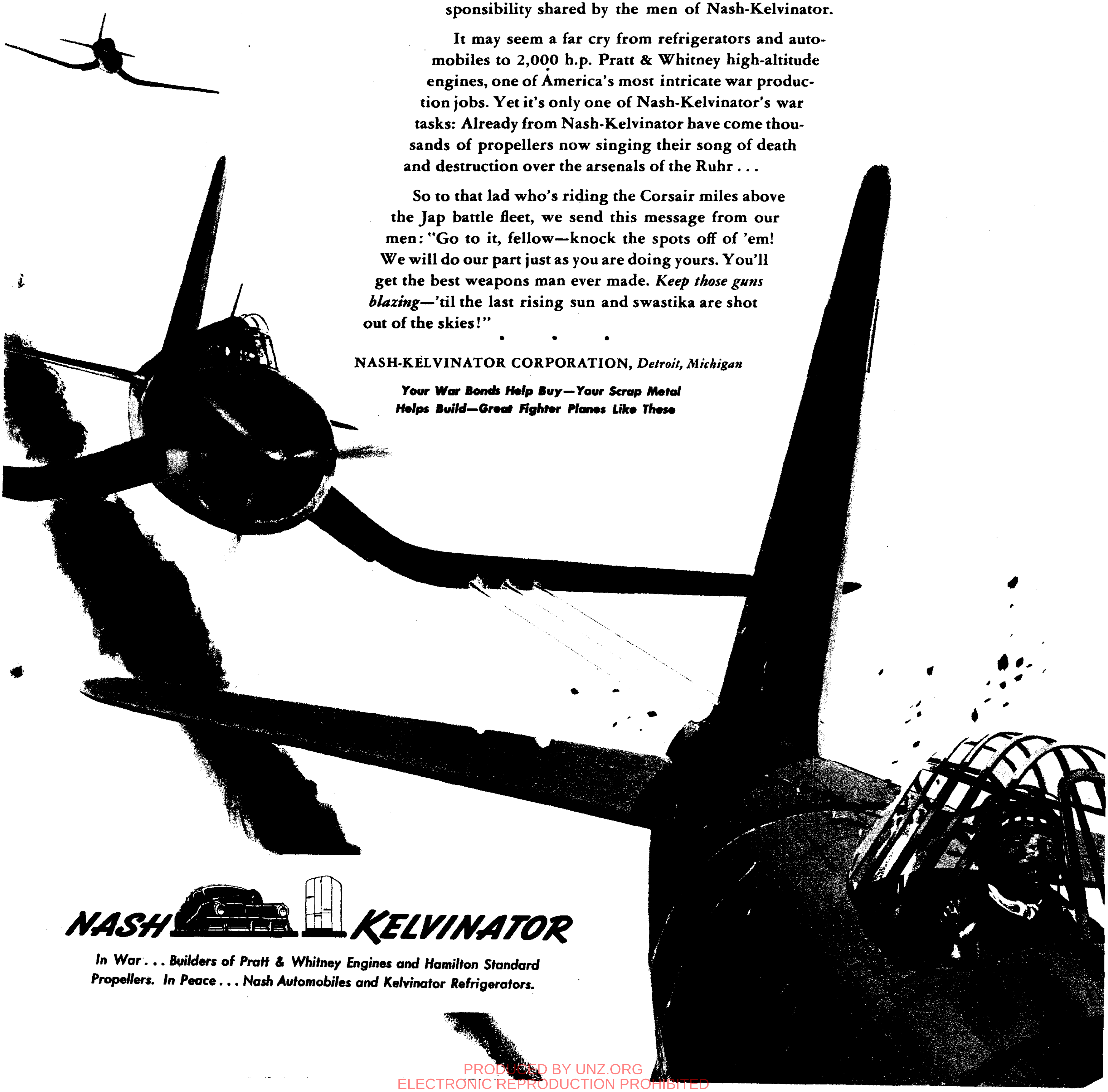
It may seem a far cry from refrigerators and automobiles to 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney high-altitude engines, one of America's most intricate war production jobs. Yet it's only one of Nash-Kelvinator's war tasks: Already from Nash-Kelvinator have come thousands of propellers now singing their song of death and destruction over the arsenals of the Ruhr . . .

So to that lad who's riding the Corsair miles above the Jap battle fleet, we send this message from our men: "Go to it, fellow—knock the spots off of 'em! We will do our part just as you are doing yours. You'll get the best weapons man ever made. *Keep those guns blazing*—'til the last rising sun and swastika are shot out of the skies!"

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit, Michigan*

Your War Bonds Help Buy—Your Scrap Metal Helps Build—Great Fighter Planes Like These



NASH KELVINATOR

In War . . . Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace . . . Nash Automobiles and Kelvinator Refrigerators.

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U.S.A."

One passenger-
or one million

THOSE carefree days when a man could take a train almost as easily as he'd buy a morning paper are out for the duration.

Folks have to share the railroads with the Army and the Navy, just as they're sharing almost everything else these days.

We wish we could still offer you an unlimited choice of departure times and accommodations, *but more than a million and a half troops per month must be cared for first.*

That takes a lot of cars and a lot of locomotives.

It takes the time of a lot of railroad men, for these movements must be handled swiftly and secretly.

After meeting all the vast demands of a nation at war, we are not always able to serve the public as well as we'd like to—but nevertheless, with a little cooperation, *we'll get you where you have to go.*

Transportation is our business as well as our duty—and we want you to know that every railroad man worthy of the name has his heart in his job.

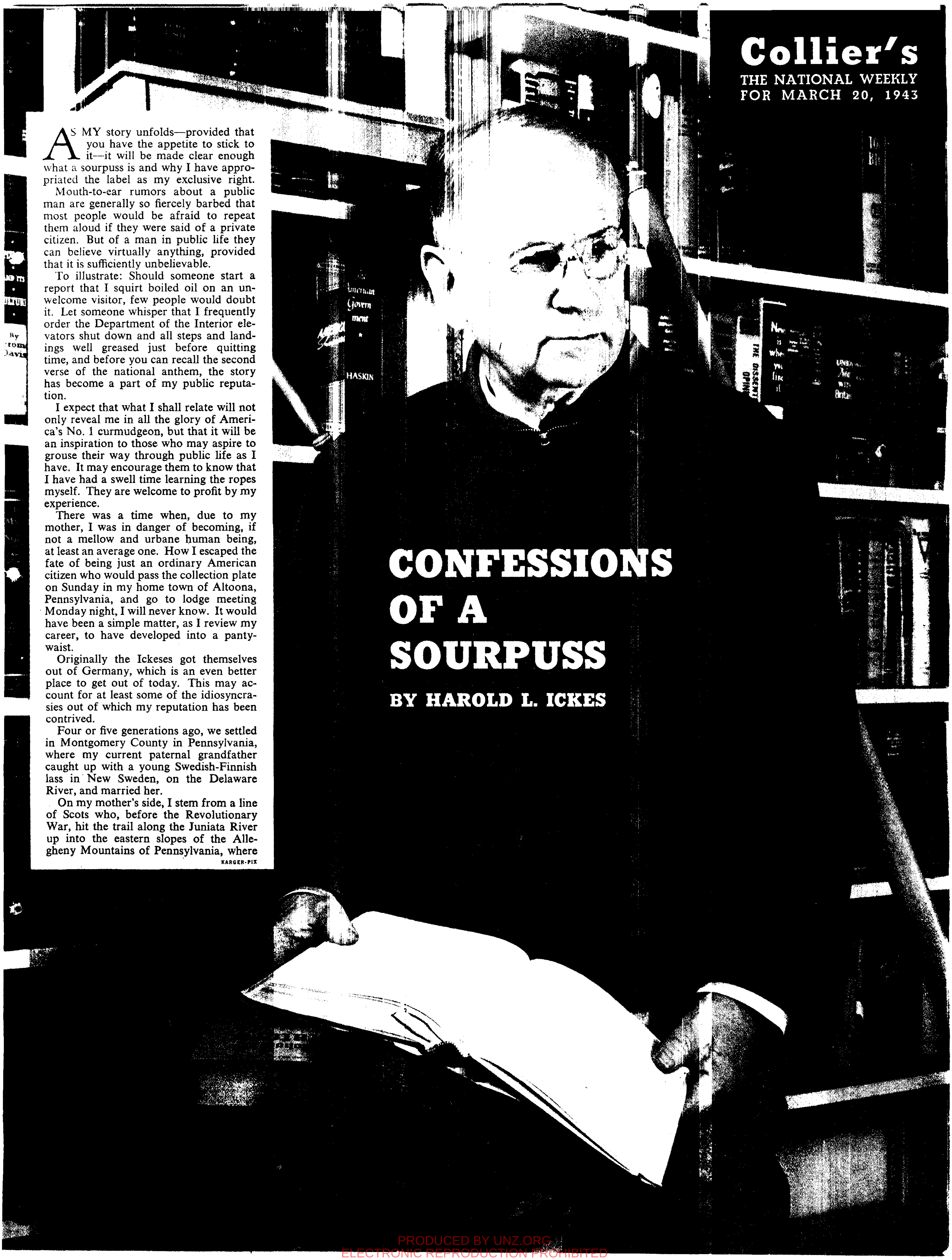
Association of
AMERICAN RAILROADS
Washington
D.C.

UNITED FOR VICTORY

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 20, 1943

CONFESSIONS OF A SOURPUSS

BY HAROLD L. ICKES



KARGER-PIX

AS MY story unfolds—provided that you have the appetite to stick to it—it will be made clear enough what a sourpuss is and why I have appropriated the label as my exclusive right.

Mouth-to-ear rumors about a public man are generally so fiercely barbed that most people would be afraid to repeat them aloud if they were said of a private citizen. But of a man in public life they can believe virtually anything, provided that it is sufficiently unbelievable.

To illustrate: Should someone start a report that I squirt boiled oil on an unwelcome visitor, few people would doubt it. Let someone whisper that I frequently order the Department of the Interior elevators shut down and all steps and landings well greased just before quitting time, and before you can recall the second verse of the national anthem, the story has become a part of my public reputation.

I expect that what I shall relate will not only reveal me in all the glory of America's No. 1 curmudgeon, but that it will be an inspiration to those who may aspire to grouse their way through public life as I have. It may encourage them to know that I have had a swell time learning the ropes myself. They are welcome to profit by my experience.

There was a time when, due to my mother, I was in danger of becoming, if not a mellow and urbane human being, at least an average one. How I escaped the fate of being just an ordinary American citizen who would pass the collection plate on Sunday in my home town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, and go to lodge meeting Monday night, I will never know. It would have been a simple matter, as I review my career, to have developed into a pantywaist.

Originally the Ickeses got themselves out of Germany, which is an even better place to get out of today. This may account for at least some of the idiosyncrasies out of which my reputation has been contrived.

Four or five generations ago, we settled in Montgomery County in Pennsylvania, where my current paternal grandfather caught up with a young Swedish-Finnish lass in New Sweden, on the Delaware River, and married her.

On my mother's side, I stem from a line of Scots who, before the Revolutionary War, hit the trail along the Juniata River up into the eastern slopes of the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania, where maternal Grandfather Ickes was later to overtake them.

Grandfather McCune (it started out years ago as McEwen) was a member of the state legislature, and his father was for twenty-seven years the nonlegal member of the county court of three in original Huntingdon County. Now you know where some of my love of politics comes from.

Politically, we were Republicans on both sides. Once my father was, briefly, an aberrant Greenbacker, and the family never quite outlived the disgrace of it. Our house was bright with lights and gay with bunting when a Republican torchlight procession passed. It was a complete blackout, however, when the unspeakable Democrats tramped by. Father ran for the council once in a strongly Democratic war and was licked by four votes. And I had peddled his cards!

One of the things they say about me now is that I have an uncanny ability to pick losers. Why, bless your hearts, many times I have supported a candidate when I knew all the time that he couldn't win. This gives one something to grouse about. The successful candidate will serve as an attractive target for one's villainous darts. Going down with the candidate you believe in is much better for your disposition, if you are dead set upon being a sourpuss.

I have never in my life supported a man because I thought that he was predestined to victory. That would have put me in the uncomfortable position of having to defend when my nature was to attack. As a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, I yelled "No!" on the motion to make the nomination of Harding unanimous. Was I wrong?

When the time came that I must decide upon a career, my problem was to choose one where there would be feeble opposition and very little of that. It took me a long time to decide that I would do best as a curmudgeon, and I leave it to 134,000,000 Americans to say with what degree of success I have carried out my designs.

The Brass Band Wasn't There

I was sixteen years old when my mother died. Before she left us, she convinced my favorite aunt from Chicago that she ought to take me in. No high-hatted, stuffed-shirt delegation or police escort met the budding grouse from Altoona on that hot July day in 1890, as he stepped off the train at the Englewood Station. But the time was to come when this same youngster, sweet-tempered enough to begin with, was to have to wear a false beard to escape delegations of city dignitaries come to meet the Public Works Administrator (Old Sourpuss by then!) who had the penultimate say as to what towns and counties and states might have how much federal funds for what projects.

The baby picture, I blushingly admit, is of me. And who, indeed, is man but a boy grown up?

Here I am with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, snapped in the LaSalle Street Station, in Chicago. In case you can't tell, I am the one under the pancake hat

Of course I went to school. If my drugstore uncle had had his way I would have become an apothecary. But it so happened that my uncle wasn't the boss. My Aunt Ada decreed that I was going to school, and to school I went. I had finished the eighth grade in Altoona without their having to burn down the schoolhouse, and my first job upon reaching Chicago was to jimmy my way into the Englewood High School.

Although president of my class in 1893, I was still modest and shy. I knew very few of my classmates. If I had had more experience with people, I would have realized that I shouldn't have accepted the presidency of the class. To the very end, there was a group that resented me as a carpetbagging intruder. Perhaps this was the beginning of my dead-cat-throwing public, of which I was later to be the proud possessor.

About that time, I went to bed with a bad attack of typhoid fever, as there was an epidemic in Chicago in that World's Fair year. Of this I nearly died but I managed to outwit and confound my enemies. I count it my first victory over them.

I recovered in time to return to my high-school duties with all of my lessons made up so as to graduate with my class. My recollection is, although this may fall in that category of family legends that are unreliable, self-glorifying expressions designed to refurbish prestige or hide soup stains—my recollection is, I say, that scholastically I ranked well within the first ten of my class of seventy-two. Bragging again!

That summer of 1893—the summer of the World's Fair—I went back to Altoona for the first time since I had left it three years earlier. There I found my father definitely not interested in my going to college, and he turned a deaf ear to my appeals for even a little in the way of financial help. I was never much at appeals anyhow, even then. I have always preferred to "say it with brickbats." I was easy to turn down because I had not yet been kicked about enough for my own good.

My main source of income while at college was earned as a night-school teacher. It was a precarious livelihood that helped to shrivel my soul. I taught English to a class of Scandinavians—mostly Swedes—who had recently come to America.

At that time I must have been a very poor specimen of grouch. I still had a viewpoint that was a combination of hope and air castles—very pretty it was! Newspapers hadn't yet poisoned my life or wrecked any of my pet illusions. I was still ignorant as to what extent corruption was rampant in public life. I had yet to learn what a pitiless pounding a man takes when he goes into the public service. Mercy no, I am not complaining! If I could do it again, I would take the same road and, except for a few turns, I would follow the same route.

I managed to get my hands on a ticket of admission to the Democratic National Convention which met in 1896 in the old Coliseum, a relic of the World's Fair that later was destroyed by fire. William Jennings Bryan was known to me slightly by name, but that was all. My seat in the convention hall was a poor one. It was 'way back and 'way up in the topmost gallery. If there had been anything nearer the rafters, I would have been in it.

The acoustics were terrible. Those of us who were in the gallery had great difficulty in hearing. So much so that we adopted the habit of shaping huge ear trumpets out of newspapers (they do have their uses) and there we would sit by the hour with the trumpets leveled toward the speakers on the floor below. It must have been a weird sight from the main floor not to see any faces but only row upon row of newspaper cones in the galleries.

A Political Puppet Show

There were many outstanding national figures among the delegates—David B. Hill, Senator Gorman of Maryland, Senator Teller, the great silver advocate, of Colorado, and many others, including a young free-silver enthusiast from Virginia, named Carter Glass. What went on did not mean much to me, and since I couldn't hear well, even with my trumpet, I had to be content with watching, from afar, well-known figures in what to me was a historic pantomime.

Then one day Bryan asked for and obtained the floor. He began his famous cross-of-gold speech. His wonderful voice filled the auditorium. His was the only speech that could be heard in every nook and corner of the building. One by one, the paper ear trumpets were dropped, and the audience, spellbound, sat with eyes intent upon this bold and eloquent young congressman from Nebraska.

I comprehended only vaguely the money issue in that campaign. As a traditional Republican, I was automatically a good man, in addition to which, for such reasons as I could understand, I believed in the gold cause. But this speech of Bryan's thrilled me just as a speech.

Everybody knows what it did to the convention. During the short time needed for its delivery, Bryan became the top man of the Democratic party and for years thereafter held its leadership. He was licked three times for the Presidency, but he was, nonetheless, a great man whose influence upon our public life was good. He was also one of the greatest orators of all time.

(Continued on page 56)

FOOD TO FLY ON

BY HANNAH LEES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. EUGENE SMITH

It's not the food you plan, it's the food you eat that counts. The RCAF found that out. Now its messes are the best in the world—thanks to female flying officers who aren't content to stay out of the kitchen

THERE were beans, among other things, for supper in one of the airmen's messes somewhere in Canada. The men were forming in line, the kitchen help were dishing it out when a trim little girl in Air Force blue and the stripe of a section officer stepped up to the pot and tasted the beans. The cook and the sergeant-cook were right behind her. She looked at them and shook her head.

"They aren't cooked enough, Sergeant. Better give them the cold meat we were going to have tomorrow and recook the beans," she said.

The sergeant saluted respectfully, to the surprise of nobody including the girl in Air Force blue, and the order was carried out. The men waited, and cheerfully, because their supper, when they got it, was good, the beans, when they got them later, were good, too. They knew they would be. This had happened yesterday with the oatmeal and last week with the bacon.

If you didn't know anything about service messing, you might wonder mildly at a tough sergeant-cook taking orders from a woman. If you did know something about service messing, your eyes might pop out and with reason. For that little incident stands for revolution in the Royal Canadian Air Force—a revolution, what's more, with the pleasant distinction of having made everyone connected with it very happy indeed.

It started back in 1939 shortly after Canada got into the war. The Department of Defense, realizing that a lot of men were going to have to be properly fed so that they could fight, got out the old army ration from the last war, dusted it off, and took a look at it. It didn't look so good. We may not have learned how to prevent wars, but we have learned a few other things in the last twenty-five years, and a pound of meat, a pound of bread, and a pound of potatoes per man per day doesn't seem so perfectly nourishing now as it did then.

The Department of Defense very intelligently got together a committee not of soldiers but of nutrition experts, and this committee devised a new standard ration. It looked marvelous there on paper. Calories, minerals and vitamins were all nicely balanced one against the other. The authorities sighed with relief, put it into effect, and turned their minds to the important job of fighting the war.

Now that might be the end of the story, and we never would get back to the girl tasting the beans if the Air Force, which in Canada is entirely separate from the army, hadn't happened about then to acquire a minister who knew more than the average about public health, and was acutely aware of the connection between what you eat and how you feel. The Honorable Charles G. Power, who had been Minister of Pensions and National Health for the previous four years, was now appointed Minister for Air.

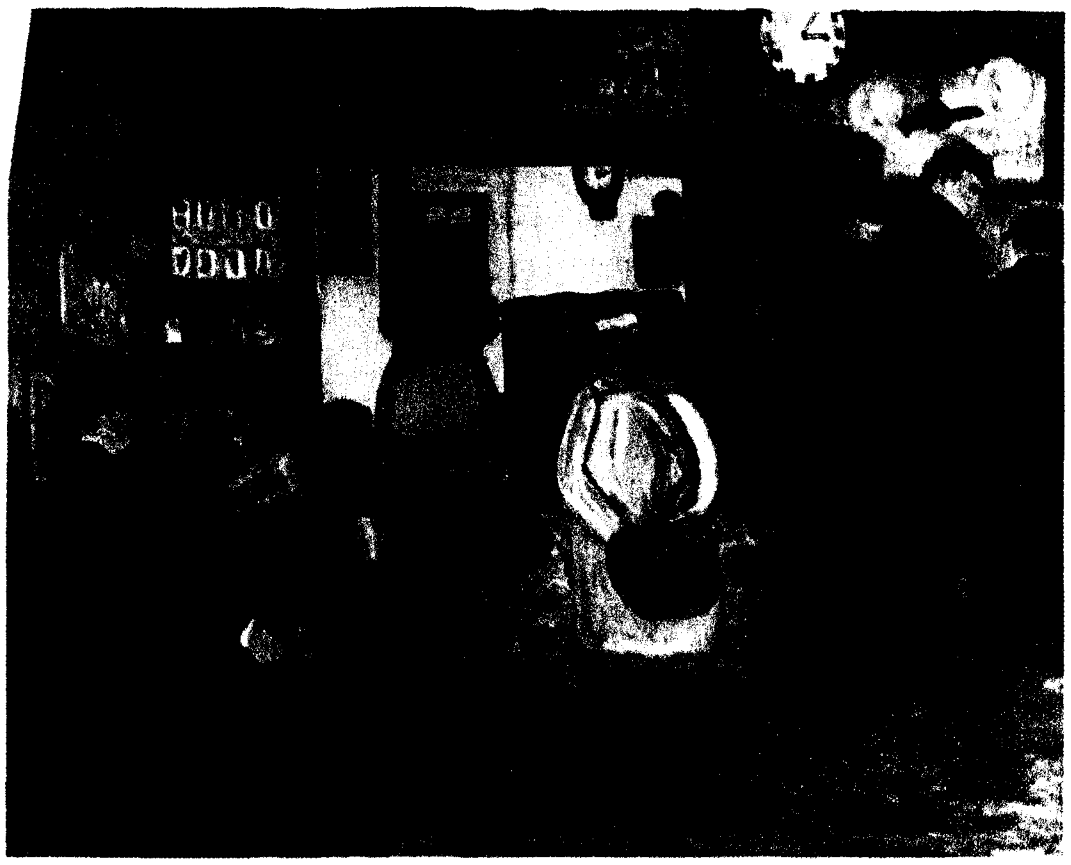
Mr. Power had a large job on his hands. Up to the outbreak of war, the Air Force had numbered some three or four thousand men. Now, as it became clear that a lot of the war was going to be fought in the air, it began to grow. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan was set up. More pilots, observers and air crews were going to have to be trained for efficient battle than even a Minister for Air could have dreamed of before. And the RCAF was going to have to do it. Men began to come streaming in from Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia, tens of thousands of men; in less than two years as a matter of fact, the RCAF grew from three or four thousand to something like two hundred thousand.

(Continued on page 74)

Above: Here Airwoman Dibbs and Aircraftsman Cameron are assaying food for vitamin A and carotene content. This is only one of the many tests made to establish a diet specially suited to the fliers of the RCAF

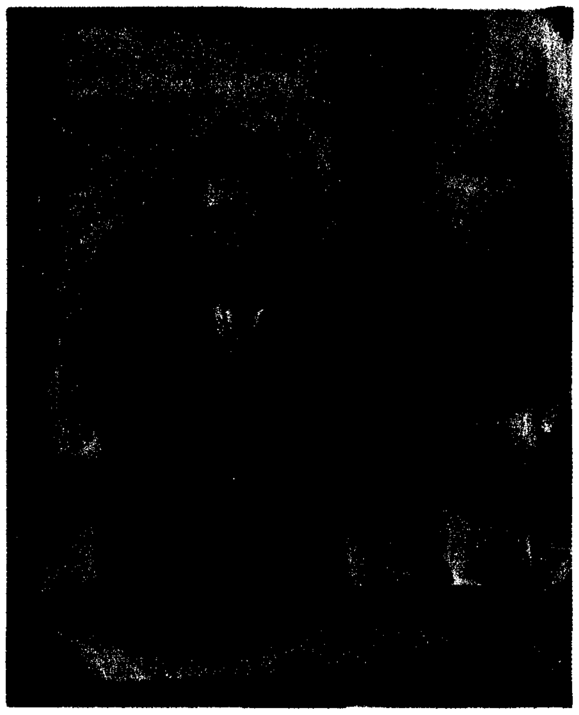
At Guelph, the RCAF has set up a school for cooks, where they are trained in the actual conditions of an air station kitchen. These hams attest to the quality of the meat and the skill of the cook

1ST First Prize: Morning in McSorley's Bar, by Benjamin Rosen. Rosen entered 27 pictures for show. Jury comments: "When does he have time to sail?" "He's several fellows, isn't he?" "He's big." "I like his command of the palette." Rosen loves to paint and to talk. "You get good discussions at McSorley's," he says

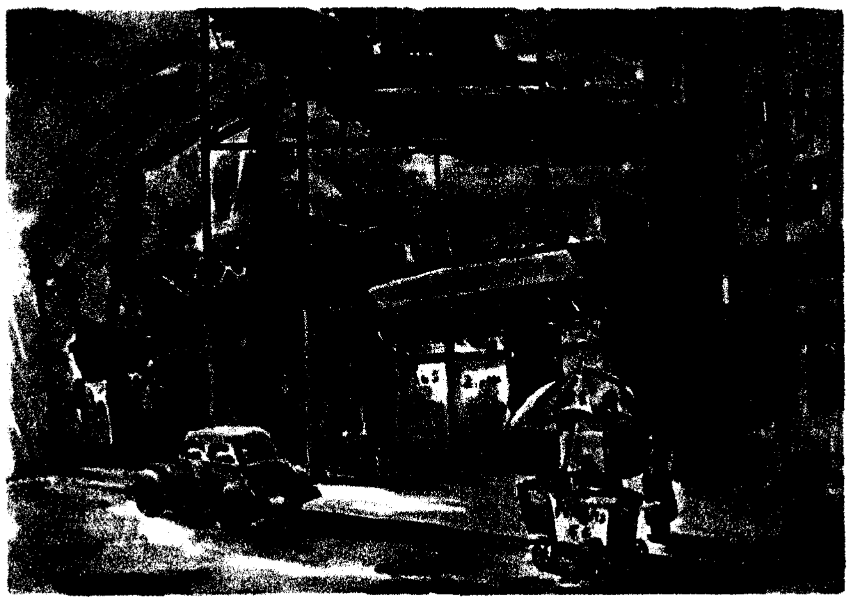


2ND

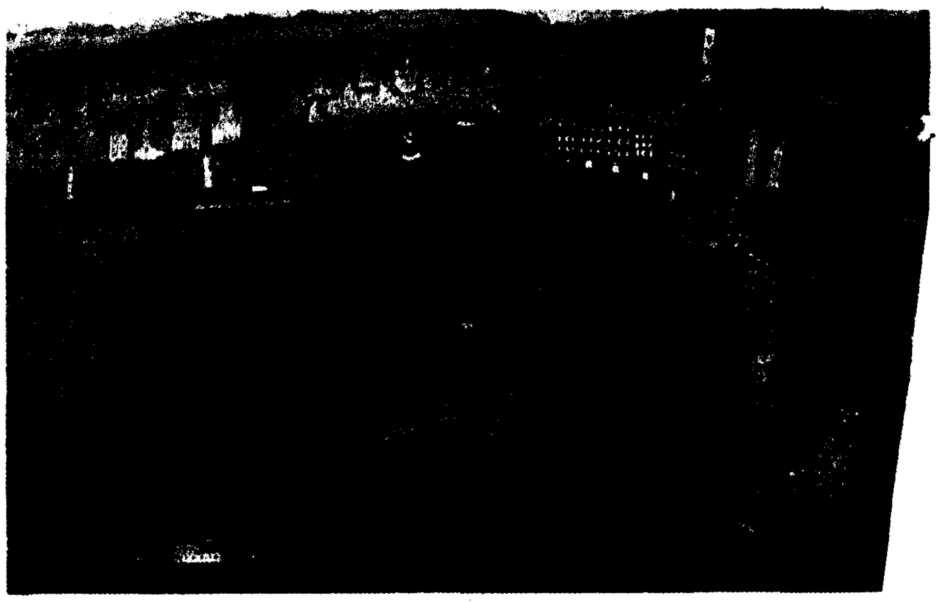
Second Prize: Mister Chairman, by Milnes Levick, drew praise from the jury, who liked the strength shown in Milnes Levick's work. His subjects, like Hunger and Loaves and Fishes, are strong, too



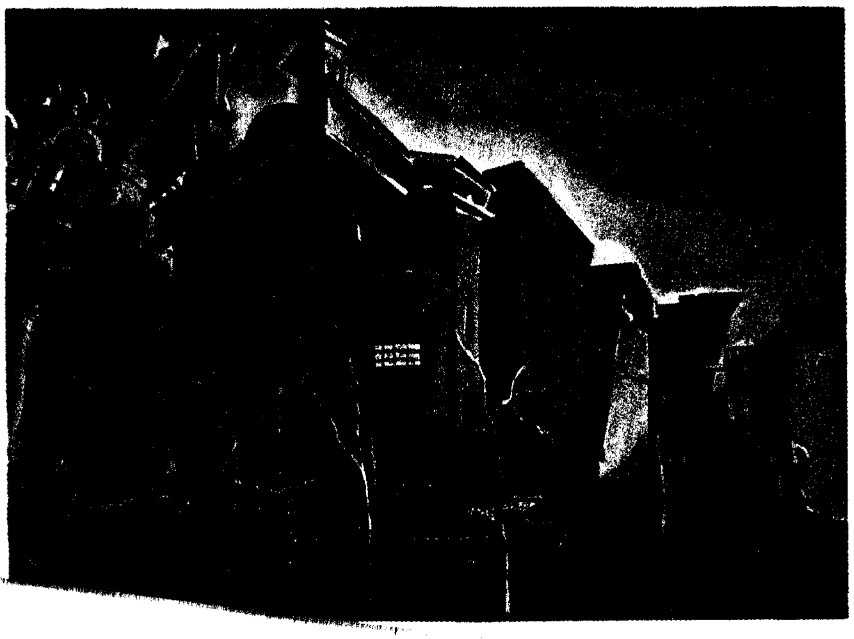
HM Honorable Mention: Lower Harlem Scene, by Carl G. Hill, one of a delightful group of paintings submitted by Hill's wife in his absence at sea. Colored, born in Trinidad, Hill shipped as a pantryman in October. He wants to become an able-bodied seaman, then learn to be a radio operator. He chose the sea because there is no discrimination shown among seamen



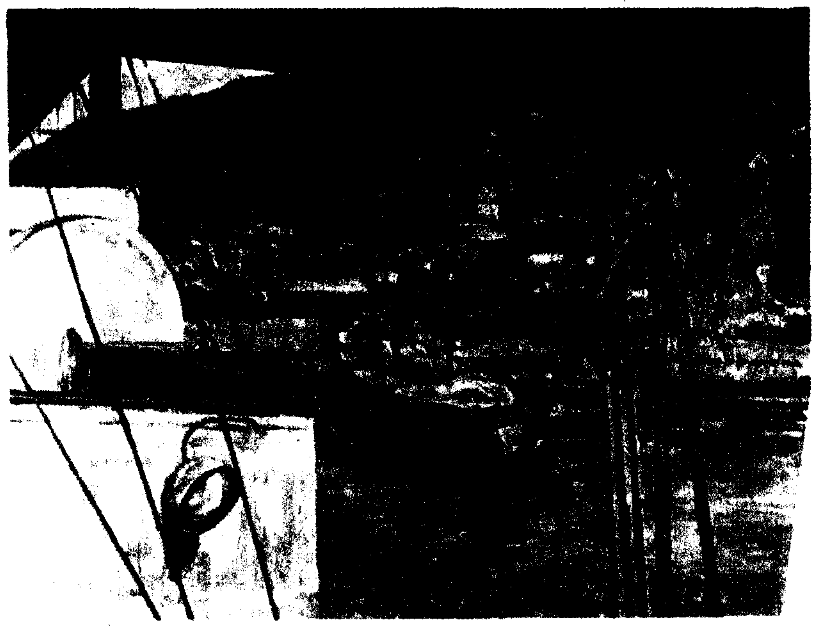
HM Honorable Mention: Harbor Scene, by Captain John Cook Smith. "A real primitive," said the jury. "Never had a lesson in painting in my life," says Captain Smith, turning up for the opening of the show. "These modernists—they paint what isn't there—what they imagine. I like to paint what I see. That other picture there—of the Queen Mary. I did it from a photograph. In pencil first"



HM Honorable Mention: Carriage House, by Joseph Richards. Richards entered many scenes similar to this one in the show. They delighted the jury. "Such houses," says Richards, "are monuments to their owners, striving to outdo one another with doodads and turrets. They gesticulate." "Richards," the jury said, "ought to paint posters." He has—marine posters



HM Honorable Mention: Spanish Main, by George Heuston, painted in Venezuela just before the outbreak of the war. "Seamen don't think a man is a sissy to paint," says Heuston. "They think he has some savvy." Heuston has painted all over the world. Says Nile green is really so, that the colors in a Chinese scarf are actually those of the Chinese landscape



SEAMEN'S ART

By Ruth Carson

SCRATCH a seaman, and you've got an individualist. Also, frequently, an artist. Which Mrs. Isabel Peteron of the United Seamen's Service Club in New York, talking with thousands of men as they drift through the club, was quick to see. So she organzed an art show, writing letters to be posted in union halls from Boston to Norfolk, soliciting entries. The result was over 400 pictures from close to 100 men—*and the first seamen's art show.*

Pictures by a Chinese, U. S. seamen, Englishmen, a native of Trinidad, Dutchmen, a naturalized Russian, men from almost every country of Europe, colored men and white, now manning the life lines of the United Nations. Pictures that won the praise of the distinguished jury called to judge them: John Sloan, dean of American painters; Roland Clark, etcher; Raphael Soyer, painter; Jo Davidson, sculptor; Gordon Grant, marine painter; John Taylor Arms, etcher.

The jury awarded first and second prizes and five honorable mentions, reproduced here, leaving third prize for the public to deal out, which it did just as we go to press. Herman Brockdorff, naturalized Dane, was the winner. A seaman most of his life, painter only the past six years, Brockdorff has a yen for the country, too. His prize winner [illegible] painting of red barns which Marshall E. Dimock of the War Shipping Administration, up from Washington for the opening of the show, bought on sight. The whole show made such a hit, in fact, that the War Shipping Board wants to send it on tour around the country, as a lure to recruit seamen.

Which comes first, art or the sea, is sometimes hard to tell. Professional artists have gone to sea, to get the color of the sea and foreign lands, and they have stayed because the life of a seaman—free, his own, not pressed by competition, no matter how hard he works—is also the life for them.

The seaman is an individual, with time and opportunity to think his own thoughts and be himself. Few would call themselves artists. But artists among them will tell you that all sailors have a sense of beauty and fine work. In their hours off at sea, undistracted by family, movies, chores, trips, all the afterwork business of a man ashore, they have time and urge to express themselves. They will paint or sketch, whittle and carve, mount masterly displays of seaworthy knots, knit or do needlework.

If more of us could be seamen, artists gone to sea will tell you, we'd be that much smarter as a nation. Stumblebums at sea are a thing of the past. Of course, seamen go ripsnorting up the street at times—so would you, if you had been shipbound for months on end. Especially now that those months mean danger and uncertainty and worse. But, torpedoed, dive-bombed, injured and shocked, they go back to sea; because it's their life and a job they know.

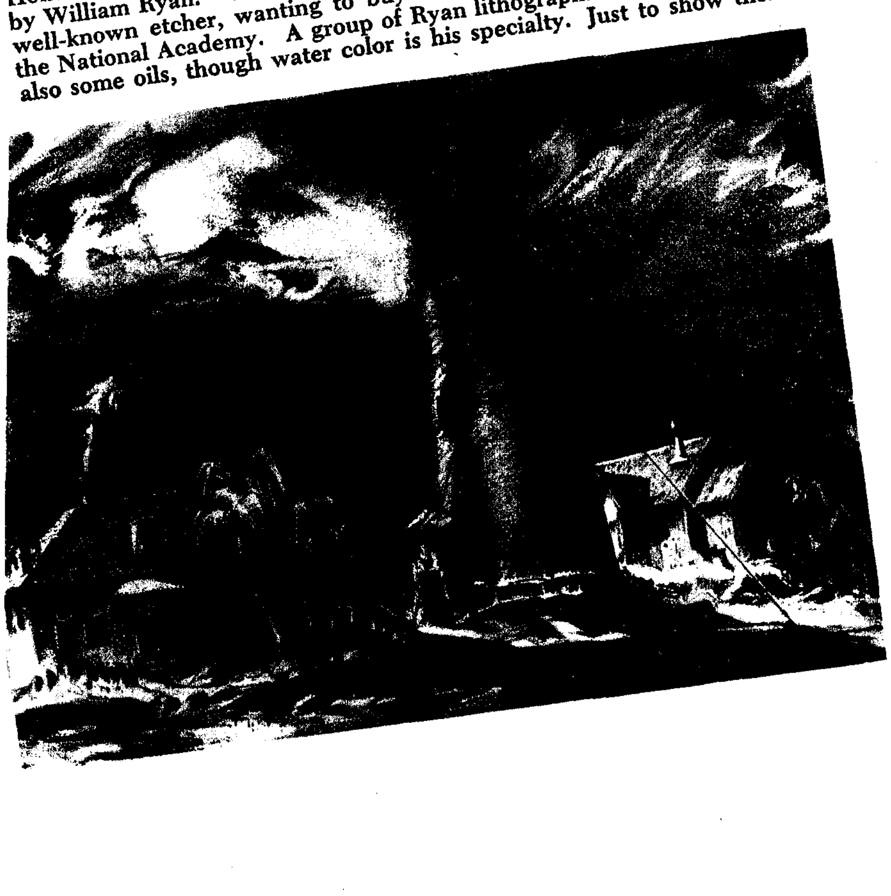
And still they paint and whittle and think. There's a painting of the Queen Mary in the show, by Brody, an Englishman. A minutely detailed painting, done in the cramped quarters of his ship's berth, and good enough that the Museum of Modern Art wants to buy it. There are paintings done in hospitals, and rest homes, at sea, in lifeboats, as well as on leave ashore. You can torpedo and bomb and sink them, but you can't stop them. ★★★

Russian-born Ben Rosen, purser (left), went to sea in 1920. He sandwiches music with painting and seafaring, heading for a café piano in every port. Won first prize in show with his painting Morning in McSorley's Bar, upper left on opposite page. Joe Richards (center), ship's carpenter, loves the sea, will quote you Moby Dick (Chapter 23) to explain why. Has sailed since he was 17. Honorable mention in show, lower left picture opposite page. Milnes Levick (right), shipped for the first time last summer, to do his duty in the war. "I like seamen," he says. "They have a sense of reality." Awarded second prize for Mister Chairman, upper right across page

William Ryan worked his way through school by shipping as an able-bodied seaman, painting and selling pictures, playing breakneck pro football. Has been a seaman full time since the war started. On lookout duty in the Bay of Bengal, he spotted a Jap dive bomber making for his ship. "He really did a job on us." The cargo had been landed, but paintings Ryan had been doing for seven months in off-duty hours went down with the ship. He was injured in getting off. "But a wound will heal. Your work is lost," he mourns. En route home he painted more, lost it via torpedo in the Caribbean. The only thing he salvaged was an action picture of the first sinking, penciled in a lifeboat on the back of a soup label and stowed in his wallet. Ryan is now an ensign in the Maritime Service. The two stars on his chest are for being torpedoed and dive-bombed. He won honorable mention for his lithograph shown on this page

Honorable Mention: Lithograph, Harbor Light at Kingston, Jamaica, by William Ryan. "It's got verve, spirit, glow," said John Taylor Arms, well-known etcher, wanting to buy it for himself and to exhibit it at the National Academy. A group of Ryan lithographs were in the show, also some oils, though water color is his specialty. Just to show them?

HM



George Heuston at a show of paintings he did at sea in wartime. In spite of brushes with the military police, who suspect all pictures, he has kept painting. Torpedoed 1,200 miles at sea, he saved his work. On third day of eight spent in a lifeboat, did another painting. Sailing since 1928, Heuston was an oiler. Is now third engineer. His Spanish Main, lower right on opposite page, won honorable mention

Captain John Cook Smith, 76, relative of famous Capt. Cook, went to sea when he was 14. "I've sailed the world over," he says. "Been to every race track. Had two Christmases one year"—when he crossed the 180th meridian. "Had two plum duffs." Capt. Smith lives at Sailors' Snug Harbor, home for retired seamen. He started to paint six years ago. Won honorable mention with Harbor Scene, center right on opposite page

Right: Jeanette Herzen gives official Girl Scout salute. She belongs to a Los Angeles troop. Other Los Angeles Scouts shown here are typical of the more than 600,000 U. S. Girl Scouts. They celebrate their 31st birthday March 12th

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

SCOUTS AT WORK

By Ruth Bugbee

WHAT to do for the war is no problem for the Girl Scouts. It's the habit of these busy, self-reliant young girls to be useful. "On my honor, I will try," pledges a girl when she joins the Scouts, "to do my duty to God and my country; to help other people at all times; to obey the Girl Scout laws." Which is a large order, since Scout laws involve loyalty, courtesy, friendliness, pledges to be cheerful and thrifty and to obey authority.

More young girls would like to make this pledge than there are troops for them to join. The need is for more leaders, to direct more troops . . . a chance for hundreds of women who want to do something, to do it in an important way.

Working to keep their promise, Scouts naturally enough develop the makings of fine and capable citizens, their major contribution to war and peacetime. Their activities, besides, concentrate on specific war jobs. They help take care of small children to free mothers for other war work. They tend their own Victory Gardens. They help farmers.

Last year, they put in more than 48,000 girl-hours, spraying, weeding, picking, milking, pitching hay, gathering eggs. They promise to do more this year, and the farmers will welcome them back.

Not to waste motion, Scouts work with and for other organizations. Requests for help come in through the local Council, or the troop leader rounds up work in the community that the girls can do. They turn over some of their two-hour weekly troop meetings to sewing for hospitals and for the Red Cross, or to baking cookies and making gifts for the USO.

After school, each girl averages two hours a week besides, on special troop or service activity. The Scouts run errands for the OCD. Take part in community scrap collections. Address envelopes for War Chest campaigns.

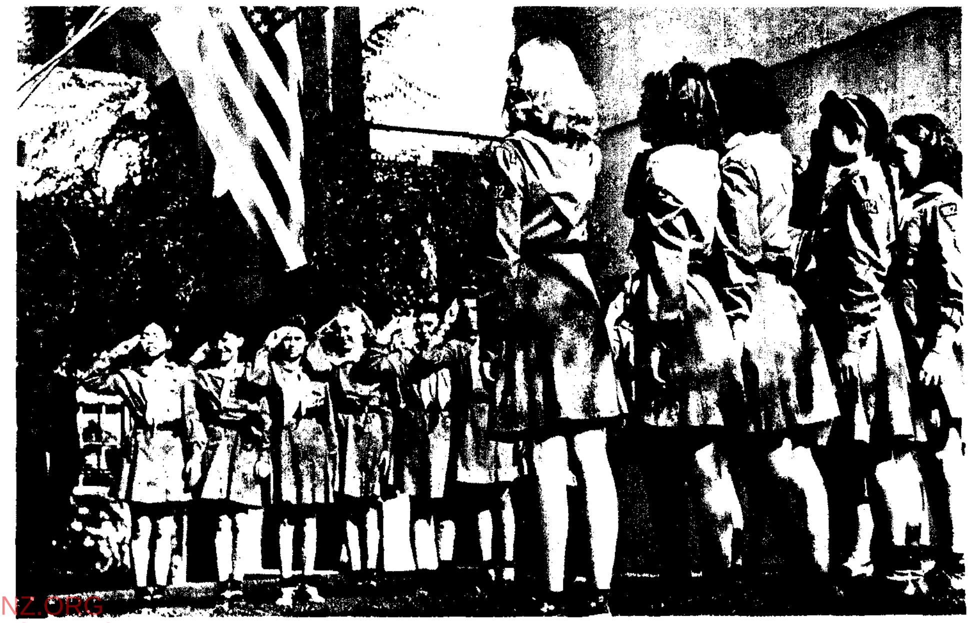
The Senior Scouts, from fifteen- to eighteen-year-olds, specialize their activity according to their interests. There are the Wing Scouts, preparing for aviation jobs. They study for factory work or to work in transport companies or to be fliers. They make model planes for the Army and Navy and help their plane-spotting seniors.

There are the Senior Service Scouts, trained for civilian defense. They could and do put their elders to shame. They are expert campers, Red Cross first aiders. They specialize from there. Some in canteen work. Some in child care. Some in transportation and communications—which means that they know how to repair as well as use a bicycle, boat or car; can run a switchboard and know Morse code. Others know what to do about clothing, shelter and recreation for evacuees. The Service Scout program has been made the extracurricular part for girls of the Victory Corps in some schools.

Such activities develop Scouts into useful, resourceful women, ready to serve as Waves, Waacs, Spars, girl Marines, wives, mothers, workingwomen anywhere. Scouting, says Mildred McAfee, director of the Waves, is some of the best training she could ask for a girl some day becoming a Wave. And an Army nurse on duty overseas writes: "I am thankful I was a Scout and learned to take care of myself outdoors."

Scout training is practical. It is also fun. And Scouts learn to get along with people. Maybe that's why the government is encouraging Scout troops among Japanese girls, in internment centers. ★★★

Salute to the American flag, and the Girl Scout banner beyond. Scouts are of all races and nationalities, range in age from seven to eighteen



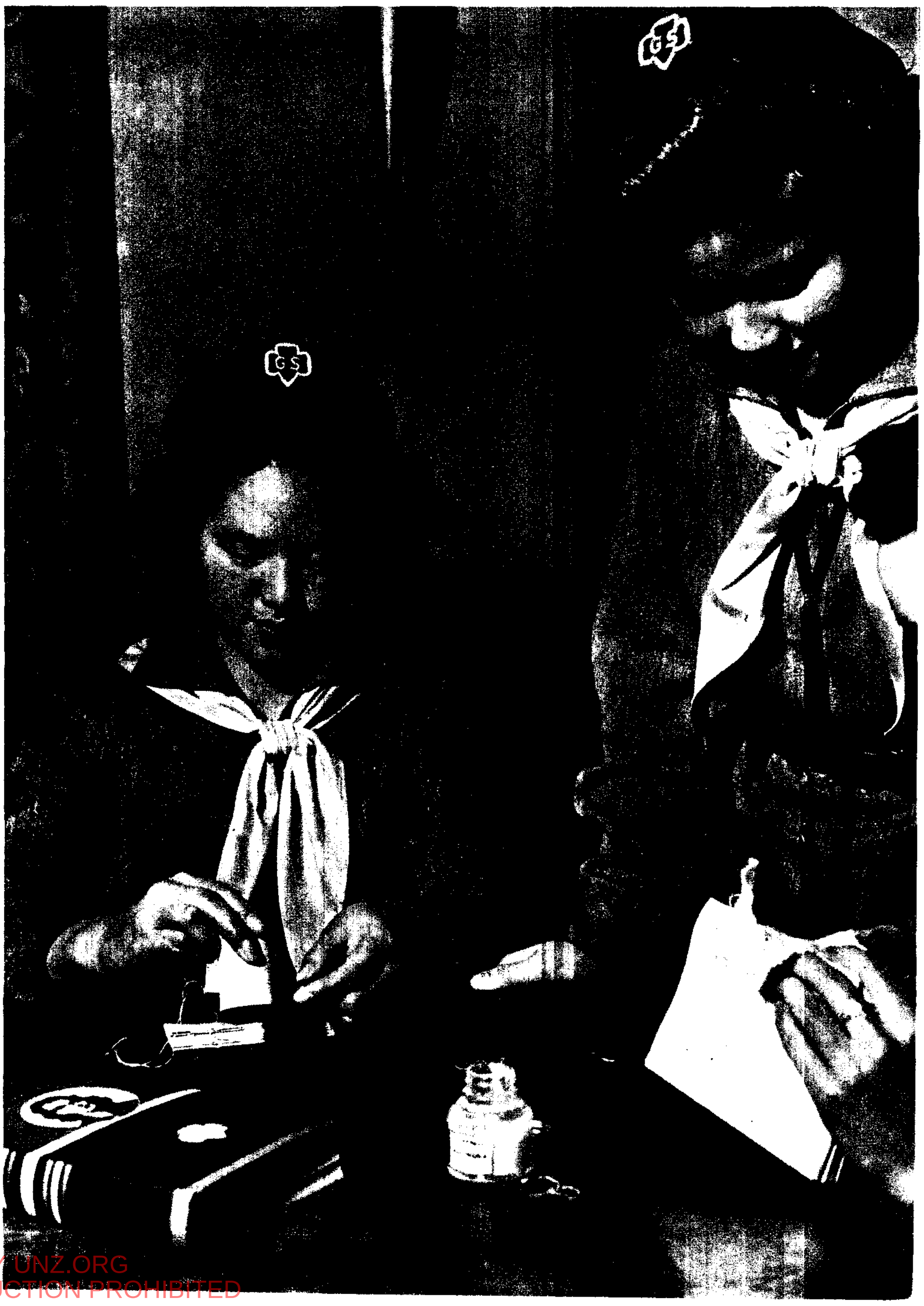
Brownies, youngest Scouts, at work for a hospital. They are especially good at small things like throat swabs. Here they make paper bedside bags

Scouts visit a children's hospital to present toys made at troop meetings. Scouts also sew for hospitals, tell stories and play games with children there

There will be no toy shortages in nurseries and hospitals if the Scouts can help it. They make stuffed animals out of scraps and non-essential materials

Scouts helped save the walnut crop at a Van Nuys, Calif., ranch; here they take time out to sample the pick. They earned $8.15, spent it on War Stamps

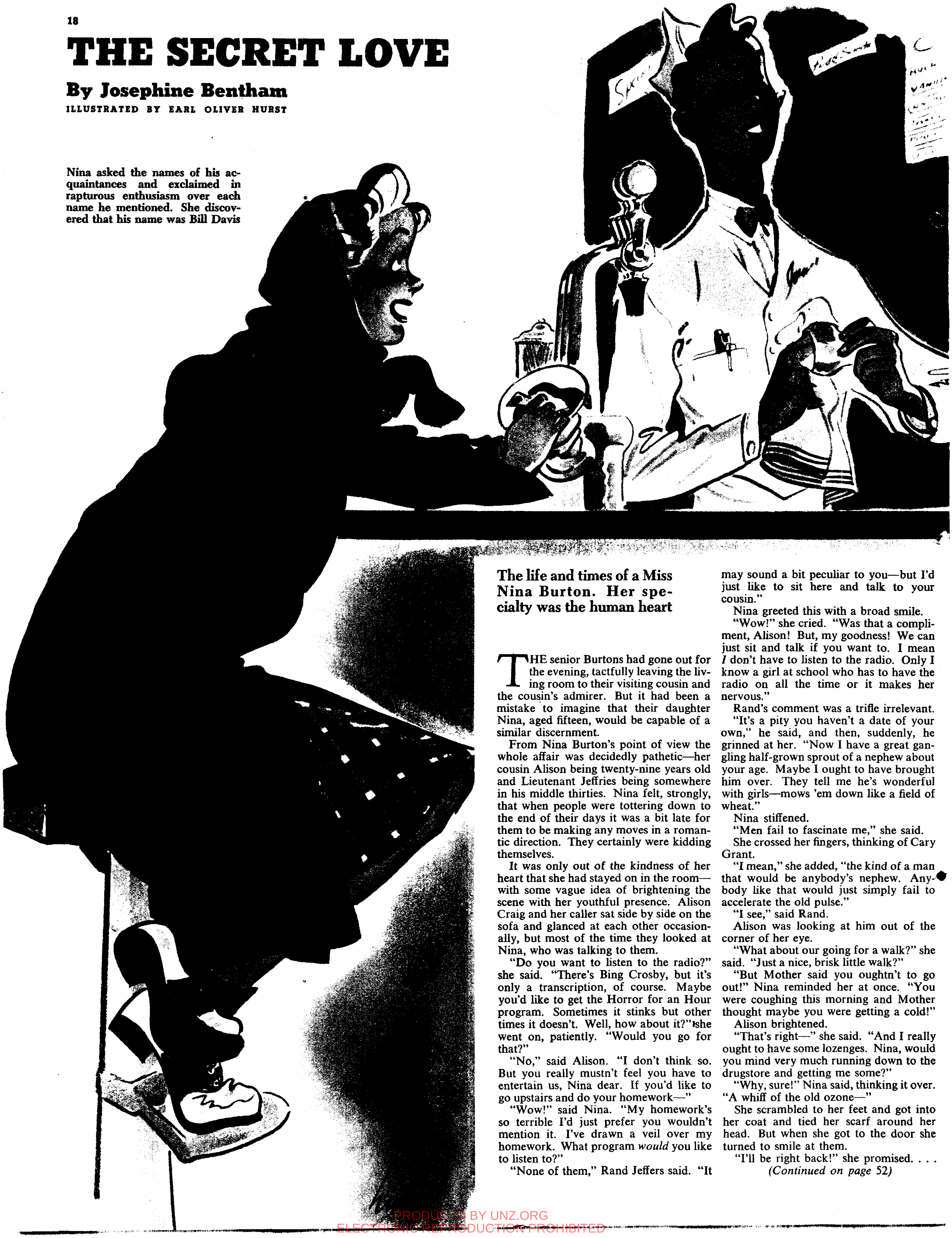
Eleanor Quan and Virginia Queen, president of her Chinese Scout troop in Los Angeles, at a bookbinding job, working on scrapbooks and pamphlets



THE SECRET LOVE

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Nina asked the names of his acquaintances and exclaimed in rapturous enthusiasm over each name he mentioned. She discovered that his name was Bill Davis

The life and times of a Miss Nina Burton. Her specialty was the human heart

THE senior Burtons had gone out for the evening, tactfully leaving the living room to their visiting cousin and the cousin's admirer. But it had been a mistake to imagine that their daughter Nina, aged fifteen, would be capable of a similar discernment.

From Nina Burton's point of view the whole affair was decidedly pathetic—her cousin Alison being twenty-nine years old and Lieutenant Jeffries being somewhere in his middle thirties. Nina felt, strongly, that when people were tottering down to the end of their days it was a bit late for them to be making any moves in a romantic direction. They certainly were kidding themselves.

It was only out of the kindness of her heart that she had stayed on in the room—with some vague idea of brightening the scene with her youthful presence. Alison Craig and her caller sat side by side on the sofa and glanced at each other occasionally, but most of the time they looked at Nina, who was talking to them.

"Do you want to listen to the radio?" she said. "There's Bing Crosby, but it's only a transcription, of course. Maybe you'd like to get the Horror for an Hour program. Sometimes it stinks but other times it doesn't. Well, how about it?" she went on, patiently. "Would you go for that?"

"No," said Alison. "I don't think so. But you really mustn't feel you have to entertain us, Nina dear. If you'd like to go upstairs and do your homework—"

"Wow!" said Nina. "My homework's so terrible I'd just prefer you wouldn't mention it. I've drawn a veil over my homework. What program *would* you like to listen to?"

"None of them," Rand Jeffers said. "It may sound a bit peculiar to you—but I'd just like to sit here and talk to your cousin."

Nina greeted this with a broad smile.

"Wow!" she cried. "Was that a compliment, Alison! But, my goodness! We can just sit and talk if you want to. I mean *I* don't have to listen to the radio. Only I know a girl at school who has to have the radio on all the time or it makes her nervous."

Rand's comment was a trifle irrelevant.

"It's a pity you haven't a date of your own," he said, and then, suddenly, he grinned at her. "Now I have a great gangling half-grown sprout of a nephew about your age. Maybe I ought to have brought him over. They tell me he's wonderful with girls—mows 'em down like a field of wheat."

Nina stiffened.

"Men fail to fascinate me," she said.

She crossed her fingers, thinking of Cary Grant.

"I mean," she added, "the kind of a man that would be anybody's nephew. Anybody like that would just simply fail to accelerate the old pulse."

"I see," said Rand.

Alison was looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

"What about our going for a walk?" she said. "Just a nice, brisk little walk?"

"But Mother said you oughtn't to go out!" Nina reminded her at once. "You were coughing this morning and Mother thought maybe you were getting a cold!"

Alison brightened.

"That's right—" she said. "And I really ought to have some lozenges. Nina, would you mind very much running down to the drugstore and getting me some?"

"Why, sure!" Nina said, thinking it over. "A whiff of the old ozone—"

She scrambled to her feet and got into her coat and tied her scarf around her head. But when she got to the door she turned to smile at them.

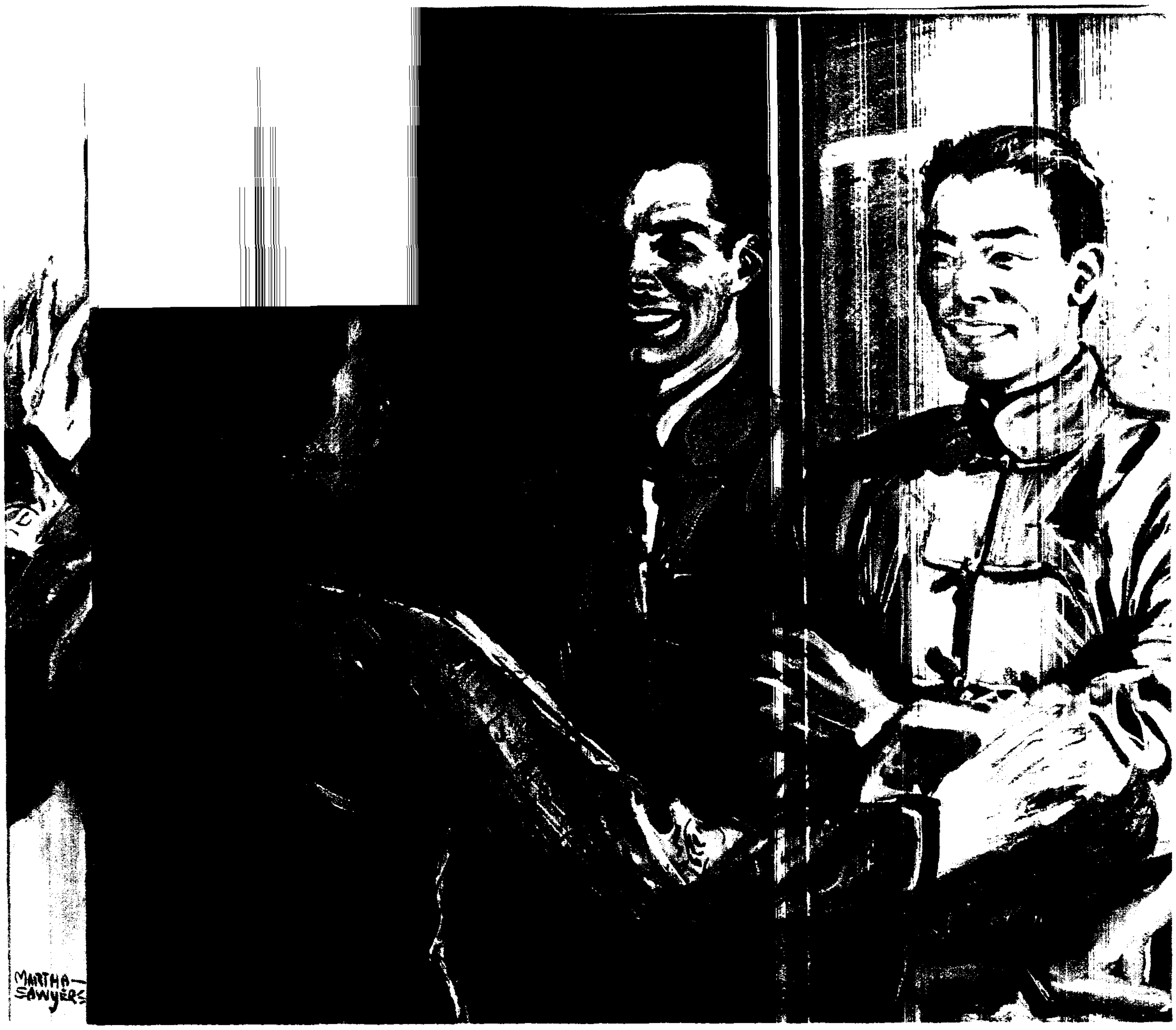
"I'll be right back!" she promised. . . .

(Continued on page 52)

CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



There the two young men were, standing side by side, both smiling. Leone looked at one and then at the other, and her cheeks flushed a delicate pink. But she did not smile at either one of them

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, is houseboating in China with his friends: Arnold Hatford and his beautiful Eurasian wife, Leone. The young American goes at once to Shanghai, where he is arrested and sent to prison by Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official.

With him, when he is sentenced, are two women: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs the "Gate of Hope," a home for unfortunate girls. Both women are interned—Jenny in her hotel, Mrs. Shipman in her home. . . . Leone Hatford is in love with James. So, eager to see him again, she runs away from her husband and makes her way to Shanghai. There she finds refuge in the home of old P'an Lao-yeh, her grandfather.

Meanwhile, Jenny Barchet has learned something that terrifies her—Shigo has fallen in love with her! The fellow makes many advances; then, guessing the truth—that Jenny loves James—he forces the lieutenant to become his ricksha man. A short time later, however, James—aided by Ling, Shigo's Chinese chauffeur—succeeds in making his escape.

In a foul mood, one day, Shigo seizes one of Mrs. Shipman's girls—a child known as "Meri"—and takes her to his home. A few hours later, he orders his servants to put her out, throw her into the street. After which, he goes to Jenny's room (on the third floor of her hotel) and attempts to force her to accompany him to his home. But Jenny defies him; running to a window, she jumps out.

When Shigo reaches her, she is unconscious. He takes her to his home, where physicians find that her condition is serious. . . . With the abduction of Meri, Mrs. Shipman gives up. She releases her girls, closes the home—which Japanese soldiers promptly loot. Then—like James—she goes into hiding in the home of P'an Lao-yeh.

Losing touch with James, for a time, Ling presently learns where he is. Going to P'an Lao-yeh's, he tells the story of Jenny's frightful experience. James—alone and unarmed—can do nothing. But Mrs. Shipman thinks she can save the girl. Rushing to Shigo's establishment, she makes her way to Jenny's bedroom. She finds the girl in bed and unconscious, with Shigo seated beside her.

An utterly fearless woman, Mrs. Shipman upbraids the Japanese for what he has done. "But I have done nothing," Shigo exclaims, "but what has been good!" Then he turns and runs from the room.

VII

IN A PASSION of self-pity Shigo went into his study and, leaning his head against his arms, wept. So he was always misjudged by the white people—so were his people all misjudged! He could have imprisoned Jenny, or had her shot, then he might have deserved what Mrs. Shipman thought of him, but he had allowed her to live in luxury in the hotel. He had loved her instead of hated her, and for this he was blamed!

He wept abjectly for a few minutes. Then anger dried his tears. Why should he weep when he was master here? Who was this old woman who had come into his house like a thief and had driven him out of Jenny's room? He wiped his eyes hastily on his sleeve and ran up the stairs again and listened at Jenny's door. There was not a sound and he opened it softly and looked in. Jenny had not moved. He saw her sleeping face upon the pillow and her fair hair spread out. Mrs. Shipman was straightening the bed. She looked up and caught Shigo's eye.

"What is it now?" she asked loudly.

He felt foolishly confused and did not answer. She stared at him for a long moment. "I'm goin' to stay here," she announced, "and take care of her. Now you get right out."

He wavered and then bowed his head slightly. "You are too kind," he said bitterly, and shut the door swiftly behind him.

IN HIS own court Daniel was pacing back and forth. He was not a prisoner. At any moment that he liked he could open the gates and go out. Yet he did not go. He was caught in a dozen webs of indecision. He had not seen Leone for a whole day, not indeed since Mrs. Shipman had left them alone together. He knew now that she loved him, and he was in that strange, half-tender, half-shy state of a young man who is in love and yet knows himself beloved by another whom he might have loved.

His love for Jenny was so tenuous that sometimes he doubted its strength. After all, he had seen Jenny but twice. How much did he love her and how much was it chivalrous possibility of love for a beautiful American girl whom he must not leave behind him when he planned to escape from this prison of a city? He did not want to leave Mrs. Shipman behind either, and yet he knew that he could not possibly leave Jenny behind, lest the memory of her terrified eyes haunt him forever. She had become involved with him. It would not be an escape unless somehow she were free too. If she could not be free, he would stay prisoner with her.

He was in a fever to know what was happening in the Japanese compound, but no news came.

Near noon of that day Ling came slipping through the gate. "Ling!" he cried. "I've been hoping for a sight of you."

Ling grinned his sidewise grin. "My no can talkee you evly day," he said. "Suppose Jap masta watchee my, my no can come too quick this side."

Then with halts and twists and searching for the pidgin English words necessary to tell his tale, Ling made it clear to Dan that Mrs. Shipman was taking care of Jenny, and that Jenny was still unconscious though the Japanese doctor had been twice to see her today.

"How have you found this out?" Dan demanded.

"Old Jap amah she talkee cook," Ling said. Then his narrow face grew very solemn. "My come this side talkee you," he said. "You keep velly quiet. Jap man have got many, many soldiers out lookee see evly house for you. Suppose he catchee you." Ling cocked his long forefinger in the shape of a pistol and aimed it at Dan expressively. "Too bad," he said. "You keep this side, please."

So he conveyed to Daniel that the city was being searched for him. He nodded, and Ling, smiling cheerfully over his bad news, disappeared.

But outside in the main room Leone was waiting for him. He repeated his news to her while she listened without answer. This morning, he told her in his running fluent Shanghai dialect, Shigo had got up in a violently bad temper. "Full of ten thousand devils," he told her. No, he had not attacked Mrs. Shipman or Jenny. He had only commanded the old Japanese woman to stay in the room with those two and watch everything that was done and report to him. Beyond that he had ordered soldiers to search every house in the Chinese city. Not one house was to be left unsearched. Daniel must therefore be got out of the city and at once.

"He will not go without the white girl," Leone said.

"You must compel him," Ling said. "You must tell him that you may all be killed if he is not taken away from here."

"How can we hide a tall fellow such as he is?" she asked. "And where shall we take him?"

Ling cracked his finger joints one by one as he pondered the answer to her question. "He must join the guerrillas," he said finally. "It is only by burying him among them that he can be hidden and they will help him to escape to the free lands."

"Yes," she said. "Why did I not think of them? I passed through a village of them not many days ago. There was a tall fellow there who brought me near to the city."

"That is the Silent Wolf," Ling said. "I know him—a young man with red cheeks like a boy and he stammers when he talks."

"That is he," Leone said. "But why is he called the Silent Wolf?"

"People laugh at him when he stammers, and so he will not talk unless he must; but the strange thing is this: When he gives orders for battle he does not stammer at all," Ling replied.

"He did not stammer when he talked to me," Leone said.

Ling laughed. "Do not tell that, I pray! For it is said that only in love and battle the Silent Wolf does not stammer."

At his laughter her delicate face flushed bright red and she made haste to speak of Daniel again: "I think we can get this foreigner away from the city."

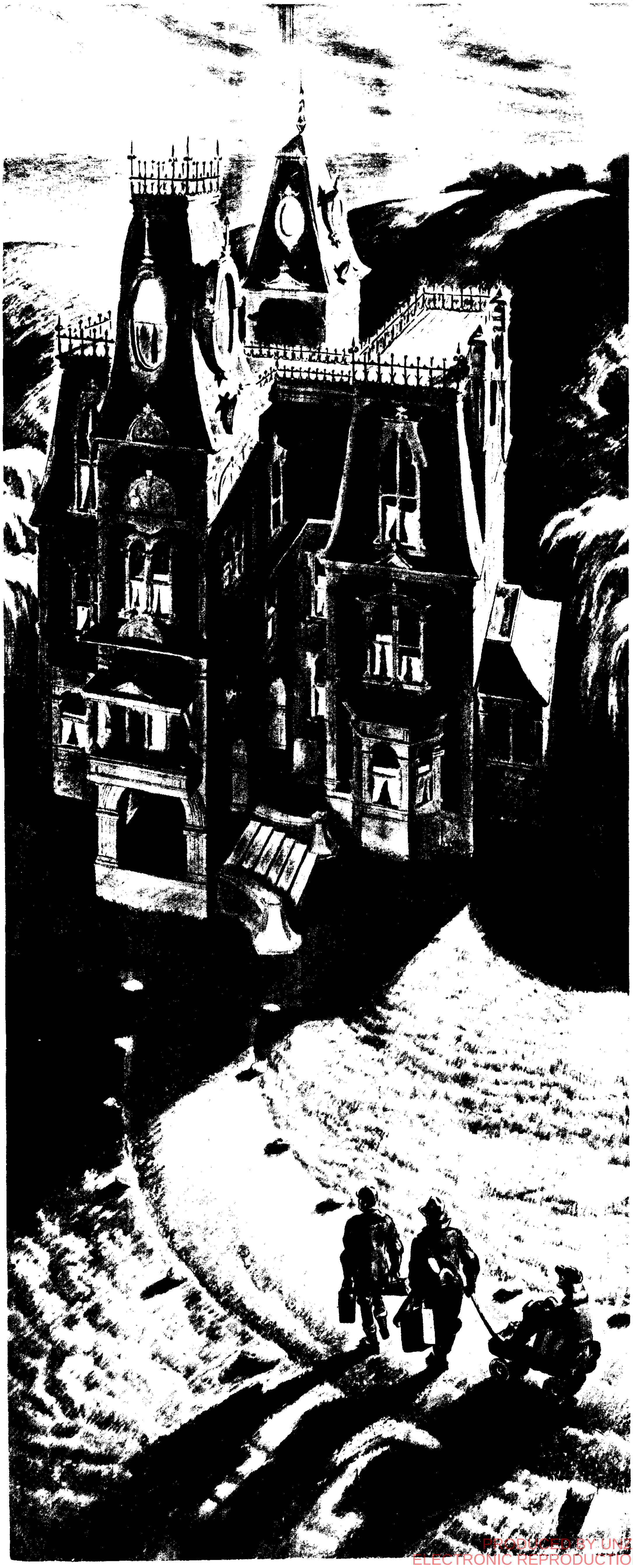
"I will go and find the Silent Wolf," Ling said. "Meanwhile keep that foreigner

(Continued on page 22)

A Woman Can't Win

By Isabel Scott Rorick

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



They rounded a bend in the road and there it was—the famous Bay Beach clubhouse—but save for a few lights, the scene was empty

Mrs. Cugat learns that it is still a man's world after all. But they had to pull a technicality on her to prove it

PULL!" said Mrs. Cugat clearly and a dark disk shot into the air in front of her and soared swiftly over her head. In one nicely co-ordinated action she raised her shotgun, pivoted smoothly and squeezed the trigger. The disk shattered and the imprisoned breath of some fifty onlookers escaped with a sigh—a sigh almost immediately overtaken by a torrent of applause. She lowered the gun, broke its smoking breech and smiled. Then her heart started to pound. She'd done it! The crowd closed in. "Atta *girl,* Liz!"—"Boy! What a performance!"—"You were *wonderful*, darling!"—"Can you beat it? And with a four-ten, too!" Her eyes sought Mr. Cugat's. He was beaming like a lamp. All he said, however, was, "That was okay, Baby," and ruffled her hair. What she'd done was to win the Willis P. Parmenter Trophy Open Skeet Shoot!

The trophy's defender, a Mr. Pelley, pushed his way through the crowd and offered a small, dry hand. "Let me be the first," he said bleakly and was again swallowed up. The crowd chattered with satisfaction. Mr. Pelley's name had been engraved on the trophy's base for five years now and he was beginning to think, perhaps justifiably, that he owned the thing—also that he and Sergt. York were in a class by themselves. Nobody had ever liked Mr. Pelly very well anyway, and to have him finally put on ice by little Mrs. Cugat was *wonderful!*

Mrs. Cugat was one of the few women who had ever entered "the P. T. Open." It was deemed an important event, not to be slowed up by the merely mediocre. Mr. Cugat had been a little startled when she'd calmly announced that she had sent her name in. He had shaken his head ruefully and declared she hadn't a chance—but he only half believed it. Mrs. Cugat, the last person in the world you would have thought it of, to look at her, since she was small, blond and wholly feminine, had an eye like a secret bombsight. "I always just seem to know I'm going to hit it, so I usually do," she explained it simply. She had learned to shoot at an early age at summer camp but like anything too easily mastered, it hadn't interested her much and she'd only lately discovered skeet—for which she used a four-ten. Mr. Cugat had gently suggested that for the Parmenter Trophy—perhaps a twenty? But she wouldn't hear of it. "A twenty makes so much *noise,*" she'd protested.

At the end of the first round she'd found herself, much to her own and everybody else's amazement, tied with Mr. Pelley with twenty-three out of twenty-five and the gallery was with her to a man. On the second round they'd tied again—each with a perfect score. The judges had then requested that they continue shooting singles until one of them missed—a grueling business—and Mr. Pelley, for the first time in the memory of man, began to look a little rattled. Mrs. Cugat, with no idea that she could really win, had gone on knocking them down. Mr. Pelley had cracked.

Willis P. Parmenter, a goateed and revered sportsman in plus-fours and a Norfolk jacket, came forward bearing the trophy. "My dear," he began, "I am honored!" Having never had a chance to present his trophy to anybody except Mr. Pelley, whom he simply detested, he let himself go on Mrs. Cugat—comparing her lyrically to Diana the Huntress and one or two other minor crack shots, and winding up with an impulsive invitation to a day's shooting with him at his duck club. It is probable that Mr. Pelley, on hearing this, suffered a severe pain in the neck. For as many times as he had captured Mr. Parmenter's trophy, he had never yet received an invitation to shoot at his duck club—and he would have cut off his ears for one. As would many another man.

MR. PARMENTER'S duck club was the Bay Beach. It was over a hundred years old and the memberships, if you could get one, cost ten thousand dollars. Mr. Cugat belonged to it, having inherited his membership from a rich great-uncle who had left him nothing else, and every year, once a week, during the duck season, if he could get away, he spent a night there, but Mrs. Cugat had never even seen the place—as few women had. There was no rule banning women from its famous door but as each member was allowed only one guest a year and an invitation to shoot there was to be prized above rubies, few women ever made it—women, of course, having no business in a good club, anyway. Its traditions, customs and myths were legion; the excellence of its cellar, the lavishness of its table, the picturesqueness of its employees famed in song and story. One heard (ad nauseum if one were a wife) quaint tales of old Olaf, the punter, rapturous praise of Mrs. McIntosh, the cook, and, above all, fatuous accounts of the local game warden, Eric Swain, who, to hear them tell it, was evidently a modest combination of Paul Bunyan, Daniel Boone, Hiawatha and Tarzan. Wives were instinctively curious about the Bay Beach but it had, somehow, managed to remain—even in these days of women, rampant and untrammeled—sacrosanct, male and inviolable.

Mrs. Cugat, riding home from the skeet shoot, the Parmenter Trophy clasped to her breast, bounced on the car seat with pleasure. "I can hardly wait for the duck season to open," she sighed happily, "so I can go down to Bay Beach."

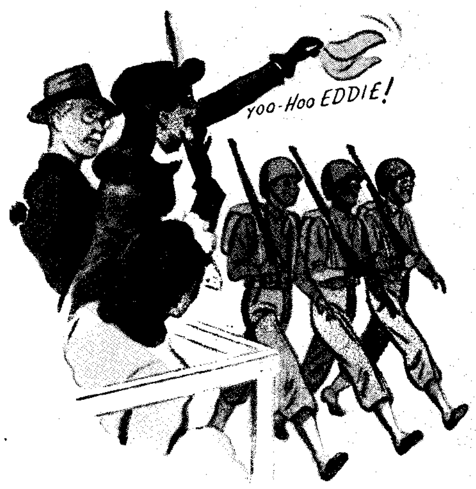
"Don't be silly," said Mr. Cugat.

She turned to look at him. "Silly! What do you mean? You heard Mr. Parmenter ask me, didn't you? I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

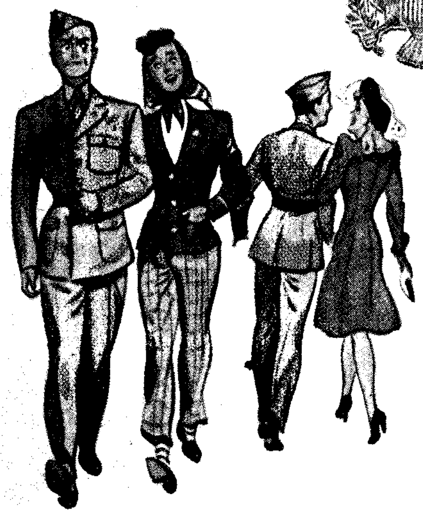
"Good Lord, honey!" he protested. "I'd feel like a fool bringing you down

(Continued on page 46)

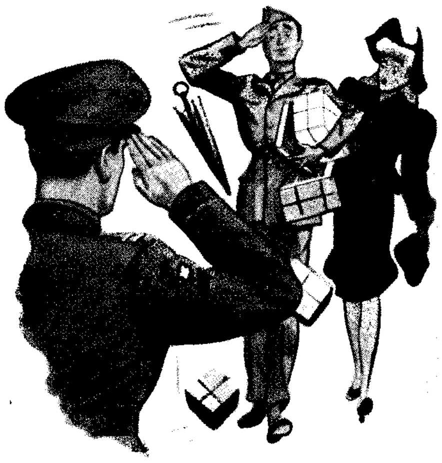
HAVE YOU A MAN IN THE ARMY?


Yoo-Hoo EDDIE!

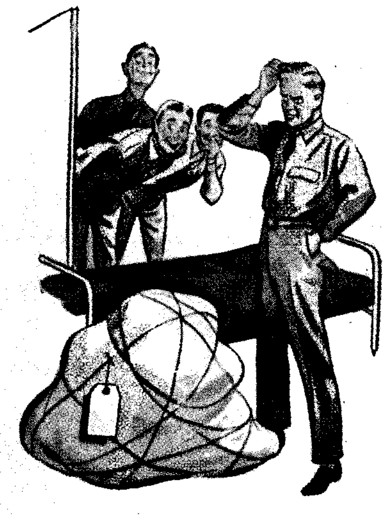
DON'T wave or signal or try to attract the attention of a man marching in formation. He's not allowed to answer or even to look at you—regulations say that in formation marching he must always look straight ahead.



DON'T try to surprise your soldier by dressing in "military fashion"—he sees plenty of uniforms. Above all, don't turn up wearing slacks! Wear your prettiest, most feminine clothes—that's the way he wants to see you.



DON'T ask a soldier to carry packages or an umbrella. He'll do it, of course, if you ask him to—but it's considered unmilitary and it's apt to get him into difficulties—particularly when he has to salute an officer!



DON'T send him anything too big to conceal in his bunk or duffle bag. At daily barracks inspection, *nothing must show* except government property. DO remember the preferred gift is cigarettes . . . and the favorite is Camel.*

Do remember— Camels are first in the service

WANT to know a secret about that man of yours in the Army?

Well then, it's this: in spite of the fact that he's doing the biggest job in the world—the "little things" count for a lot with him.

"Little things" like the right cigarette, for instance. There's a good reason why men in the Army . . . in the Navy . . . the Coast Guard, and the Marines prefer Camel. You see, Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos that are rich in flavor, for lasting enjoyment—tobaccos that give extra mildness, yet are never flat or thin-tasting.

Trust the men in the service to spot the difference! And, of course, that goes for millions of smokers on the "home front," too. They know that Camels are more pleasing *every* way. If *you're* not a Camel smoker now—make your next cigarette Camel.

*With men in the Army,
Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard,
the favorite cigarette is Camel.
(Based on Actual Sales Records
in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries,
Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores,
and Canteens.)

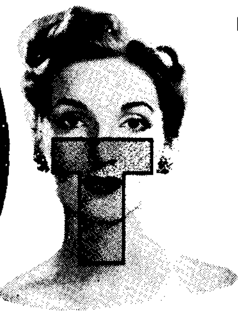
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

China Flight

Continued from page 19

content to stay hidden here. I thought I saw in his eyes a plan to escape somehow for himself."

"Oh, no!" Leone cried. "Then I will go to him at once."

Ling sauntered away at his usual lithe gait which seemed slow because it was so effortless and yet actually was so quick and Leone made haste to Daniel.

She knocked on the gate to his court and then went in. He was there thoughtfully staring up at the high brick outer wall, whose top was bristling with the spears of pointed glass against thieves.

"Do not think of it," she said hastily. He turned quickly at the sound of her voice.

"I can't stay here, Mrs. Hatford," he said. He had not called her that when they met yesterday. Today he wanted the safe formality of Arnold's name between them. It stopped her like a blow.

"Please," she said, "do not call me anything. That is, if you cannot call me Leone. No, but please, why can you not stay here?"

"Ling told me the Jap had sent out more soldiers to search for me," he said. "I know what that means if they find me here—they won't only take me. You and your grandfather will suffer too. I've got to get out on my own. The only trouble is—how can I keep somewhere near Jenny?"

"PLEASE," she said. She was about to say, "Do not think of us." Then she paused and held back the words. It might be well to use his thought of them to persuade him to go with the guerrillas. Yes, if he would go for no other reason, that might be well. She changed what she was about to say. "Please," she began again. "We have already thought of a way to hide you somewhere else."

"Near here?" he demanded.

"Not too far," she said, "somewhere where you can wait, if you must."

"Tell me what you are talking about," he demanded.

So she told him. "You are so tall," she said in her soft, caressing voice. "You must know how difficult it is to hide you. But thank God your eyes and your hair are dark and there are Chinese whose skin is almost as light as yours. But it is your big bones that cannot be hidden. Therefore, you must please join the guerrillas. There are many of them and some of them are tall, too, being farmers' sons and country folk, and you must live among them."

He liked the idea at once. "I'd like to take a chance at a pot shot against these Japs," he said. "It's a good idea. Maybe they'd help me get her out, Leone?" He was so forgetful of her that her name fell from his tongue without his knowing it. But she heard it and treasured it.

"Perhaps they could," she said gently. Then she took a step toward him and touched his arm with her soft hand. "We will all try to help you, big American. I will try, too—and I will help her—so that—how do your fairy tales go? So that you can live happy ever after."

He grasped her hand and held it for a moment between both of his. "Thank you, Leone," he said and such passionate pity swept over him that he leaned and kissed her cheek quickly.

AT THE village of Yang, Ling was enjoying himself. What he was telling was big news and he took plenty of time to tell it. The men of the Yang house were gathered about him, and Mother Yang was there, to keep the teapot hot, and the Silent Wolf had been sent for and found.

"So the Silent Wolf is to find a way to send someone to the P'an house and there he is to get the tall American out with him and bring him here," Ling announced. "And then the Silent Wolf himself will decide what further to do to hide him."

"It is likely that the enemy will search the villages near the city also," old Mr. Yang said. "It would be better therefore to take the American somewhere else, especially if he has blue eyes and red hair. Nothing can be done to hide these defects."

"Heaven has given him hair and eyes like ours," Ling said quickly.

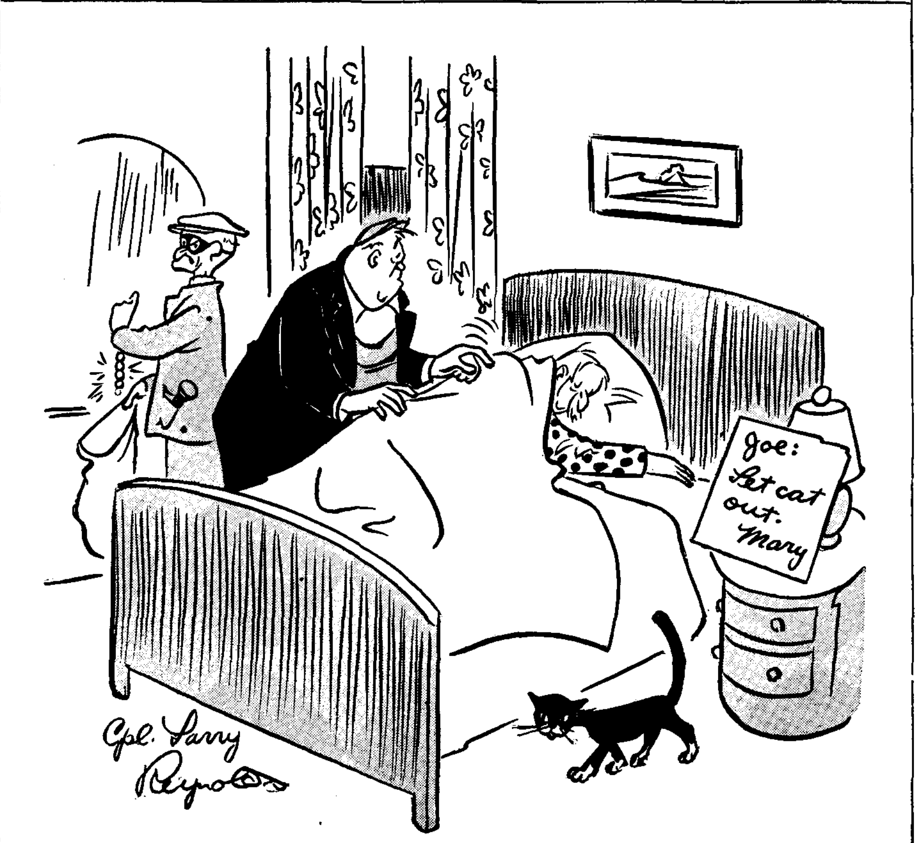
A sigh of relief went like a small wind over the company. "Then our difficulty is halved," old Mr. Yang exclaimed.

All this time the Silent Wolf had not spoken. Now he said clearly without any stammering, "I myself will go."

Everyone burst into laughing. "Is it for love or battle that you go?" a man cried.

The Silent Wolf grinned and would not speak again. But now there rose protests to his going. "It is not fit for our leader to go," one said.

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S "So he forgot! Is that any of your business?"

"If the Silent Wolf falls into an enemy trap, who will lead us?" another said.

But to all this the Silent Wolf did not reply. When each had said his say and all had looked at him he only repeated, "I myself will go."

So it came about that on the next day at night he made ready his disguise. Now it was this man's great ability so to disguise himself that his own mother would not have known him, and he made himself look like one of the men who go into the city at night to collect soil and refuse of every kind to carry outside to sell to farmers to spread upon their land and enrich it. He put on filthy garments and tangled his hair and darkened his skin so his cheeks would not show so red and he carried two wooden buckets on a bamboo pole. When the others went into the city he went in and passed the guards easily.

Once inside the city he left the others except for one who was to go with him, and after bargaining at a time when he would meet them again, he and this other made their way to the house of P'an to pretend to collect refuse.

Now Ling had gone ahead and prepared the way, and so the gateman knew what to expect and without a word he let in the pair of dirty men with their buckets, and by this means the Silent Wolf came into the very house where Leone was. She having heard from the gateman what was expected was waiting and ready and she had told her grandfather, so that Mr. P'an was ready, too, and they were together in his study.

ALL the windows were shut tight and the curtains drawn and the door barred behind the Silent Wolf when he came in. He was young and his vanity had made him wash himself in the gateman's house and comb his hair and take off his filthy outer garment, so that now when he came in where Leone and her grandfather were, he looked what he was, a strong and handsome man, and old Mr. P'an, who had only heard of him and never seen him, was amazed at him and pleased. He bowed to the Silent Wolf and begged him to sit down and was pleased again because the young man did not sit in the highest seat. There Mr. P'an sat himself and Leone let her grandfather speak.

"You must know how evil a state I am in," Mr. P'an began gravely. "There is a foreigner in my house, and I am too good a Buddhist to cast him out to die, and yet I cannot eat nor sleep with him here, and my only wish is to get him away alive. What befalls him after that the gods cannot put upon me."

The Silent Wolf was afraid to begin to speak, for fear of his defect showing itself, but he made the effort.

"I—I—I—" he began and then he closed his jaws firmly and the deep red flowed up from his collar. Leone smiled and spoke for him. "Well I know how brave you are and how willing you are to help us," she said. "I would not have a danger put upon you and taken from us except that my grandfather is old and I am only a woman. If I can repay you in some way, I will do it. You asked me once to tell you news as I heard it and that I am willing to do."

The Silent Wolf nodded his head. Then he made a great effort and this time something came out of him. "Wh-what can be done, th-that I will do," he said.

Then Leone went on, taking the plan out of her own mind as she talked.

"We could send him back with you," she said. "Somewhere we can find a pair of buckets and a pole and who will know if he is one more among the ones who came in?"

Now unluckily the guards had counted the refuse collectors as they came in, and this the Silent Wolf made haste to tell her for he had a plan of his own and in his eagerness he spoke clearly enough.

"It is bad luck that the guards did count us as we came in," he said, "and we were so stupid as to say we came from one village. They will count us again when we go out, for they put down our number." Then he came out with his own new plan. "Let the foreigner get into my clothes," he said boldly, "and I will climb into his, and he can go out in my place, and none will know."

"Alas!" Mr. P'an cried out, "it will be little better for me to have you here than him! The enemy knows you, too, and has a price on your head."

BUT Leone made haste to cover this with her own denials. "It will be better, Grandfather, for we can hide the Silent Wolf more easily. Still," and she turned to the Silent Wolf, "what would console us if anything happened to you? How could your brothers forgive us?"

But that handsome, smiling, red-cheeked young man only laughed. The truth was that he was moment by moment sinking into a morass of love for this beautiful girl, and it seemed to him that nothing could be sweeter than to be compelled to stay in this house. So he said even more clearly than he had yet spoken, "Bring the foreigner here and let me measure myself against him and see how well he will do for me."

So a servant was sent and in a moment Daniel came back with him.

"This is our good brother," Leone said to Daniel, and she motioned to the Silent Wolf. "He has come to help us take you outside the city."

The two young men now looked at each other. They were amazingly alike, though their blood was so different and neither spoke the other's language. But they were tall, the Chinese being almost as tall as the American, and both had dark eyes and dark hair. Daniel had the bolder nose, and the Silent Wolf had redder cheeks.

As for the Silent Wolf as he stared at this handsome and young foreigner, a most mighty jealousy laid hold of him. He felt it in his belly like an ache, and the blood rushed to his head until he was giddy. With this young foreigner in the house could the granddaughter of the P'an household be safe? He wondered immediately whether or not she loved this foreigner and he looked at her and saw the way she looked at Daniel, and it seemed to him he saw love in her eyes.

Then indeed nothing could keep him from his plan and he turned to Leone and said, "I pray you withdraw so that he and I can change our garments, for the time is short that we are allowed to be here."

So Leone paused only to explain the plan to Daniel.

"You are to change garments with this

Our work sure means something when it saves Rickenbacker and his companions

THIS is Flossie Anson and E. K. Brown speaking. We're builders in the life raft department at Goodyear where the life rafts that saved Captain Rickenbacker and his crew mates were built. Their rescue certainly gave all our life raft builders a big thrill; made us feel like we really were in there pitching in this man's war. You know these self-inflating life rafts were developed by Goodyear. We built the first ones back in the twenties for use on Goodyear racing balloons. Now most military aircraft carry them. So far in this war nearly two hundred Army and Navy flyers have been rescued in our Goodyear life rafts, some after being "lost" at sea for five weeks. Guess that's pretty good proof that when we cement a seam, we do it for keeps. Now we've a picture of "Rick" and his raft hanging in the shop. It's a reminder that we're helping save the lives of our boys out there. It makes our whole crew feel mighty proud of their work and its importance.

GOODYEAR
Now more than ever — THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

one and take his place in the village where you will be led. Please hold your head low and do not look up when you go out of the gate, and drop his shoulder cloth over your head thus—" and she snatched the Silent Wolf's shoulder cloth and threw it over Daniel's head—"as if to shield yourself from the wind, and so hide your face from the guards." And she turned swiftly now to the Silent Wolf and said, changing her language as though she had two tongues in her mouth, "And do you bid several of the men to put their shoulder cloths over their faces in the same way."

"I *will* command the man who came with me to tell them for me," he promised her.

Then she finished the matter to Daniel: "And you will carry a pole and two buckets on your shoulders, and be sure you watch the others at every step and only do what they do, so that you can pass the guards safely."

"But am I to wait at this village?" Daniel asked.

"Certainly you will wait," Leone promised him, "and in some way or other, though what way I cannot now tell, we will get Mrs. Shipman and the —the girl to you so that the three of you can escape together."

NOW all this time the Silent Wolf was frowning at Daniel, because he saw so clearly Leone's warmth toward him. And indeed her face softened and changed when she so much as turned her head toward Daniel, and not only the Silent Wolf saw this, but old Mr. P'an also, and he was alarmed enough. "What—" he said to himself, "am I to have still another foreign son-in-law when the other one is not yet got rid of?" And at this thought he determined to forward in every way that he could the plan of getting Daniel out of his house, and so as soon as Leone was gone, he said now to the Silent Wolf, in Chinese, and Daniel did not understand it:

"How grateful I am that you have thought of this way of getting the foreigner out of my house! Even though it will be no easy thing for my house to hide you, still I am overjoyed not to have the foreigner here. They are not such as should be near young women."

"They are not indeed," the Silent Wolf said fervently, "and I am glad to hear you say it so plainly."

Now Mr. P'an decently turned his back and so the two young men began to take off their garments.

It was done in a moment. The Silent Wolf surveyed Daniel from head to foot and tied his girdle over again and pulled down the edge of his jacket.

"J-j-j-jacket's too short," he muttered.

"It will do," Mr. P'an said gravely.

He clapped his hands and Leone came in. There the two young men were, standing side by side, both smiling. She looked at one and then at the other, and her cheeks flushed a delicate pink. But she did not smile at either one of them.

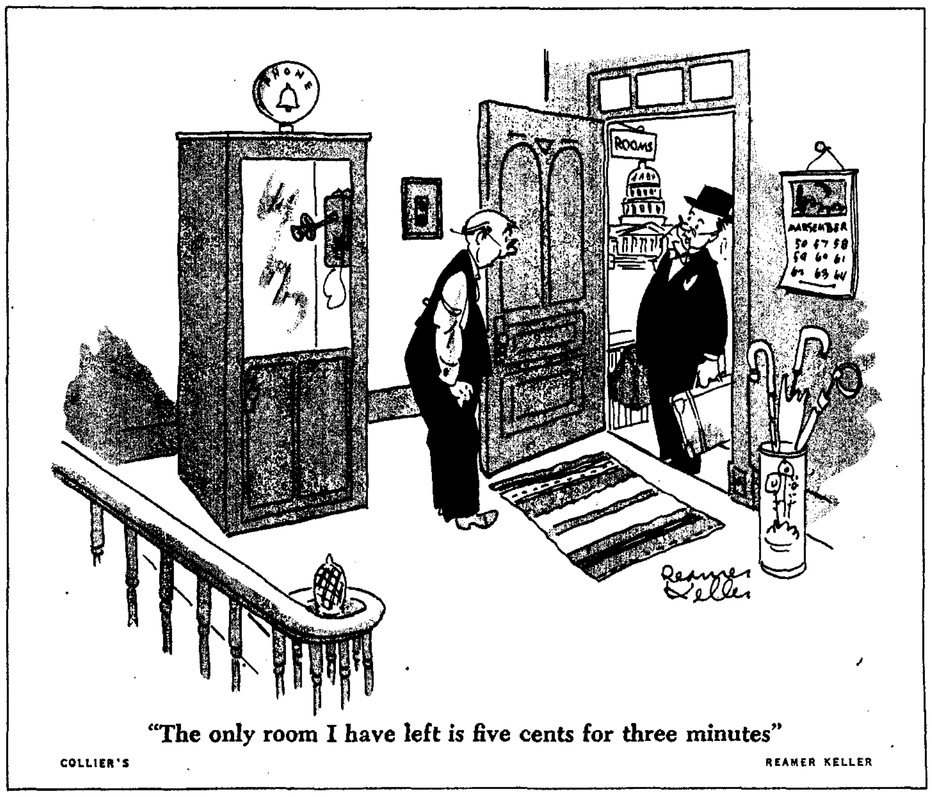
"Ling will bring you news of Jenny," she said gravely in English to Daniel, and then in Chinese she said to the Silent Wolf, "As soon as we can we will find ways of escorting you to your home."

"Do not hasten yourselves, I p-p-pray," the Silent Wolf replied.

So easily was it done and before dawn Daniel James, of the United States Marines, found himself in the midst of a score or so of scavenger coolies, all carrying poles on their shoulders and at the ends of the poles the most noisome smelling buckets of filth. When they came near to the gate he saw five or six take their shoulder cloths and put them over their heads and he remembered what Leone had said and he did it too, winding it about his head and catching the end of it in his teeth to hide his face.

They came nearer to the guards and he saw the men stir up the vile odors of their buckets with a stick. The stench was so fearful that he could scarcely draw his own breath. But he saw the purpose of it. For when the sleepy guards smelled it they held their noses with their fingers and motioned to the scavengers to go on their way. Thus safely he went with them, walking carefully lest he spill his filthy burden upon the guards as he passed and rouse their anger.

In a moment it was over. They were past the danger, and they moved swiftly down the country road.



"The only room I have left is five cents for three minutes"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

IN THE rooms which Daniel had left, the Silent Wolf made himself comfortable. He had meant what he said when he told Leone that he was in no haste to go away again. When he told the man who had come with him of the plan to get the American out of the city, the man had wailed aloud because his leader was to stay in the dangers of the city where he might be found. But the Silent Wolf bade him be still.

"I shall get myself out easily enough when I want to come," he told the man, "and you are not to send anyone after me or come for me or worry yourselves in any way. You are to obey my younger brother instead of me and do your work well. In a few days I shall come back."

Now the Silent Wolf had put off his return for one reason only. He was determined not to go back until he discovered for himself whether he could make a proposal to old Mr. P'an for his granddaughter. But could he do this at once? He was used to doing all he wanted done quickly, and a day to him was what a month might have been to a slower man, for when one lives with the chance of daily death as he did, delay is folly. Yet he knew that in some matters it is folly, too, to speak too soon. But he had determined that somehow Leone was to be his wife and that he would not leave her until she knew it.

Now old Mr. P'an greatly liked the Silent Wolf. Therefore he said to Leone, "When it is time to eat, I will eat with the young man, and find out what sort of heart he has."

So Leone gave this order, and when the mealtime came the Silent Wolf came to the table. Then he said to Mr. P'an, "How is it that there are only two places laid?"

Now Mr. P'an had never eaten with the women of his household, not with his own wife when she was alive, and so he said in surprise, "There are only two of us."

But the Silent Wolf laughed. "Y-you are an old-fashioned scholar," he said, "and you d-do not know the times have changed. We hillmen do not ask whether one of our number is m-man or woman, and we have women as we have men. I b-beg you to ask your granddaughter to sit with us and eat, for I-I-I-am accustomed to having all sit down to-gether."

So Mr. P'an could do nothing, out of deference to his guest, except to send for Leone to come and eat with them.

She came in gravely and, indifferent to all she did, she took her place when her grandfather commanded it. She did not speak above a word or two in the whole meal, for she had no wish to speak, and seeing her so grave the Silent Wolf felt ill at ease, and he would not speak either because if he spoke he felt that he would stammer before her. But Mr. P'an did not notice their silence for his own talking, and he talked a great deal about how good the country was before any foreigners ever came to it and how all the evil that had ever befallen them had come from foreigners and how his only wish was to see them all gone again.

To this the Silent Wolf listened as though he agreed to all of it, nodding his head and eating bowl after bowl of rice as he listened. As for Leone, she scarcely heard the prattling old man. All her heart was in the question: "Has Daniel passed safely through the gate or not?" There was no way to know until they heard. For she had sent a serving man out of the city to see whether or not they got safely to the village but the man had not come back yet. Now as they finished the meal the woman who brought in the dishes came in and said that the man had returned.

"BRING him in," the Silent Wolf commanded. So the man came in and there before them he gave his story:

"They all passed safely through and they are in the village, and the foreigner is inside the courts of the house of Yang, and all is well."

Leone listened and her pale face flushed. Now that her first anxiety was eased, she longed to go into her own room and close the door and weep—for what, she did not know, but she longed to weep.

"I pray you will excuse me," she said to her grandfather and the Silent Wolf and rose and left them quickly.

The Silent Wolf looked after her as she went, and the sight of her slender body and her graceful head filled him with yet deeper desire for her. "Why should I wait any cursed waiting?" he asked himself, and drinking down a small bowlful of hot wine, he broke across old Mr. P'an's talk.

Now Mr. P'an had been about to discuss the style of The Three Kingdoms, thinking that the tale of war would interest his guest, and he blinked his eyes and could not for a moment discern what the Silent Wolf wanted.

"Your g-granddaughter," the Silent Wolf began. "Let us discuss her affairs."

Old Mr. P'an stopped, surprised at these words. "There is nothing to discuss in regard to her," he said mildly. "She is as you see her."

"She-she has a husband, she told me," the Silent Wolf said. "But I wish to take her for my wife."

Old Mr. P'an cried out at this. "Alas," he said. "I see I must not deceive you. She is a half-and-half woman, half-this, half-that." This he said, still not wanting to say clearly how mixed his blood was with foreign blood.

"How half-and-half?" the Silent Wolf demanded.

Then bit by bit and evading and yet somehow telling it, old Mr. P'an told him the story of what Leone was, and the Silent Wolf listened to it all.

"It may well be that you will not want her now," old Mr. P'an said at last. "I cannot blame you if you do not want to mix up your good blood."

The Silent Wolf bowed his head. Then, without speaking he got up and went away to his own room. It would be idle to pretend that he was not astonished at what he had heard, but he was a simple man, and it meant less to him that Leone was mixed than it would have meant had he been more learned.

"Curse me," he thought, "I had better marry her, for how else shall I forget her?"

"DANGER," Mrs. Shipman said softly. "Danger, danger!"

She had been preparing for this moment for days, this moment when Jenny's eyes opened. Ever since the old Japanese woman had been put in here to watch her she had talked aloud to herself constantly. The woman did not understand a word of English but Mrs. Shipman talked to her in English and about her and about anything, so long as the sound of her voice could run along. For some day, she knew, Jenny's eyes would open, and it would be necessary to say quickly the word she was now saying, "Danger—danger—danger!"

Jenny looked up with clear blue eyes. She closed her eyes again and lay still.

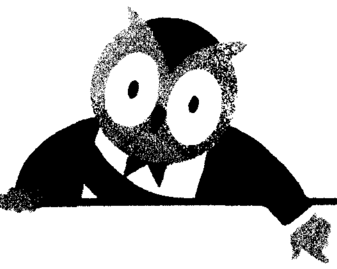
Mrs. Shipman stretched herself out on the bed beside her as she did every night for her naps of sleep. Under the cover their hands met and Mrs. Shipman was astonished by the firm clasp upon hers. The girl was stronger than she thought. Then the sooner they tried it the better. It would be hard for Jenny to pretend that she was unconscious when the sharp eyes of the little Japanese doctor fell upon her in the morning. The great difficulty was the old Japanese woman. But even then Mrs. Shipman had a hope. She was quite sure there was something wrong with the old woman. She had lain down whenever she could all day.

Now though none knew it, the truth was that Ling had done a little poisoning the day before this one. Twice the Old Foreign Mother had held the lamp to the window at midnight and made her signal. The first time she had dropped a bit of paper weighted by a small ivory toy. On it was printed plainly, "Get me a strong thin rope. I'll be here tomorrow night to get it at twelve o'clock."

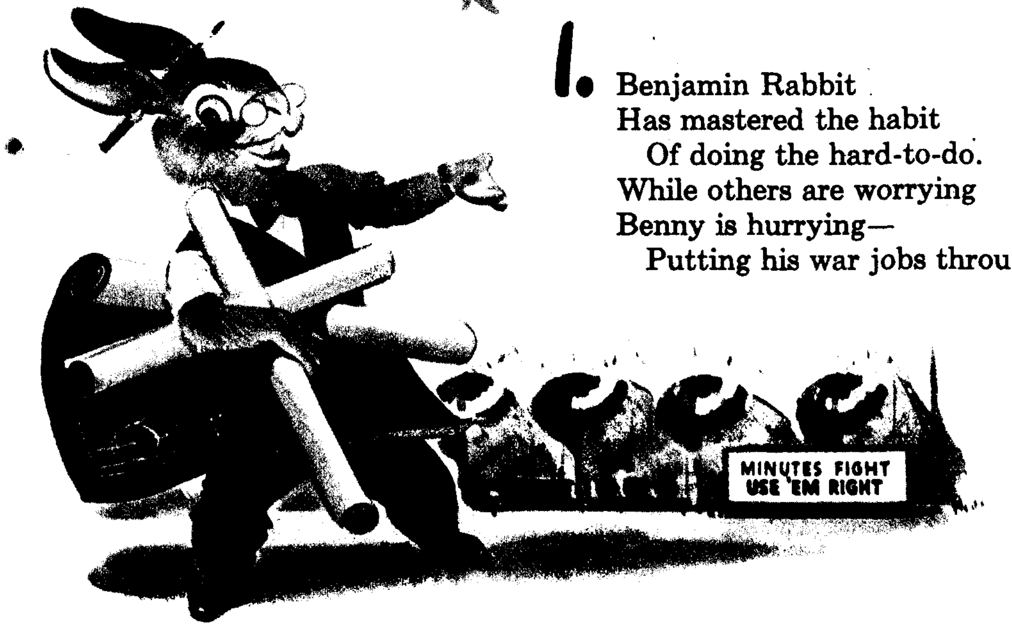
At midnight the next night Ling had put the coiled rope through the slit end of a long bamboo, and she had leaned out and taken it.

Three days ago she had signaled again: "Get the old woman away."

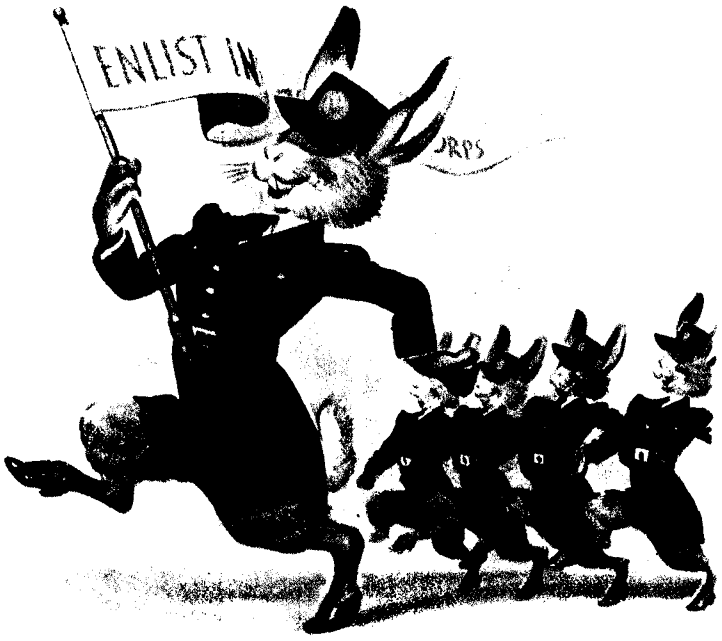
This had been difficult indeed. He had



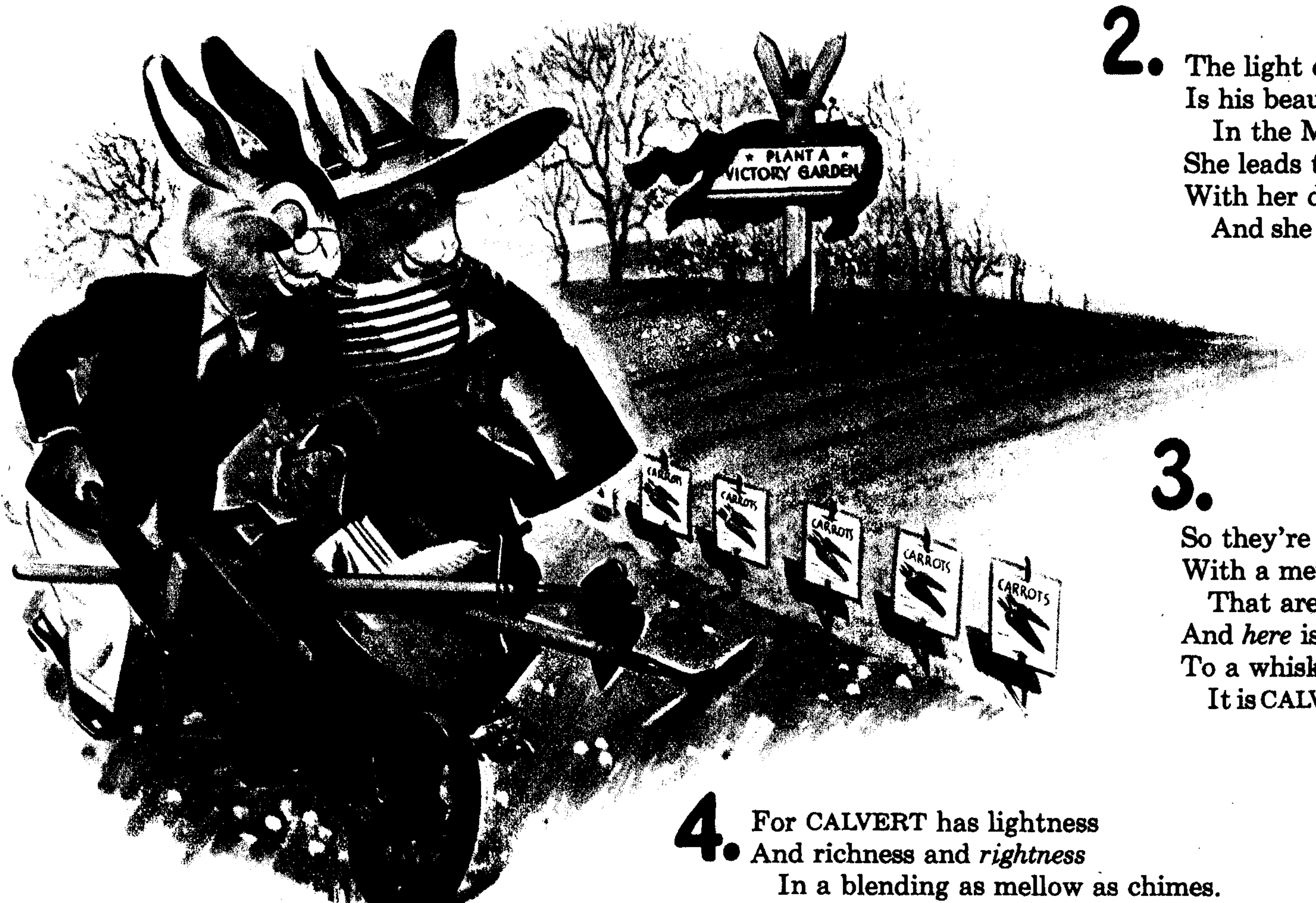
Wise Rhymes for These Times


MINUTES FIGHT
USE 'EM RIGHT

1. Benjamin Rabbit
Has mastered the habit
  Of doing the hard-to-do.
While others are worrying
Benny is hurrying—
  Putting his war jobs through.

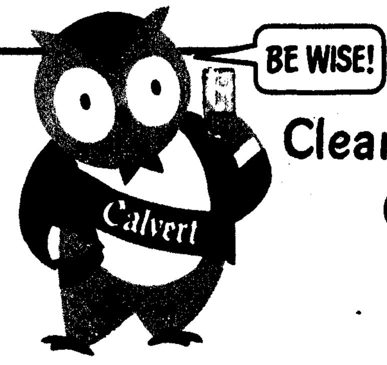

ENLIST IN
ORPS

2. The light of his life
Is his beautiful wife
  In the Motor Auxiliary Corps.
She leads the parades
With her dozens of aides,
  And she does all she can for the war.


PLANT A
VICTORY GARDEN
CARROTS
CARROTS
CARROTS
CARROTS
CARROTS

3. So they're wonderful mates
With a merger of traits
  That are happily matched for today.
And *here* is a clue
To a whiskey for you—
  It is CALVERT that's blended that way!

4. For CALVERT has lightness
And richness and *rightness*
  In a blending as mellow as chimes.
It's whiskey perfection—
Your wisest selection—
  The Happiest Blend for the times!


BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits

When she says go fly this...

JUST MARRIED

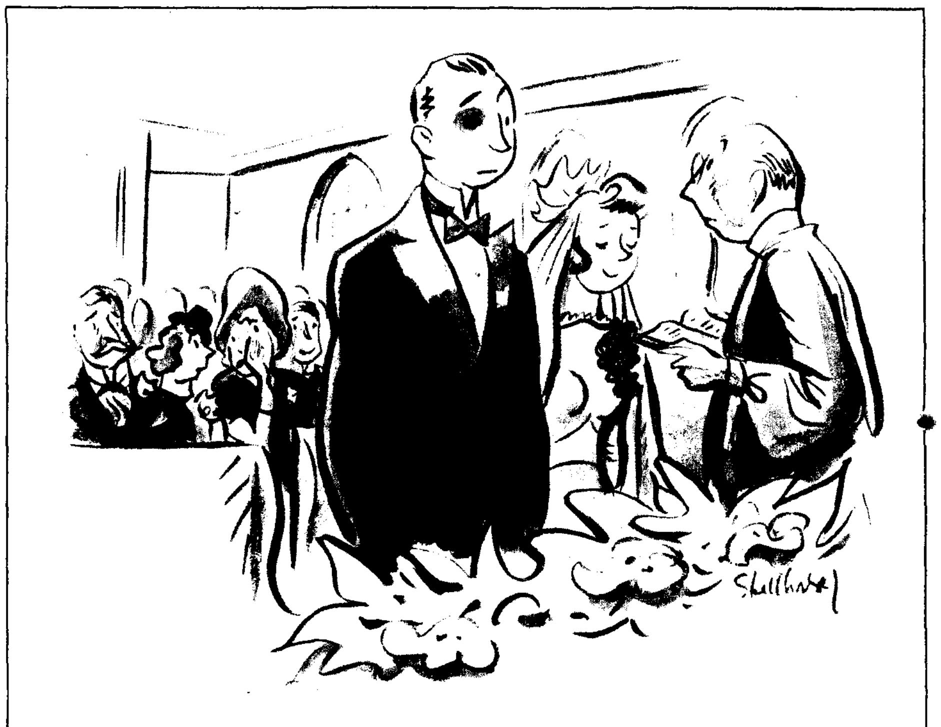
and you've been hoping to fly this...

TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Today our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS. So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor . . . you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.



COLLIER'S "They say the other girl took it pretty hard" GEO. SHELLHASE

stared into space for several hours before he knew what to do. It was inevitable, he argued to himself, that within a very few days, if not hours, the girl would either awake or she would die. Through his talk with the old cook he discovered that each day for the last three days she had swallowed the soft rice and egg that had been put into her mouth spoonful by spoonful. Therefore, it was not likely that she would die.

This was now the tenth day of her sleep. Not once had the Japanese left the house. Twice a day the doctor had come to see her and gone away. Ling inquired of the household gossip and heard that the girl still slept. So after thinking a long while he sauntered down into the city to a certain pharmacy which he knew and there he asked the old man who kept it what sort of a poison could be put into the food so that it would not taste nor kill, but would nauseate the stomach and make the bowels fluid.

THE pharmacist looked like one of his own dried herbs, so thin and small and brown was he, and his hands were stained and wrinkled with his brews. He sucked in his lips over his toothless jaws and considered Ling's question carefully, and then he put on his brass-rimmed spectacles and weighed out an ounce of this and a quarter of an ounce of that on his small delicate scales, and sifted in some powder between his thumb and finger, and wrapped it all up in thick brown paper, and put a red slip on the packet and gave it to Ling. "A pinch of this in each meal three times in the same day and the one you wish ill will be busy with himself," he said.

So Ling took the small packet and put it into his bosom and sauntered back again, and for the price of a small bribe he persuaded the old cook to do the deed. It did not take much persuasion or much bribe, for the cook heartily hated the old Japanese woman on his own account, and was glad to help in so just a deed as poisoning one who, besides being an enemy, was also an old and ugly female with a bad temper.

Thus it came about that for two days the old woman had struggled against her inner sickness. She was so afraid of Shigo that she dared not tell him how she was roiling inside. At first she was not made ill, her vitals being leathery with age, but she was only very full of discomfort. It was by the second afternoon that she began to feel everything inside her conspiring together against her being.

She lay down that night on her quilt full of anxiety for herself, and yet whom could she tell? She had come to this house starving and without a penny, for her former mistress had been a Russian woman, who had fled inland from the wars. Then Shigo Kuyoshi had hired her to empty the slops and scrub the floors, and had allowed her other work because he saw she was grim and silent and faithful, and because she pleased him by her hatred of the Chinese and the foreigners alike. But no word had ever been spoken between them except command and obedience, and how could she go now and tell him that in this important task he had given her, she must fail because she had fallen ill? So she hid the illness and stayed in her corner though her whole body was in misery.

Yet the time came when her inwards could not be contained, and so twice during the day she had fled from the room to ease herself, and was back again, and still without telling anyone. And so it came about in the middle of this same night, when Mrs. Shipman lay awake and Jenny was awake too, as she knew from the clasp of Jenny's hand, that they were both startled by a loud moan that burst from the old woman.

The light of the oil lamp was never put out in this room, and now Mrs. Shipman saw the old woman get up clutching her middle and staggering across the floor to the door. She pretended to be asleep, but from between her barely opened lids she saw the old woman go out. Thus for a moment they were alone, and she whispered to Jenny:

"Jenny, child—can you hear me?"

"Yes," Jenny whispered back. She opened her eyes, and Mrs. Shipman sat up.

"Listen, Jenny, there isn't but a minute. She'll be back. But we're in this Shigo's house—prisoners. We've got friends, though. The Chinese chauffeur is watching for us. He's ready to help us. When you feel up to it, dearie, we'll just let him know. The sign's all worked out. Then you must just gather together all your strength and help me."

"I will."

Mrs. Shipman listened for footsteps as she talked. "Do you think you could make it tonight, dearie? Because the doctor will be around tomorrow again and I'm afraid he'll see that you're awake again."

"I think—I can—tonight," Jenny whispered.

"I've saved some broth for you," Mrs. Shipman said. "If you drink it and rest a little, maybe—"

The old woman's footsteps were dragging along the hall outside. Mrs. Shipman lay down quickly and closed her eyes and breathed heavily.

The old woman came in and cast a look at the bed. They were both asleep, the gods be thanked. No one need know she had left the room. She lay down groaning and tried to rest and could not. The poison had now laid its full hold upon her vitals and she was in agony. She lay not above half an hour when she rose, gasping, and came over to the bed. In the dim light she saw them, both fast asleep. The girl was still unconscious. The old woman began to drag herself across the floor again to the door, and when she reached it she took the key out of it and opening the door and shutting it behind her, she locked it. This time she could not come back quickly.

Instantly Mrs. Shipman was up.

"Now then, dearie," she whispered. "And bless that Ling!"

She went to the curtains that were drawn over the window and took the oil lamp from the table and set it down on the sill. Twice she opened the curtains and closed them, waited a moment, and repeated this again and yet again. Then over a spirit lamp she heated the broth and gave it to Jenny. If the old woman came in now Mrs. Shipman would simply be feeding the girl. There was nothing to be explained. But the old woman did not come back.

She did not come back and, listening, Mrs. Shipman pulled up her full skirt and took the loop of thin strong rope from under it and tied it securely to the heavy hinge of the window. Then, still listening, she wrapped Jenny in a warm coat and lifting her out of bed, half carried her to the window. Jenny was making a desperate effort. But her feet felt separated from her head. She put them down one after the other, as though they did not belong to her.

"Steady, dearie," Mrs. Shipman breathed. "You're doing wonderful." There was not a sound of anyone coming. Outside there was no moon. The air was damp and a wind was blowing, a lucky wind, for it made shutters creak and branches rub against one another and covered the sound of their escape.

"Ling will be down there waiting for you, dearie," Mrs. Shipman whispered anxiously. "It's not far. We're only on the second story. There's only bushes below. I've looked down a hundred times getting ready for this. He'll be behind the bushes. There's a thorny orange to the left, so bear right, dearie."

She lifted the girl over the sill and held her as long as she could, leaning out until she could lean no farther.

"Can do—" she heard Ling's whisper from below and then she let Jenny go. In a moment she grasped the rope for herself. She was fat and she went down too quickly and the rope tore the skin from her palms but she did not notice it. They were down, safe behind the bushes, and there was no sound from above.

"Praise God!" she whispered.

But Ling did not give her a moment. He had Jenny in his arms and was carrying her across the dark lawn to the compound wall. There he set her on her feet and unwound his long girdle from about his waist, a girdle of new cloth torn so long for this moment that he had wound half of it inside his jacket and around his thighs. He made a loop under her arms and with the end in his teeth he skinned up the wall like a cat, his feet finding fractional footholds between the bricks. On the wall he swept aside the glass spears with his foot, and then began to pull her up like a child. Over the wall he lifted her, hissing a whisper in her ear: "You takee off cloth when you come down."

SHE felt the earth solid beneath her feet and, leaning against the wall, freed herself from the cloth and he pulled it up again.

Now he called in a low voice to Mrs. Shipman.

"Quick!" she called back. "They've found out!"

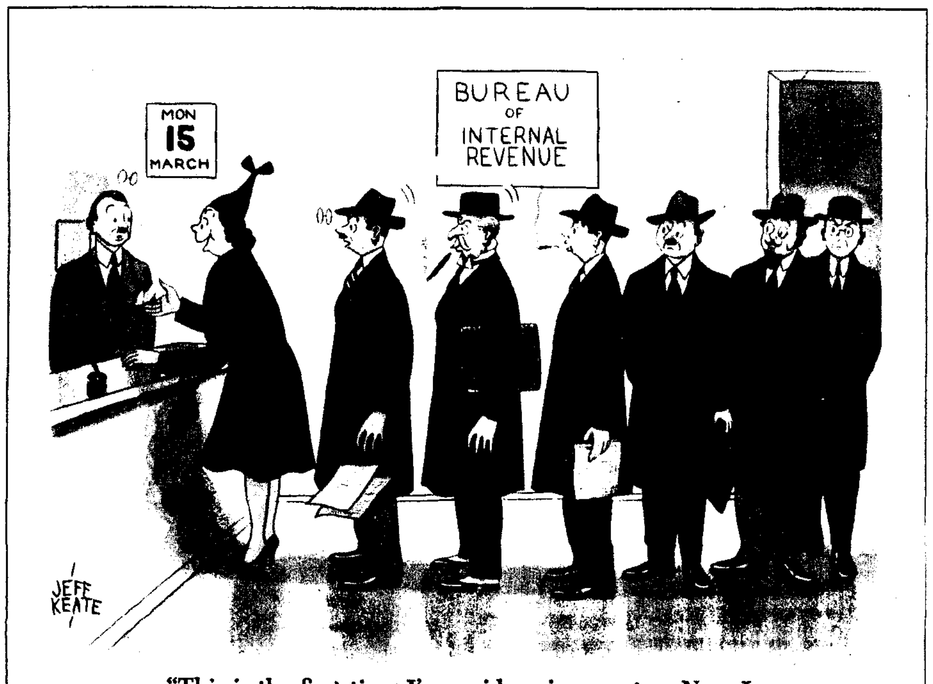
And indeed at this moment the lights flashed on in the whole house, and she saw the curtains of the room they had just left pulled apart and Shigo stood there in the light. He shouted out in Japanese.

Mrs. Shipman pulled the girdle and Ling began to lift her. Jenny had been so light that it had been nothing, but Mrs. Shipman came up like a load of stone. Ling braced precariously on the wall, felt his first great wave of fear. What if he could not lift the Old Foreign Mother? Should he let her down and save the girl? The old should be saved first, according to his own people, but would the young American excuse him if the girl was lost?

There were lights over the lawn now and in a moment, whatever he did they would be discovered. He groaned and pulled with all his might, clinging to the wall with his legs and feet, and Mrs. Shipman struggled and clawed to help him. He had her head level to the wall, then suddenly she felt her legs grasped and held firmly.

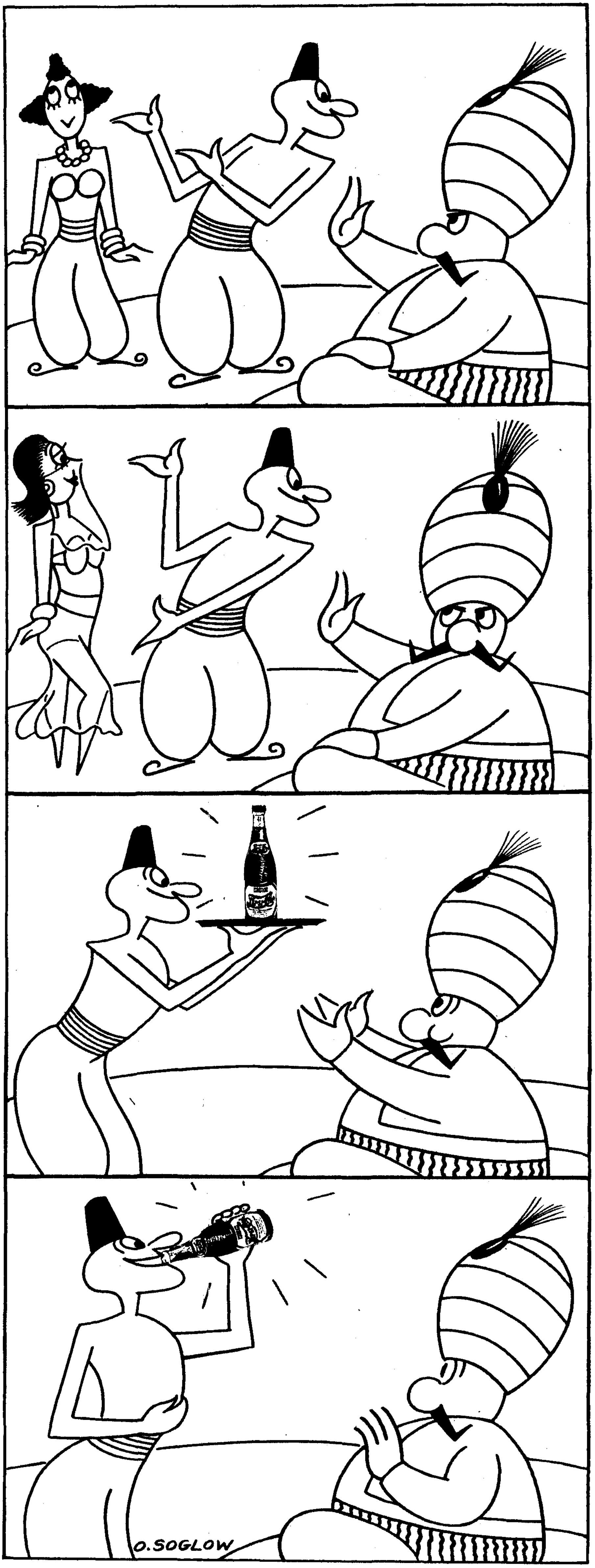
"They've got me!" she whispered between her set teeth. "Run for it, Ling—save the girl!"

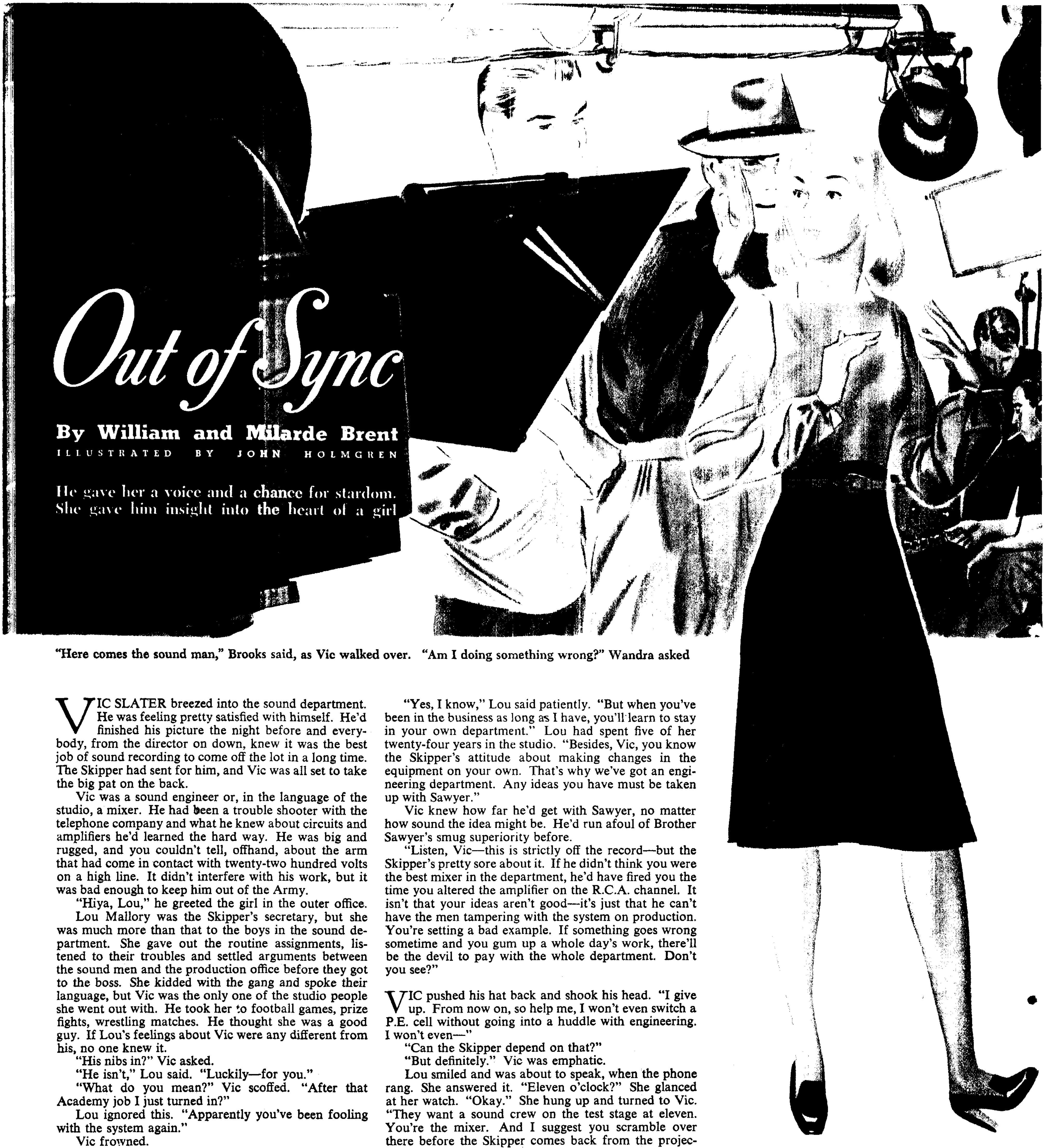
(To be continued next week)



"This is the first time I've paid an income tax. Now I just hope I've got enough with me to pay you whatever I owe you, and do I have to fill out anything?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE





Out of Sync

By William and Milarde Brent

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

He gave her a voice and a chance for stardom. She gave him insight into the heart of a girl

"Here comes the sound man," Brooks said, as Vic walked over. "Am I doing something wrong?" Wandra asked

VIC SLATER breezed into the sound department. He was feeling pretty satisfied with himself. He'd finished his picture the night before and everybody, from the director on down, knew it was the best job of sound recording to come off the lot in a long time. The Skipper had sent for him, and Vic was all set to take the big pat on the back.

Vic was a sound engineer or, in the language of the studio, a mixer. He had been a trouble shooter with the telephone company and what he knew about circuits and amplifiers he'd learned the hard way. He was big and rugged, and you couldn't tell, offhand, about the arm that had come in contact with twenty-two hundred volts on a high line. It didn't interfere with his work, but it was bad enough to keep him out of the Army.

"Hiya, Lou," he greeted the girl in the outer office.

Lou Mallory was the Skipper's secretary, but she was much more than that to the boys in the sound department. She gave out the routine assignments, listened to their troubles and settled arguments between the sound men and the production office before they got to the boss. She kidded with the gang and spoke their language, but Vic was the only one of the studio people she went out with. He took her to football games, prize fights, wrestling matches. He thought she was a good guy. If Lou's feelings about Vic were any different from his, no one knew it.

"His nibs in?" Vic asked.

"He isn't," Lou said. "Luckily—for you."

"What do you mean?" Vic scoffed. "After that Academy job I just turned in?"

Lou ignored this. "Apparently you've been fooling with the system again."

Vic frowned.

"Sawyer reported the circuit changed on the noise reduction unit," she said. "That mean anything?"

Sawyer was head of engineering and maintenance. He'd learned his decibels at Cal Tech, and didn't have much use for technicians without an academic background.

Vic swore softly. He'd forgotten to change the circuit back to normal on the channel he'd just turned in for checkup after finishing the picture.

"Sure," he admitted. "I made a slight change or two. But what the heck? I improved the recording, didn't I? I cut down the ground noise—"

"Yes, I know," Lou said patiently. "But when you've been in the business as long as I have, you'll learn to stay in your own department." Lou had spent five of her twenty-four years in the studio. "Besides, Vic, you know the Skipper's attitude about making changes in the equipment on your own. That's why we've got an engineering department. Any ideas you have must be taken up with Sawyer."

Vic knew how far he'd get with Sawyer, no matter how sound the idea might be. He'd run afoul of Brother Sawyer's smug superiority before.

"Listen, Vic—this is strictly off the record—but the Skipper's pretty sore about it. If he didn't think you were the best mixer in the department, he'd have fired you the time you altered the amplifier on the R.C.A. channel. It isn't that your ideas aren't good—it's just that he can't have the men tampering with the system on production. You're setting a bad example. If something goes wrong sometime and you gum up a whole day's work, there'll be the devil to pay with the whole department. Don't you see?"

VIC pushed his hat back and shook his head. "I give up. From now on, so help me, I won't even switch a P.E. cell without going into a huddle with engineering. I won't even—"

"Can the Skipper depend on that?"

"But definitely." Vic was emphatic.

Lou smiled and was about to speak, when the phone rang. She answered it. "Eleven o'clock?" She glanced at her watch. "Okay." She hung up and turned to Vic. "They want a sound crew on the test stage at eleven. You're the mixer. And I suggest you scramble over there before the Skipper comes back from the projection room and finds you here. I'll explain. Maybe by tomorrow he'll be cooled off."

Vic knew she was trying to give him a break; she'd square things in the meantime. She always did. "You know, Lou," he said, "sometimes I don't know why you go to all the trouble—"

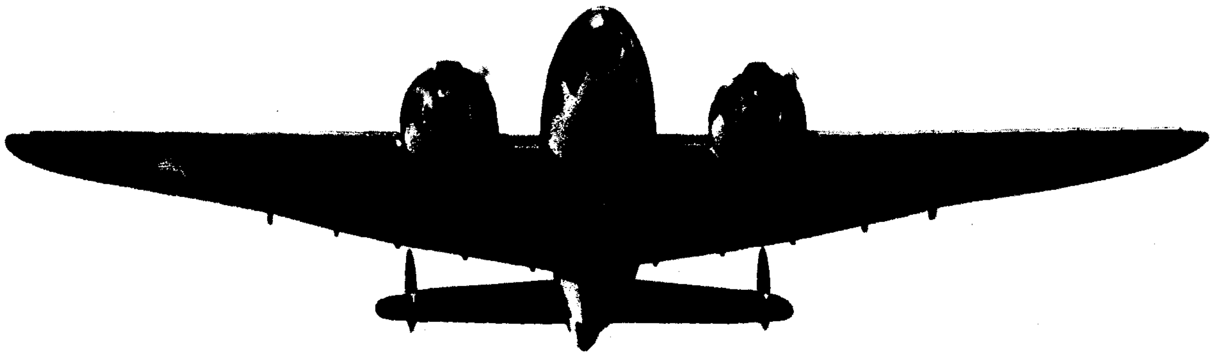
"Maybe I wouldn't like to see you get fired," she said.

Vic grinned. "One good turn deserves another, pal. Tomorrow I'll take you to lunch—in the commissary. Not that forty-cent special, either."

"Okay," Lou grinned back. "I'll tie a red string around my finger so I'll remember not to eat any breakfast in the morning."

Vic sat at his mixer console and checked the system, while the gaffer roughed in the lighting for the long shot. Vic got the clash point of the light valve from Winnie, his assistant outside in the truck, and slipped on the cans to take a listen, after Peeler, his boom man, had hung the mike. He glanced at his volume indicator, tested his potentiometer positions for noise, then snapped off the mike. He gave Peeler the encircled thumb and forefinger for the okay signal and Peeler

(Continued on page 38)



Bruiser

This is the Vega Ventura, a tough looking, tough acting new bomber with some definite family characteristics.

It *looks* like the Hudson only bigger. It's sleek and powerful, with stamina in every spar. It acts like the speedy, record-breaking airline Lodestar only faster and more maneuverable. In action it's a *bruiser*, the biggest, hardest-hitting bomber yet designed and produced by Vega. It carries a bellyful of destruction in its whopping bomb bay and throws 50 caliber death from five gun positions.

U. S. and R. A. F. pilots can tell more about this deadly bomber in the days to come, and they *will* in stories of blasted Axis supply lines, smashed Axis tanks and silenced Axis guns.

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Something the Axis Tanks Don't Have

EACH time this newest and most powerful war machine of its type goes into action, it has an advantage that similar equipment of the Axis powers does not have.

For, in addition to superior design and quality of materials, it has the great advantage which Nature gave to the lubricating oils available to the United Nations . . . oils with *the quality and stamina* to lubricate better and last longer both in arctic cold and tropical heat. This is an advantage the Axis has failed to overcome by conquest or to achieve synthetically.

Today, Quaker State's four great modern refineries, using Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil exclusively, are turning out large quantities of lubricating oils for the United Nations, to help maintain this advantage.

Quality oil is just as important for your car. Are you giving your car the advantage of Quaker State?

If not . . . why not change to Quaker State today? Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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The fact that Marjorie Lawrence, a sufferer from infantile paralysis, could sing again at the Metropolitan is thrilling, but what is more important is her spirit, the unconquerable courage that has overcome the greatest handicaps and furnished an example of fortitude for us all

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

WHEN Marjorie Lawrence woke up one morning in her hotel room in Mexico City and found that she couldn't move, her first reaction was exasperation. "I've never been sick a day in my life!" she cried furiously.

But at that moment, she was sick unto death with infantile paralysis, and although the Mexican impresario wrung his hands in misery outside her door, and the cast of Die Walküre (in which she had been rehearsing) waited hopefully, she was not to sing that night, and no physician would have dared guarantee that she would ever sing again. The primary concern of her doctors was to keep her alive, a task that seemed beyond them when the blow struck.

Eighteen months later, an audience at the Metropolitan Opera House rose and cheered and applauded for five minutes when she finished singing the Venusberg music in Tannhäuser. Nothing like that had been heard for years in that sacred temple, and nothing like Lawrence's recovery had ever been known before in music. The character of the part allowed her to sing while reclining on a divan, and only about that phase of her triumph is she critical.

"In another year I'll be doing everything I did before," she says flatly. "I can walk a little bit now; I'll soon be walking all over the place."

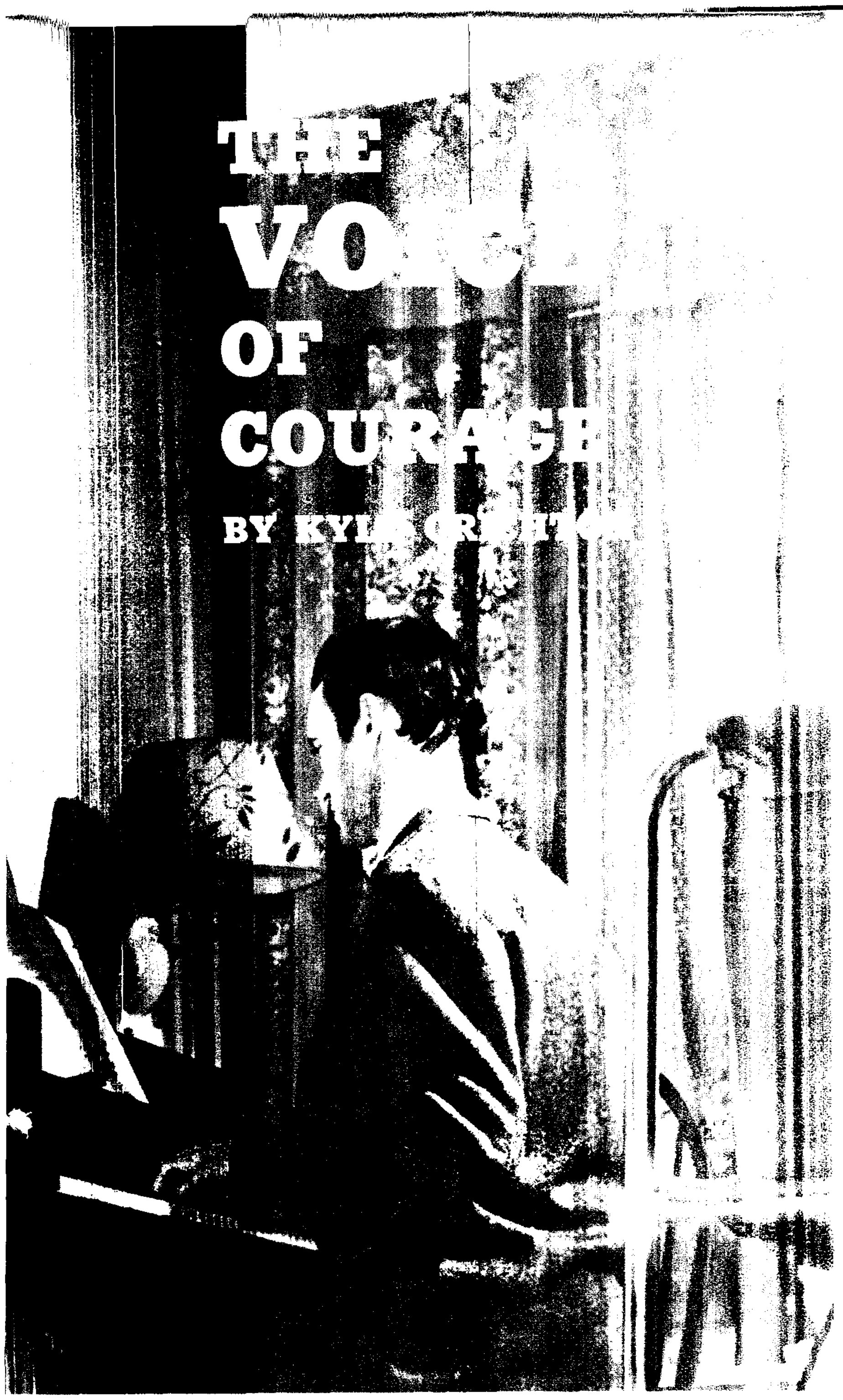
Lawrence (one always refers to a great singer by her last name) is a large, jolly-faced woman with dimples and a laugh that makes the walls bend in self-defense. She was born on a sheep "station" in Australia, has bounced about on horses and led an energetic life from her childhood, and is thoroughly disgusted with herself for being an invalid.

"At first it scared the dickings out of me," she says.

"Over here we says 'dickens,'" puts in the interviewer politely.

"Don't be a sissy!" shrieks Lawrence. "*Dickings!*"

She receives her guests in a wheel chair, and it is only during the course of the conversation that one finds this is politeness to a visitor. It is when one asks tactfully how she has managed to keep her weight down (one does not mention "figure" with a Wagnerian soprano) that the truth comes out.



THE VOICE OF COURAGE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

"If you weren't company, I'd show you," she shouts. "Every morning I'm down there," pointing to the floor, "bumping myself all over."

A small wooden ramp has been constructed from the living room of her New York apartment to the terrace overlooking the Hudson River, and every day she makes a round of the terrace, walking. She clings to the railing, has a good look at the factories over in Jersey, and takes steps like an infant grabbing at chairs and friendly relatives.

"They're not going to keep *me* in a silly old chair like that!" she cries gleefully.

Dynamo in a Wheel Chair

The government could work up a nice business with defeatists, whiners and no-goods by dragging them up to the Lawrence apartment and allowing her to shame them. Visiting her is like touring an engine works. She is gay and boisterous—the most dynamic individual this interviewer has encountered in ten years of meeting celebrities. Not content with being alive (as any other sensible person might be), she is determined to be as good as the original production. As a matter of truth—and the New York critics are cruel gentlemen who do not sniff easily at sentimental distractions—her voice is better than ever.

"That's the first thing I did when I finally decided I wasn't going to die," says Lawrence. "I opened my mouth and gave a bellow. *Boy,* that was *different!* I was paralyzed from my neck down, but you know how crazy singers are. If they can sing, a leg or two missing doesn't bother them."

Her only regret is that two months were lost before she came into the hands of Sister Kenny with her method for treating infantile paralysis cases. According to that method, the first three weeks are all-important. As is well known now, Sister Kenny is an Australian nurse who has revolutionized treatment for the disease, advocating massage and exercise rather than rest. Miss Lawrence went to her in Minneapolis and eventually lived in the same apartment with Sister Kenny.

"Just two Aussies acting proud—that was us," says Lawrence happily.

With Miss Lawrence was her husband, Doctor Thomas Michael King, an osteopath, who learned the Kenny method directly and brought Miss Lawrence back to New York, where he has been carrying it out faithfully since.

The original attack had left her entirely helpless, but the exercises soon had her lifting her arms, and when she could move the upper part of her body, she took a new resolution. She pointed to a straight chair by her bed and cried, "Get me out of here and strap me on that thing. I'm going to sit up."

They lifted her up, strapped her to the chair and then waited.

"You know what I want," she shouted. "Put me in front of the piano!"

That seems to have been the beginning of her real cure. Knowing that for a long time she would be able to sing only while

(Continued on page 59)

WHAT'S YOUR GUESS?

WHY IS AMERICA SMOKING MORE—

as shown by Government figures?

Smoking Less—or

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PHILIP MORRIS!

You see—this cigarette has been scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat!

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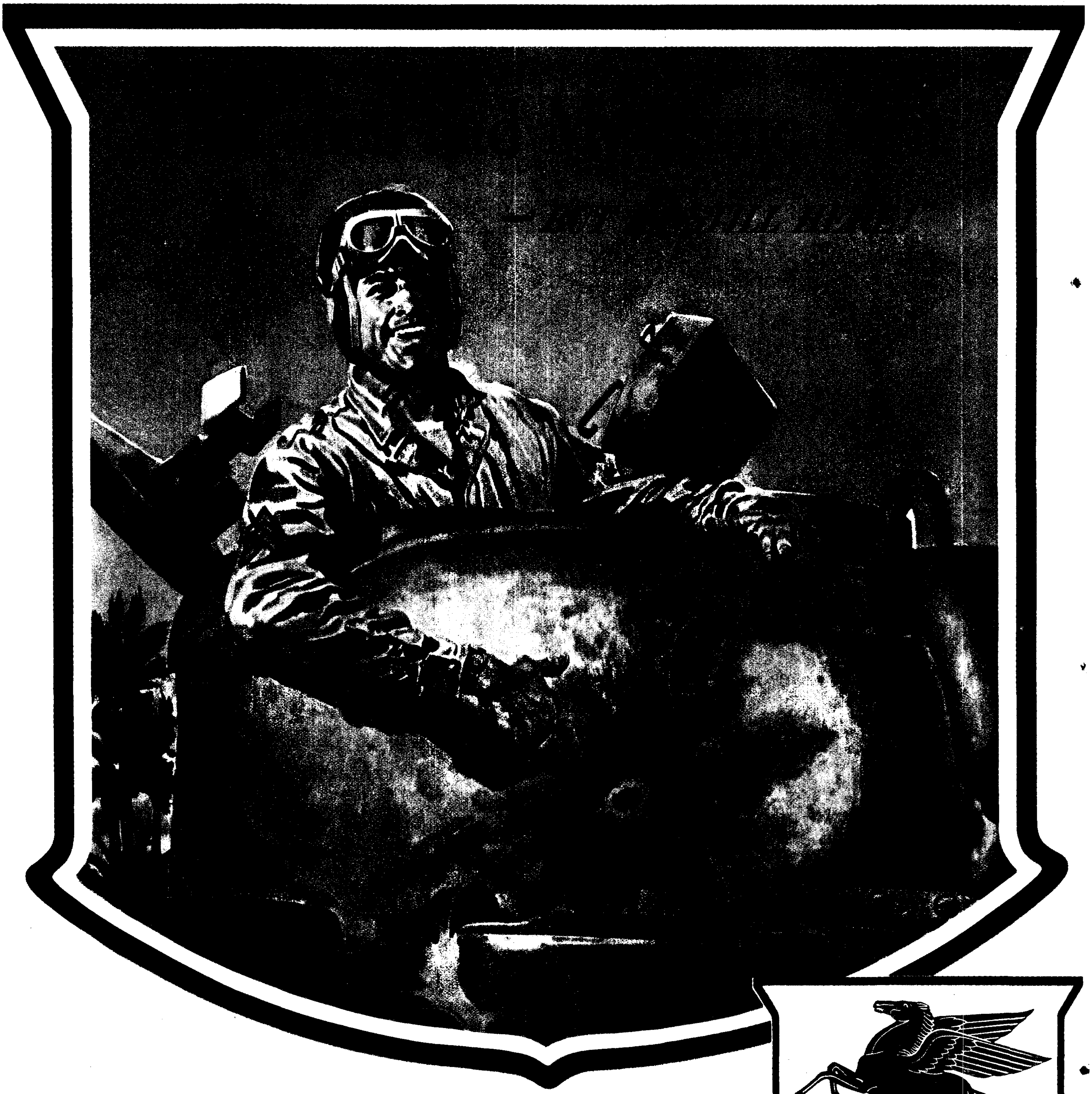

It's only a *dent* because his American-built tank had tough armor plate . . . the toughest in the world!

Back in the States—it was dunked, white-hot, into a new Socony-Vacuum quenching oil that helped to *make it* tougher.

Slabs of armor that sheathe U. S. warships, bombers and fighting planes, get the same treatment and come out tougher, too!

Helping to make America's war products the best in the world is a part of Socony-Vacuum Friendly Service.

To that soldier boy in Africa extra protection from enemy shells is a very *real* Friendly Service. U.S.A.'s flyers know it, too—in the vast quantities of our 100-octane gasoline—new, more powerful fuel to hike them upstairs faster—give them utmost maneuverability!

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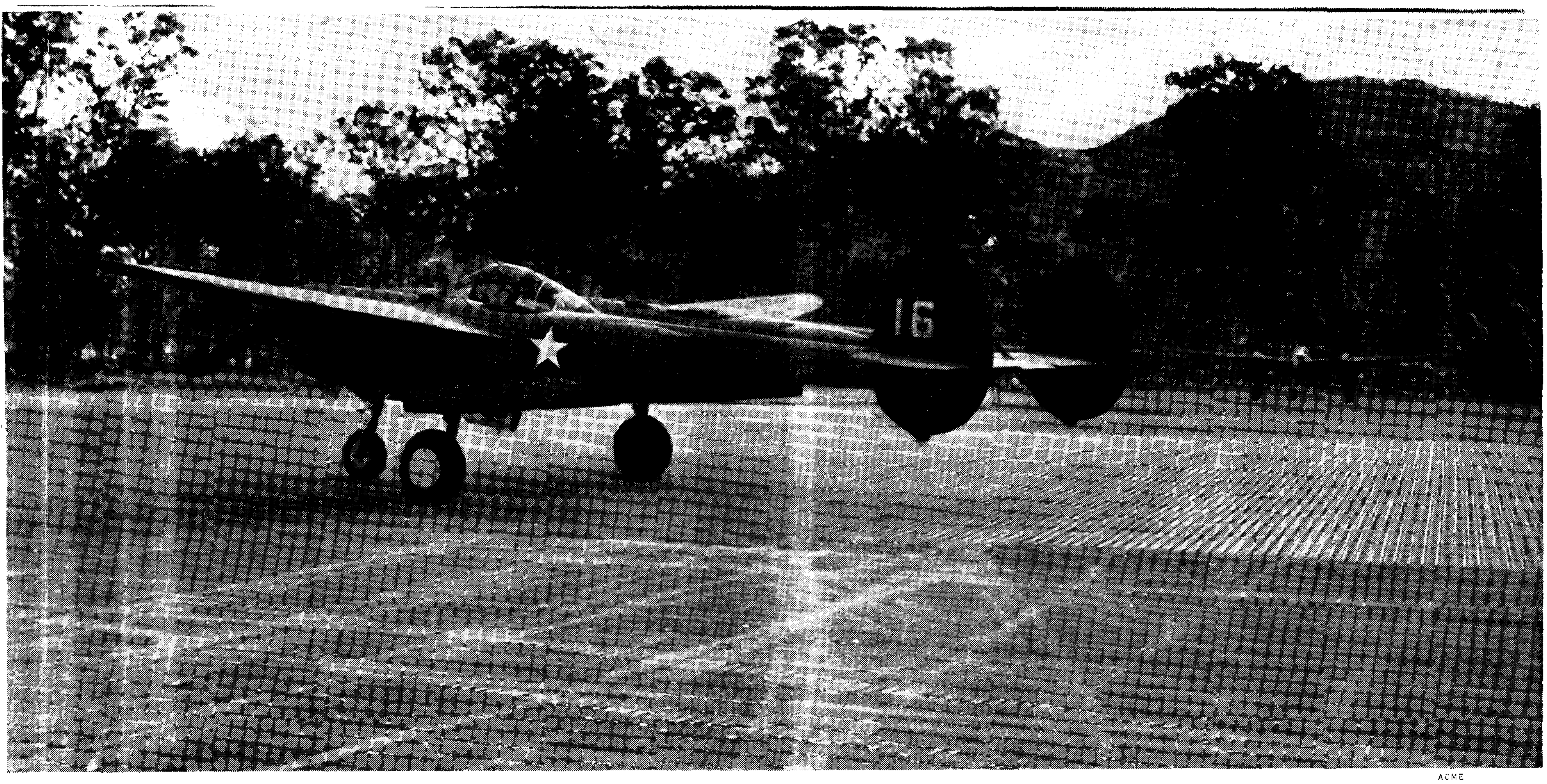


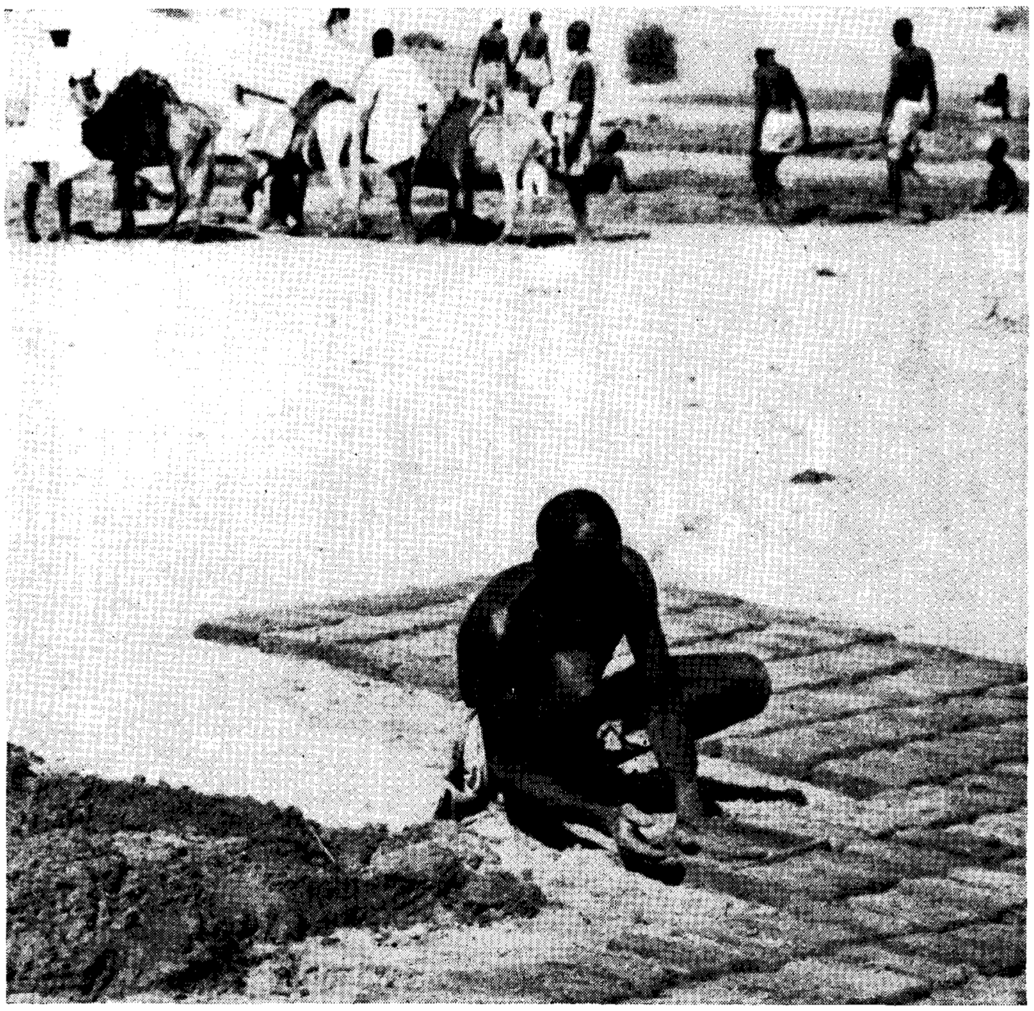
ACME

The Japs have felt the chilling sting of the Airacobra, known also as the P-39. Here one of the fighter group which accounted for 77 enemy planes in a convoy battle off Lae rolls down the runway of Port Moresby airfield in New Guinea

THE ARMY SPREADS ITS WINGS

BY ROBERT MC CORMICK

In less than twelve months our Army Air Forces has grown from nothing into one of the mightiest fighting outfits the world has ever seen. Here is the story of AAF development. And bigger and better things are on the way



ACME

Joe Jesus, "patty-cake man of the Sahara," molds oblongs of mud, camel and goat hair. They will be baked into bricks for airfield buildings along Uncle Sam's far-flung routes

NOT a doctor in the place would have bet a nickel even money on the chances of most of the 400 wounded American soldiers. The temporary hospital a short distance in from the North African beach was out of blood plasma, and most of the wounded were heading into a state of shock that made plasma imperative.

Communication lines were cleared, and a call for help went to GHQ. In a matter of hours (how many is another of the million military secrets involved in any war) two big C-87s, Liberator bombers converted for cargo carrying, settled down on an airfield near the hospital, and soldiers started unloading large wooden boxes. There was no secret about the contents. They were plainly labeled. Blood plasma. All but eight of the wounded were saved.

The plasma didn't come from the corner drugstore. It came from the United States in less than two days.

It was a trivial incident in the history of American military aviation, but it was a neat demonstration of the growth of the Army Air Forces. The AAF was created in June of 1941, but on March 9, 1942, it became one of three equally powerful parts of the American Army. With the Ground Forces and the Services of Supply, it became semi-independent, and in its first year grew into one of the mightiest fighting organizations in the world.

It became a world air force, with bases speckled over the globe like pepper on a fried egg. Every line of it was designed around a central idea that it must have a positive part in destroying enemy resistance. It was patterned for bombing the heart out of the enemy, for subduing enemy aircraft, and for attacking enemy ground and sea forces. These things it would do, not in any one battle or one spot, but in all American battles wherever they might come.

The production of airplanes more than doubled, got up to better than 5,000 a month. The types of combat planes being manufactured were cut to less than a dozen, but each of these had a specialized purpose. Many got their first battle tests in the last twelve months.

Boeing Flying Fortresses and Consolidated Liberators shot and bombed a path of glory across the Southwest Pacific and in Nazi Europe, plunking explosives from great heights with incredible accuracy. The medium bombers—Billy Mitchells and Martin Marauders—flashed across battle lines at speeds close to those of enemy pursuit planes. The Billy Mitchells pulled an impossible raid on Tokyo, and the Marauders became torpedo bombers for the Navy in the Pacific.

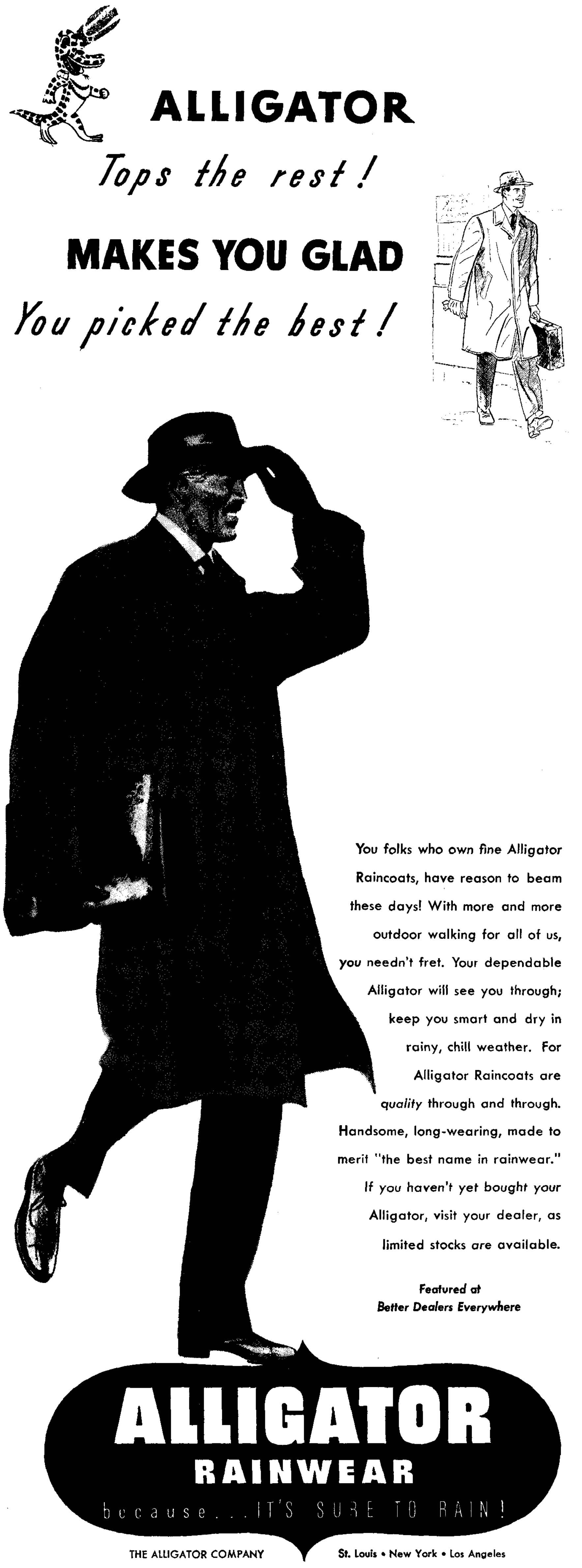
Another light bomber, the Douglas Havoc, did a dozen different jobs, and terrorized the enemy in low-altitude raids across the English Channel, in night fighting over Britain, in ground action in Russia, in Rommel's retreat, and in Allied movements against the Germans in Tunisia.

The Curtiss Warhawk moved along with British and American troops in Tunisia and Libya, holding its own against the enemy's best. The Bell Airacobra, a middle-altitude fighter, proved itself in Russia also to be a magnificent weapon against tanks. The Lockheed Lightning, one of our most-discussed fighters, went into combat in Tunisia and won out over the Germans' Focke-Wulf 190, and the famous Messerschmitt 109-F.

North American turned its Mustang loose over Germany, and it blossomed as a formidable scout plane. The Republic Thunderbolt, probably the fastest high-altitude fighter in the world, finished lengthy tests and revisions, and was poised for combat. Development of the B-19 bomber, largest airplane in the world, was likewise completed.

Numerous cargo ships appeared, including the twin-engined Curtiss Commando, a fat-bellied freight car of the air, and the four-engined Constellation, a graceful ship capable of carrying huge loads as fast as fighter planes could go a couple of years ago.

These ships appeared at bases in the



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Caribbean, in Alaska, in Britain, at points all through the Pacific and Africa and the Middle East and India and China. A glacier was leveled off to make an airport in the Far North. An American engineer dropped by parachute into the middle of the Sahara, armed with a pocketful of money, rounded up native labor and built an airfield.

Other engineers in fur-lined suits parachuted into Arctic wilderness and, with tools dropped by chutes, cleared a space big enough to let a small plane in. The plane brought more tools, the clearing grew bigger, and larger planes came in until a complete airport was buzzing away in the heart of nowhere. And all through the tropics, men were hacking down jungle, laying out steel-mesh landing strips and setting up still more bases.

Between these isolated spots, grew up an AAF air-transport system that became bigger than all the prewar commercial airlines of the world put together. The Air Transport Command, a unit of the AAF, became larger than the entire Air Corps was before the war, and it flew more miles than all the world's airlines before the war. It stopped measuring distances in miles. India became 70 hours away, instead of 14,000 air miles; England became ten hours away, instead of 3,300 miles; Africa 40 hours, instead of 3,900 miles.

Commuters in Transport Planes

Lieutenant General "Hap" Arnold, chief of the AAF, flew back from Australia in 35 hours and 53 minutes, compared with the conventional ship-sailing time of 33 days. The Air Transport Command shuttled great people around like suburban commuters. Mrs. Roosevelt flew to London and back, Madame Chiang Kai-shek flew here from China, Harry Hopkins flew hither and thither with loose-jointed freedom, the Harriman mission flew to Russia and back, Wendell Willkie moved all over the globe. The climax came when the President himself—who hadn't flown on a domestic airline since he took office—broke all the rules by letting the Army fly him to Casablanca to confer with Churchill. It wasn't simply a matter of picking the President up and putting him down. The Secret Service had to go first, high-ranking Army and Navy officers had to be taken along, and extraordinary protection had to be given each one. When Mr. Roosevelt did do away with precedent, he did it in a big way, knocking off 15,488 miles in the air.

The Army, and civilians as well, got used to seeing young men in their twenties and early thirties wearing the eagles of a full colonel. The youngest of these officers is Colonel Charles M. McCorkle of North Carolina, who was graduated from West Point in June, 1936, and became a colonel on November 16, 1942. He was 27 years old.

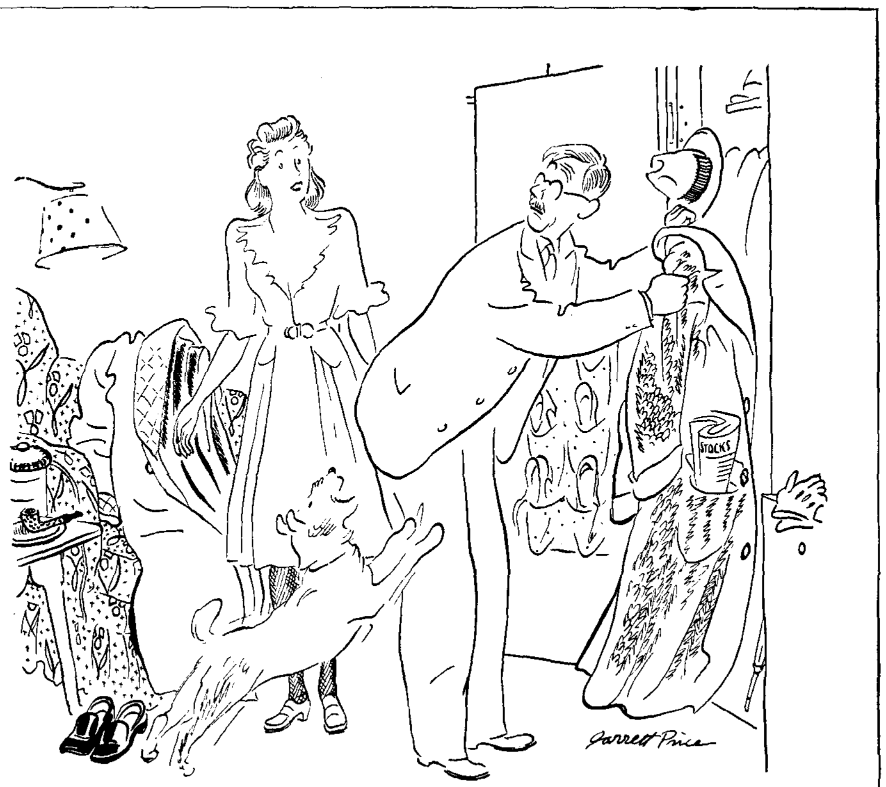
New training schools turned out quantities of at-home pilots, navigators, bombardiers, gunners, ground crews, mechanics, radiomen and all the other specialized personnel necessary to such a gigantic business. Wright Field erected a building big enough to test 40-foot propellers; aircraft engines of more than 2,000 horsepower appeared; swanky hotels were taken over at Miami Beach, Atlantic City and Chicago to house AAF cadets in training; stretches of desolate land in all parts of the country were set aside as bombing ranges; emergency landing strips appeared along American highways.

American parachute troops were flown nonstop 1,500 miles from England to Africa; troop-carrying gliders were developed; General Kenney moved enough supplies and troops into New Guinea to enable the American forces to start a hammering offensive at the Japs—and almost all of both men and material went by air.

AAF officers took over control of large sections of the entire Army. Lieutenant General Frank Andrews headed up the European theater of operations; Lieutenant General George Brett took over the Caribbean Defense Command, Major General Lewis Brereton assumed control of American forces in the Middle East. Lieutenant General Millard Harmon became commander of the Army forces in the South Pacific, and Lieutenant General Delos Emmons was made boss of the Hawaii Department of the Army. The rise of AAF brass hats to powerful positions inspired a standard gag that the campaign for a separate air force should be changed into a campaign for a separate ground force.

That's part of what happened in one year. Next year will be better—and bigger. The AAF has planes on the way, now secret, that will make our best seem silly. The AAF will have bases in countries we can't even think about now. The second anniversary will really be exciting.

THE END



"I've laid out your pipe, robe and slippers. Now will you hang some pictures for me?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

On this, our 75th Birthday...

TODAY, our country is at war—engaged in a desperate struggle to determine whether the freedom we have created and cherished shall survive or perish.

Beside the all-embracing immensity of that issue, the Diamond Anniversary which Metropolitan celebrates this month is of small importance.

Yet, on our 75th birthday, it is perhaps proper that this company, representing nearly thirty million policyholders, should here voice its faith in the future, and its determination to help make that future brighter than any period in the past.

We have just reason for that faith. Ours is a business that has been built on faith—faith in the continued and growing greatness of our country, faith in the integrity of our people.

In the 75 years since Metropolitan was founded, on March 24, 1868, we have seen America face crisis after crisis—wars, panics, depressions, disasters of many kinds . . . and from each such crisis we have seen this country emerge stronger than ever. We confidently believe that America will do just that again—that the best years of our history lie before us.

We have every reason, too, for our determination to help make that future brighter. No business, perhaps, touches the lives and aspirations of millions of people more closely than ours. It is our plain duty to do our utmost to help those people fulfill their dreams—of an education for their children, of security for their families, of financial independence in their own old age.

In the past, we have tried to perform that duty through the wise investment of more than six billion dollars which we hold for the benefit of our policyholders. We have tried to do it through conscientious, economical management, so that insurance costs would be held to a minimum. We have tried to do it through the prompt payment of all benefits—which, in the 75 years of our existence, have totalled over nine and a half billion dollars. And through our organized health activities, established in 1909, we have tried to make every possible contribution to healthier, longer lives for our policyholders—lives which, taken from birth, now average over twenty years longer than they did in 1868.

In doing these things, we have also tried to be a good citizen. For we are part of America. Her future is ours. And in this critical hour of her history, we say again—our faith in her future has never been stronger.

75th ANNIVERSARY ~ 1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Maybe there's a blank spot *in your diet*

SURE you're tired when you get home at night! Can't expect to switch from easy-going peacetime occupations to all-out war work and not feel it.

But—

Maybe it isn't all in the extra work you're doing. Maybe you're done-in at night because you *haven't fitted your diet to the times in which you live.*

Just look:

A man at work on an active factory job requires much more energy than one sitting in an office all day. Such extra energy *has to come from something you eat.*

A change to more active jobs calls for eating more of the good, solid, substantial, high-energy foods like bread. Basic foods that give you something to go on.

So, eat more bread. Maybe there's a blank spot in your diet.

Try eating a few more man-size slices every day, as so many people are now doing. Try using it to make hard-to-get foods stretch, as illustrated in the panel.

And remember the difference in white bread that bakers are providing today. It's enriched with Vitamin B_1, niacin and iron—like the white bread the armed forces serve their men!

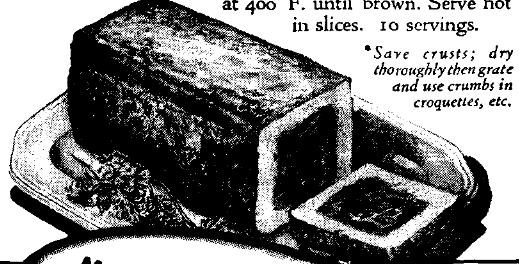
MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 2 • MEAT BREAD LOAF

- 1 large loaf of Enriched White Bread
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon fat
- 1 cup cooked ground meat
- ½ cup gravy
- 1 cup tomatoes, strained from juice
- salt, pepper
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- summer savory
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- soft butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon milk

Cut all crusts from loaf of bread.* Cut slice from top about ½ inch thick, to make a cover. Scoop out crumbs from *inside, leaving an edge ½ inch thick at sides* and bottom. Cook onion in fat; add bread crumbs. Heat meat with gravy, tomatoes and seasonings; add bread crumb mixture and parsley. Add 1 egg beaten slightly. Spread soft butter or margarine on outside of loaf; put in meat mixture. Beat the other egg with the milk. *Moisten top edge of loaf with this mixture;* put top slice on as a cover. Moisten the top with remaining egg and milk. Place on baking sheet; bake in moderate oven at 400° F. until brown. Serve hot in slices. 10 servings.

**Save crusts; dry thoroughly then grate and use crumbs in croquettes, etc.*



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Any Week

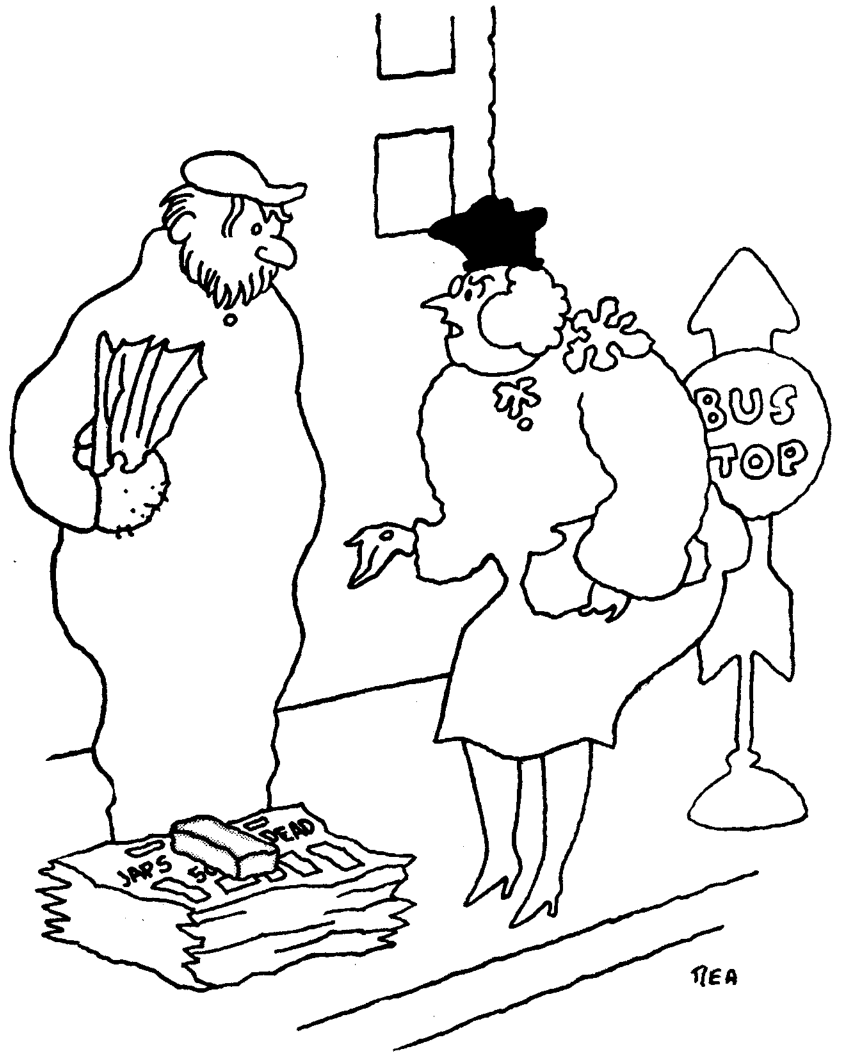
Continued from page 4

through the station concourse with what seemed to be half the town looking on. "A spy!" yelled the crowd. "A deserter!" "I am *not*," cried Mr. Herzog indignantly. "I'm 4F." Whereupon, the sergeants dropped him with a bang and demanded a look at his card. This proved his point and they left him with some disgust, saying, "You run pretty good for a wreck."

THE other wrecks lately have been New York taxi drivers who have also been trying to do the right thing, with some distress to their usually even tempers. The peak was reached when the government recently banned pleasure driving. When a lady hailed our favorite driver the other day, he asked politely, "Is this a pleasure trip, madam?" And she yelled, "Mind your own business!" and climbed in. "What was I to do?" he asks bewilderedly. "Throw her out?" The answer is, for all true patriots, yes.

BUT that's nothing to our trouble with rabbits. Not long ago we published an article about the benefits of raising Angora rabbits—The Rabbit Goes to War—by Shirley Alexander. Almost instantly large numbers of our readers decided to go into the business of raising the creatures and live happily ever after. After the hundredth letter asking how one went about it we stopped counting. It was just like an innocent guy buying a couple of rabbits and trying to keep up with what happens. But now comes a letter from Mr. William H. Webb of Los Angeles, Secretary of the California Angora Wool Growers, Inc., and, alas, we feel bound to tell you that Mr. Webb didn't like the piece much. Says it contained several major inaccuracies. We can't go into it all but he contends that any rabbit which produces no more than one and a half or two ounces of wool per shearing is practically bald. If an average Angora rabbit doesn't grow from three and a half to five and more ounces, says Mr. Webb, it is eaten by the owner (not necessarily in chagrin either) or sold for *hasenpfeffer*. Furthermore, he protests Miss Alexander's contention that an honest rabbit's gestation period is from thirty-nine to forty-two days. He says that it is about thirty-one days—or less. We publish this merely that you be on your guard against birth control of rabbits or rabbits with scanty locks and no ambition. If we and Miss Alexander have started you on a rabbit career we think it wouldn't be a bad idea to write to Mr. Webb before going too far. We have only one more communication on the subject and it is to Mr. John B. Gennaway of Portland, Oregon, who wants to send us a couple of rabbits. Until proved otherwise, we can only regard Mr. Gennaway as an enemy.

IT WOULD be hard to match the exultation of a friend whose great Dane has just been accepted by the Army unit K9. Somebody called from the camp to inform our friend that the Dane, Herbert, had arrived in good shape and was in training. Our friend got halfway out of his chair and yelled back into the phone, "How is he? How's he doing? Is he making good?" There will be a two-minute wait while we change reels. The next scene is in the White House, with the President decorating our friend for something heroic Herbert has done. "Will you accept this engraved bone with my compliments?" the President will be saying. . . . K. C.



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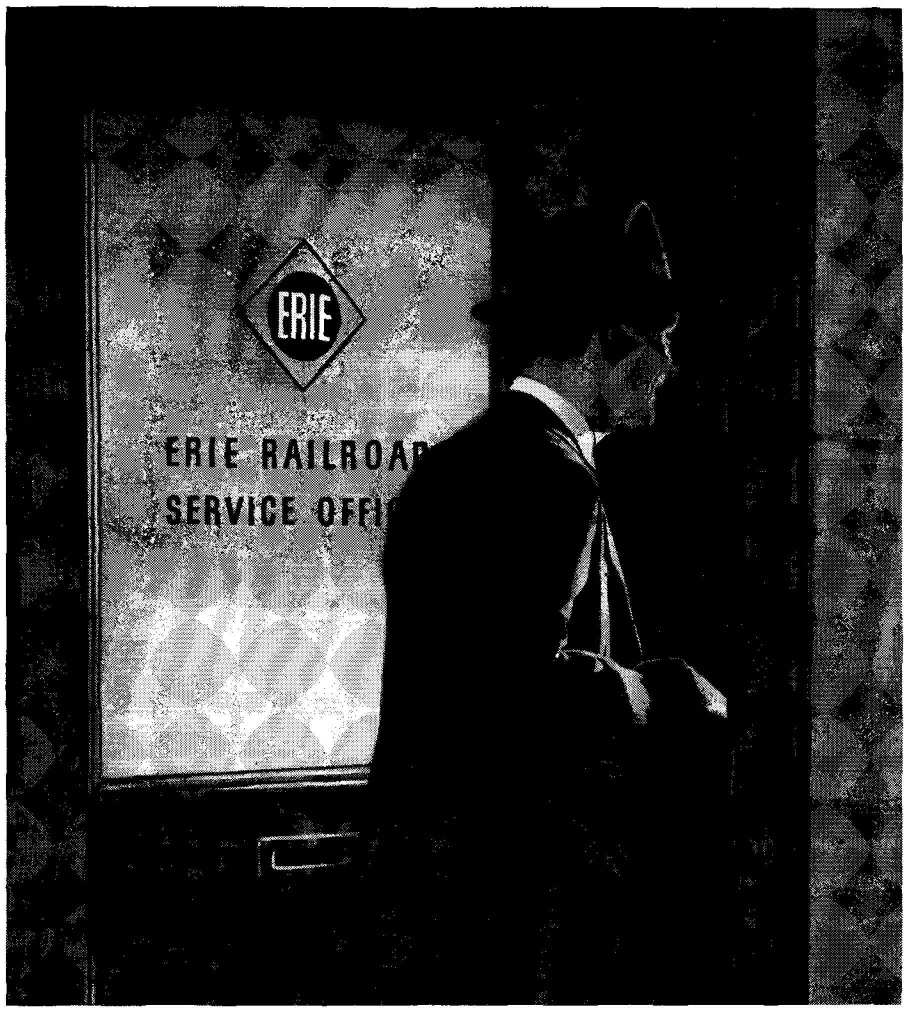

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Out of Sync

Continued from page 28

climbed down and ambled over to the mixer and sat down on a film magazine case.

"Who're we testing, Peeler?" Vic asked.

"Some dame," Peeler said. "Hope to heck she knows her lines so we can get out of here. I gotta date—with my draft board."

Then Vic saw her. She came in with George Ellis, the test director. As a rule Vic didn't go for movie-struck girls. Rubbing elbows with them on sets had made him wary. Most of them were interested mainly in meeting some big shot who might further their careers. And they all looked the same—wide-eyed, fixed smiles and shallow, vacuous expressions.

But this one was different. It wasn't just her looks—she had a sleek, blond bob, a cool half-smile and eyes with depth and a hint of secrecy; and her figure was perfect.

Vic turned to the assistant director. "Who is she?"

The assistant director shrugged. "Some model from New York," he said wearily. "That's all I know."

That would explain her poise, Vic thought. He found himself pulling for her.

She was talking to the director when Ronald Brooks came on the set and joined them. Brooks was a Santa Barbara socialite, who'd been discovered at the Pasadena Playhouse. The studio was grooming him for big things. So far he'd only played bits and small parts, but he'd done pretty well for himself otherwise. There wasn't a stock girl on the lot he hadn't dated, and the extra girls had a name for him—wolf in Brooks' clothing.

"Okay," the director said. "A complete rehearsal for the camera and sound—then we'll shoot it."

Vic slipped on the cans and signaled for Peeler to gun the boom out and tip the mike to favor the girl. Brooks was only in the scene for the ride. They took their places.

"All right—action," the director said quietly

The girl made her entrance, but the minute she went into her speech, Vic knew something was wrong. She read her lines well enough, but when her voice hit the mike her esses and other sibilants hissed and spit like little steam valves popping off.

"How's for sound?" the director asked, when the scene was finished.

VIC took off his receivers and went over. Quietly, so the girl couldn't hear, he explained about the hissing. Maybe the trouble was in the system. He'd like another rehearsal. Vic told Peeler to change mikes and buzzed Winnie, outside, to slip on a new light valve. But all the time he was convinced the trouble was in her speech, because Brooks' voice came through normally.

Vic walked over to the girl. "Here comes the sound man," Brooks wisecracked to her. "One of the necessary evils of picture making."

"That's right," Vic said. "Just like actors."

The girl smiled a slow smile. "Am I doing something wrong?"

"It's all right," Vic said easily. "Just don't talk directly into the mike."

He noticed the scar on her upper lip, barely perceptible beneath the panchromatic make-up. He wondered about it. Odd, he thought, that her voice should be normal, until it came through the system. He heard two buzzes, indicating Winnie had changed valves and was ready. Vic went back to the mixer, hoping the trouble had been in the system, but certain that it wasn't.

He slipped on his headset. "Okay."

The second rehearsal was just as bad. The sibilants were still there.

"How about it, Vic?" the director asked.

Vic knew there wasn't anything else he could do. Might as well shoot it. Maybe it wouldn't pick up as badly as he was getting it through the headset. He signaled Peeler to raise the mike slightly when the girl talked.

"All right," Vic said. "Let's make it."

The assistant cameraman held up his slate for the take number and Vic noticed the girl's name: Wandra Pollock. He wondered if it were her own. It fitted her.

THE next morning they ran the test. The sibilants were even worse, coming out of the loud-speakers. When the lights came on, Ed Willis, the casting director, asked Vic what the trouble was.

"I don't know," Vic said. "It's some defect in her speech—the way she talks."

"What's the answer, then?"

"Well," Vic said, "a network might be designed to filter out the hissing. It might work, and again it might not."

Willis dismissed the idea. "She's not that important," he said. "Too bad, too," he added. "This girl's the type for a story we've got, called Boy Loses Girl. The studio wants to make it with a couple of unknowns."

"Look," Vic said. "I could take it up with the Skipper. Maybe engineering could work out something."

"Forget it," Willis said. "It's easier to find another dame—who can talk."

There was nothing more Vic could say or do. They all filed out.

"I KNOW I've gained pounds," Lou said, leaning forward for Vic to light her after-luncheon cigarette.

"Well, you are kind of expensive to feed at that," he said. "But maybe it was worth it. I bumped into the Skipper this morning, and he wasn't sore at all. In fact, he never mentioned it."

"I convinced him you wouldn't fool with the channel again. I even crossed my heart."

Vic grinned. "How about a date tonight? We can have dinner, then go to the fights at Ocean Park."

"I'd like to—but call me later. I may have to work overtime to get out some equipment reports. Okay?"

"Okay." But he was looking at the girl who had just come in.

She had on a light gray gabardine suit and a rolled-up sombrero that matched the color of her eyes. She looked even better, Vic thought, than she had on the test stage. Lou turned around and followed his gaze.

"That's Wandra Pollock—the girl we tested yesterday," Vic explained. "There isn't any justice," he went on, thoughtfully. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred of 'em haven't got a thing—you know it the minute they step in front of a camera. Then along comes a girl like this, and what happens? Something about the way she talks louses up her speech and her chances."

It was too bad, Lou agreed. "But then, on the other hand, maybe it isn't. Now she can forget pictures. Chances are she'll be better off in the long run, anyway."

Wandra saw Vic's eyes on her and came straight to their table. "I hope I'm not intruding," she apologized, smiling fleetingly at Lou.

"Not at all," Vic said heartily.

The girl hesitated a moment. "Mr. Willis just told me about my test," she said, addressing Vic. "He suggested I see you."

He pulled out a chair for her, and she sat down. Vic introduced her to Lou and

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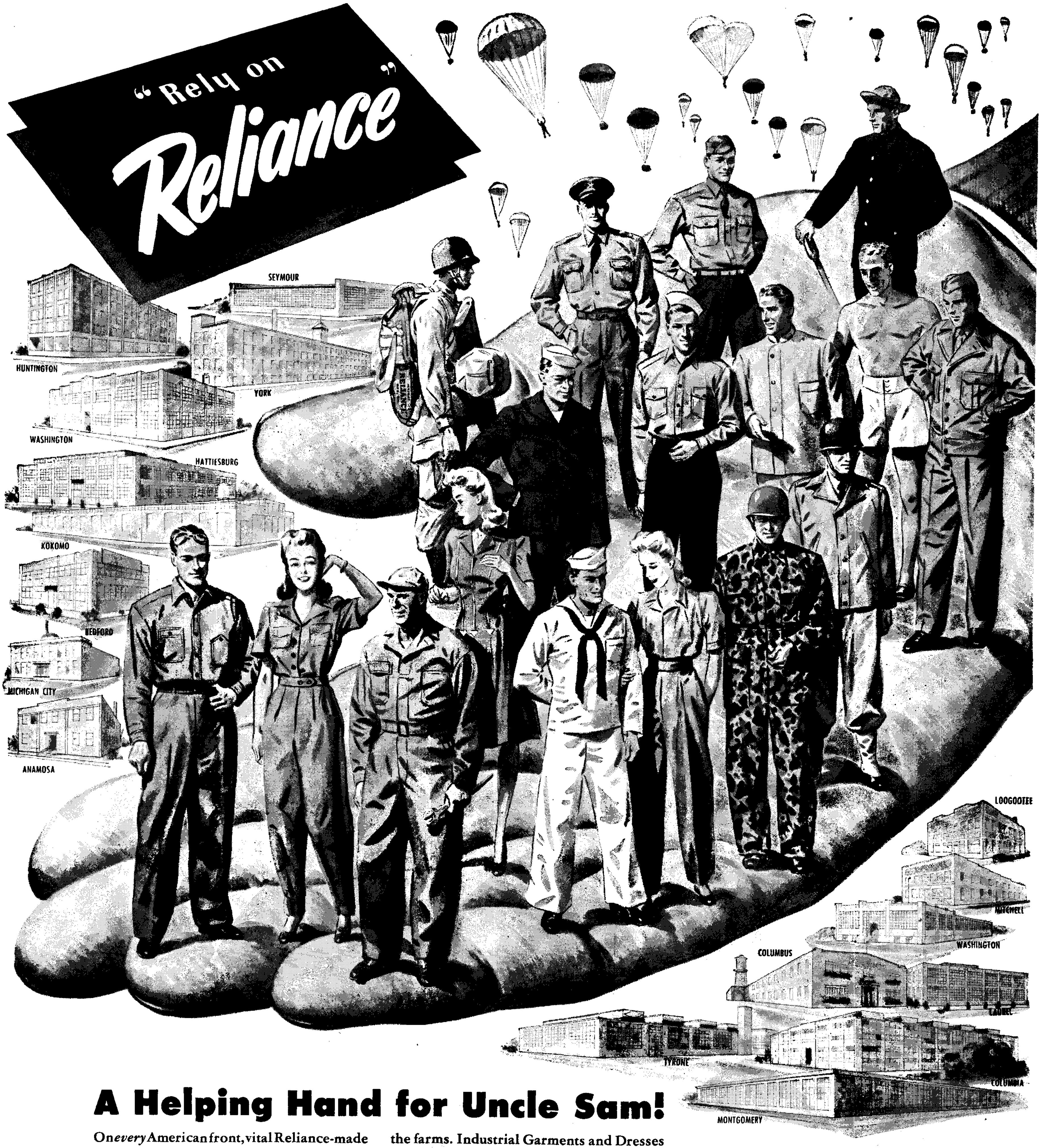
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Lou's eyes traveled over her quickly, appraisingly, in a single, comprehensive glance.

Vic wished that Willis had explained the situation to the girl, instead of passing the buck.

Lou glanced at her watch. "I've got to get back to the office. I'm late, as it is." She got up abruptly.

Vic arose too. "Don't bother, Vic. I can find my way back," Lou said. "Thanks for the lunch. By-by."

He sat down, after Lou left the table. He offered Wandra a cigarette, but she shook her head. "About my voice . . ." she began.

Vic's face clouded. "Well, here's what happens . ." She listened while he explained in detail. "Frankly," he finished, "I don't know what the trouble is—except that it's there."

It struck him again that her voice sounded normal enough, not coming through the system. He found himself studying the scar on her lip.

"By the way," he said. "If it's not too personal—what about that scar?"

"An automobile accident," she explained. "A piece of glass punctured my lip and tongue. It took several stitches. Why do you ask?"

"That could be the cause of the trouble," Vic said quietly. "In fact, I think it is."

"Can't anything be done?" she implored. "I mean with the sound apparatus? Mr. Willis said maybe you could suggest something."

"Technically, it's possible," he told her. "But those things—filters, we call them—are tricky. They have to be designed to fit the individual's own speech deficiency. What works with one voice, in most cases, is ineffective with another."

She brightened a little. "Then it's not altogether hopeless? I mean, there might be a chance . . . ?"

Vic hesitated, but he knew it would be kinder to tell her the truth. "Well, yes, if you were a stage star, a big name, someone the studio had invested a lot of money in. But—" He spread his hands.

She was silent for a long moment, pondering this. "Well, that's that, I guess." Her voice was heavy with bitterness.

He wanted to say something that would soften the blow, but for the life of him he couldn't find the proper words.

She picked up her bag. "Can you tell me the best way to get to Hollywood?" she asked.

"Better than that," he said. "I'll take you. I'm going in."

She smiled her thanks.

That night Vic took her to the Ice Capades.

VIC didn't remember that he had promised to call Lou about dinner and the fights, until he walked into the office next morning. "Gee, Lou," he said. "I'm sorry about last night. I—"

"It was all right." She made it easy for him. "I had to work, anyway."

Vic had a feeling that she hadn't. "We'll do it—soon," he promised.

But they didn't. Vic was too busy with other things. Wandra had a three-months contract, and they used her on dress sets as atmosphere and sometimes she did small nonspeaking bits. Vic took her to lunch, when she was on the lot, and then drove her home in the evening, often stopping off some place for dinner and a show. It wasn't long until the whole department was ribbing him about his glamor girl—with the exception of Lou. She didn't say anything.

One night, after seeing a picture, Vic and Wandra drove up to her apartment house on Ivar. She didn't make any move to get out.

"You know," she said, after a time, "I'm beginning to like California. I'll be sorry to leave."

"Leave?" He didn't like the thought.

"I'm going back to New York."

"But why?" he said. "Your contract's not up for a couple of months yet. Why not make that extra money?"

She shrugged. "All I'm doing is glorified extra work. I don't like it. If I can't go first-cabin, I don't want anything to do with pictures."

"But I don't want you to go," he said quietly, speaking his thoughts aloud.

She looked at him for a long moment, her face barely seen in the dim glow from the blacked-out street lamp. "Can't you understand?" she cried. "It isn't as though I'd had a real chance. I can act—I know that. And I photograph. If someone could only do something about my voice—"

He tried to comfort her. "There's no need for it to ruin your life, Wandra."

"Oh, Vic, don't you see how I feel?"

She moved toward him ever so slightly, and his arms went out and around her. She lifted her face, and Vic kissed her for the first time.

When he left her that night, he was harried with conflicting thoughts. He knew what he'd be letting himself in for if he carried out the idea that had come to him. Nevertheless, by the time he reached home, he'd made up his mind. He called his ex-chief at the telephone company.

THEY were winding up another picture. When the company broke for lunch, Vic carefully unwrapped a small box, with two dials on one end, a short cable and plug protruding from the other. He plugged it into the speech circuit inside the mixer console, then buzzed Winnie, outside in the truck, to send Wandra in. She was waiting. He told Winnie to stand by for a while, but actually he had little hope. The whole thing had presented difficulties from the beginning.

First he'd taken Wandra down to the telephone company lab, which his ex-boss had allowed him to use on Sundays. He had run a curve on her voice. Then he had measured the overload frequency of the sibilants on the oscillograph. His job then was to design and build an eliminator network or filter that would reduce the tone of the sibilants to her normal voice level. The filter, of course, had to be adapted to the studio recording channels. Then he'd gone to work laying out the circuit.

Wandra was excited, but he had told her not to build up her hopes. Suppose his filter did work? He'd have to angle around then to get her another test, which wouldn't be easy. Once the studio lost interest in a prospect, there was little chance to revive it. There was one thing in her favor, though. They were still looking for the girl for Boy Loses Girl. There were other factors, too, which he didn't mention: the Skipper, and his own job, which he might well lose if anything went wrong.

Wandra came in and Vic hustled her over to a set, where a live mike was rigged on a boom. Then he hurried back to the mixer, set the condenser at 6,000 cycles—the overload point as shown on the oscillograph—clamped on the cans and signaled her to begin.

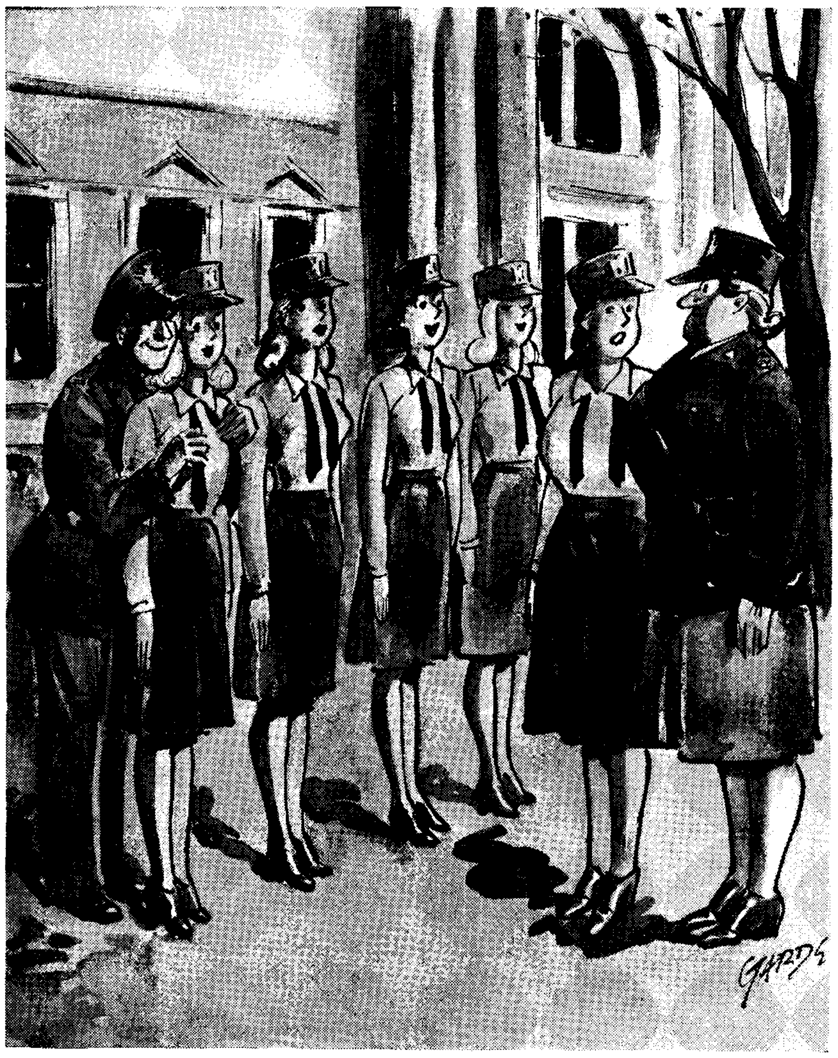
"Scarlet Sister Sally sallied forth and said so and so to Zornia. . ." She read the lines flatly and without interest. She'd gone through the same performance at least a dozen times and was pessimistic about the whole thing.

Slowly he twisted the tuning dial and suddenly, at 6,500 cycles, the sibilants vanished almost to complete inaudibility. He told Wandra to keep on talking and gave Winnie the "roll 'em" signal and ran off a hundred feet of sound track.

Wandra came over. "Well," she said, "same old story, I guess."

Vic held back his excitement. "Don't know yet. Can't tell until I hear it on the screen. Come on, we've got time to grab a sandwich." . . .

The next morning Vic was waiting at the



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loading room when the "dailies" arrived from the lab. He separated Wandra's sound track from the other stuff, hurried to the projection room and asked Slim, the projectionist, to run it before the others arrived.

Vic sat nervously waiting, while Slim threaded up. The lights blinked for the "here we go" signal, and the screen was blank, except for the horizontal lines of the sound track. Vic leaned forward. When Wandra's voice hit the loud-speakers, the hissing was gone! Not completely, but there wasn't enough of it left for anyone to notice. Her voice, too, had taken on a new quality—full and rounded. Vic suppressed a desire to yell.

Ed Willis wouldn't be in for an hour yet, but Vic took the film to the casting director's office and left it with a note. Later, Willis came on the set.

"What happened to that girl's voice?" he asked Vic. "I just ran the track. It's swell."

Vic hedged. "Just a little trick I learned about recording it, that's all. Think maybe she'll get another test?"

"Think nothing," Willis said. "It's all set."

That afternoon Vic called the sound department. "Look, Lou," he said. "I want to see you before you go home. We're finishing tonight and may work till after six. Mind waiting in the office?"

"All right," she said. "I'll be here."

When he walked into the office, Lou was alone. "Hiya, gal." The lights were out in the Skipper's room. "Everybody gone?"

Lou nodded. "It's seven o'clock," she said.

"I'll make it up to you," Vic grinned. Then, suddenly, he was serious. "Look, Lou. I've never asked for an assignment before, but I'm going to now."

"This *is* unusual," she said. "It must be terribly important."

Vic looked at her. "It is."

She waited for him to go on.

"They're testing Wandra for Boy Loses Girl. I want the tests, Lou, and the picture—if she gets the part."

He found Lou's eyes studying him. "Can we be frank with each other, Vic?"

"Sure. Why not? Haven't we always been?"

"Your personal affairs are your own. Don't think I'm trying to interfere—but I'm still your friend, Vic. And I don't want to see you get out of sync in a situation which might involve you in trouble—in more ways than one."

He wasn't certain of her meaning. He was positive she didn't know about the filter. "I'm afraid I don't understand, Lou," he said.

"Let's put it this way, then. Do you think you're playing fair with the Skipper?" Her voice was cool and self-contained, but there was disappointment in it, too, as if she felt he'd let her down.

He should have known he couldn't put anything over on Lou. She was too smart. She knew, or suspected something. It was there—in her voice, the way she was looking at him.

"That's your business, too," she went on. "But I don't like to see you get your circuits crossed and make a fool of yourself."

He felt himself tightening up. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"All right. I'll be more specific. You're not new in the business, Vic. You've seen these things happen before." She shrugged. "In this case, it just happened to be a voice deficiency—and you happened to be a good sound engineer. Do I make it any clearer?"

He knew she had not liked Wandra from the beginning, but he hadn't thought she'd be vindictive. He felt both surprise and anger. "Listen, Lou, maybe that's it. Maybe you've been in the business *too* long. You're getting cynical."

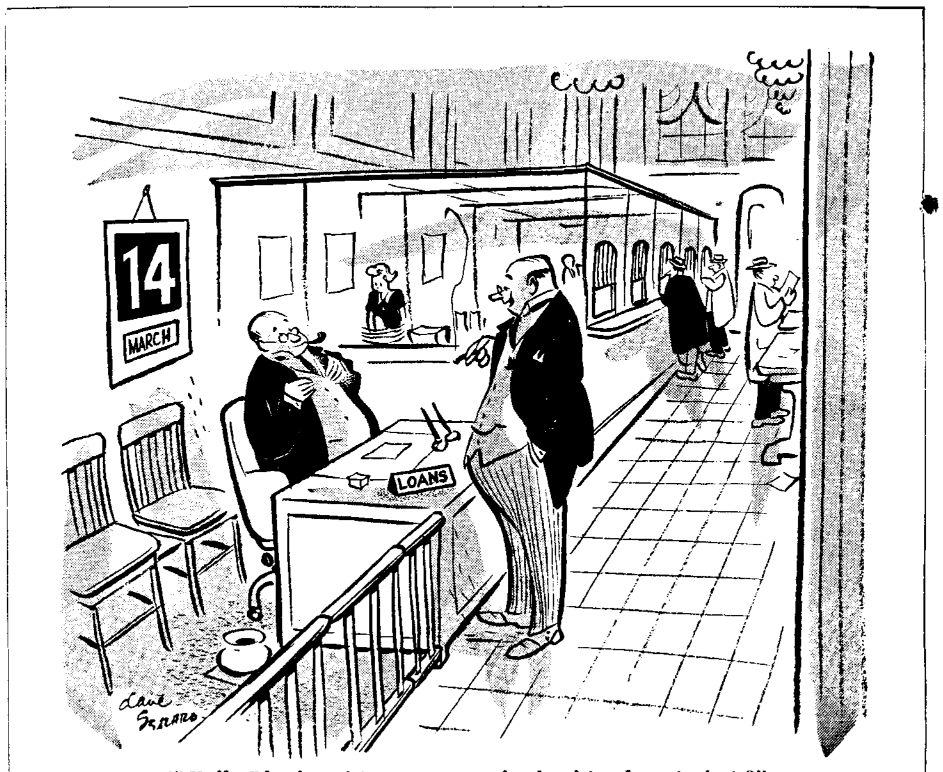
"Maybe," she said. "And maybe, too, I'd better take my own advice and stay in my own department." She bit her lip. "So let's just skip the rest of it, and let it go at that." She picked up her assignment list and glanced over it. "Al Green's out ahead of you, but I can switch him to something else. The assignment's yours, Vic."

"Thanks, Lou," he said.

HE WALKED out of the office. He had got what he came for, but, somehow, he didn't feel very happy about it.

Boy Loses Girl, with Wandra Pollock and Ronald Brooks, got the starting gun. Vic's worry now was that the filter might go haywire on production. Then he had to learn the lines, cuing himself to cut the filter in when Wandra spoke, then switching it off immediately to avoid distortion in the other voices. Sometimes he missed and had to call for another take on some trumped-up pretext.

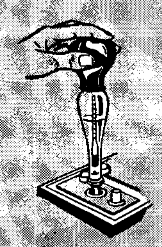
When the company folded each day, he locked the filter in the glove compartment of his car to avoid the possibility of engineering's finding it in the console. Winnie and Peeler, naturally, were in on the deal, but he knew they wouldn't talk. He was



COLLIER'S "Well, Blankenship, tomorrow's the big day, isn't it?" DAVE GERARD

Sure, You're Saving Tires—
BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR BATTERY?

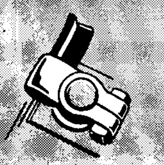
Ask Your DELCO BATTERY DEALER *to*



CHECK WITH HYDROMETER to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.

ADD WATER to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

CLEAN TERMINALS

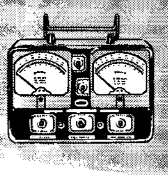


to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.

CHECK FOR WORN AND CORRODED CABLES

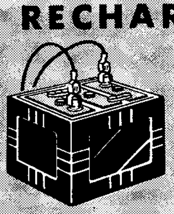
to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.

CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE



to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.

RECHARGE BATTERY



(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.

Just because rationed driving is easy on tires, don't get the idea that it's easy on your battery. Far from it! Short trips at low speeds probably take more out of your battery than they put back in; and longer lay-up periods, when your car sits in the garage, make starting harder because your engine gets cold and stiff. Whatever the make of your battery, help protect it against these conditions by having it checked at least once a month at your Delco battery dealer's.

When you MUST replace...

REPLACE WITH A DELCO BATTERY

DELCO-REMY
DELCO
ANDERSON, IND.
Delco

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES MANY VITAL PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA'S LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES

Aluminum castings and machined parts for aircraft engines . . . generators, regulators and cranking motors for Diesel- and gasoline-powered trucks, tractors, tanks, landing boats, lighters and torpedo boats . . . military aircraft generators and regulators . . . aircraft magnetos . . . shielded electrical equipment for radio-equipped Army vehicles . . . radio noise-suppression filters . . . solenoid switches . . . blackout switches and instrument panel controls . . . storage batteries, cranking motors, generators, ignition distributors and coils for all types of military vehicles.

★ ★

The "Miracle Homes" of Tomorrow will be owned by families of average means with WAR BONDS PUT AWAY TODAY!

OUT OF A WORLD AT WAR, a new America is being born! To speed victory, our nation's industry is leaping years ahead overnight—creating new marvels that will bring fabulous riches in living to the average American family when peace is won.

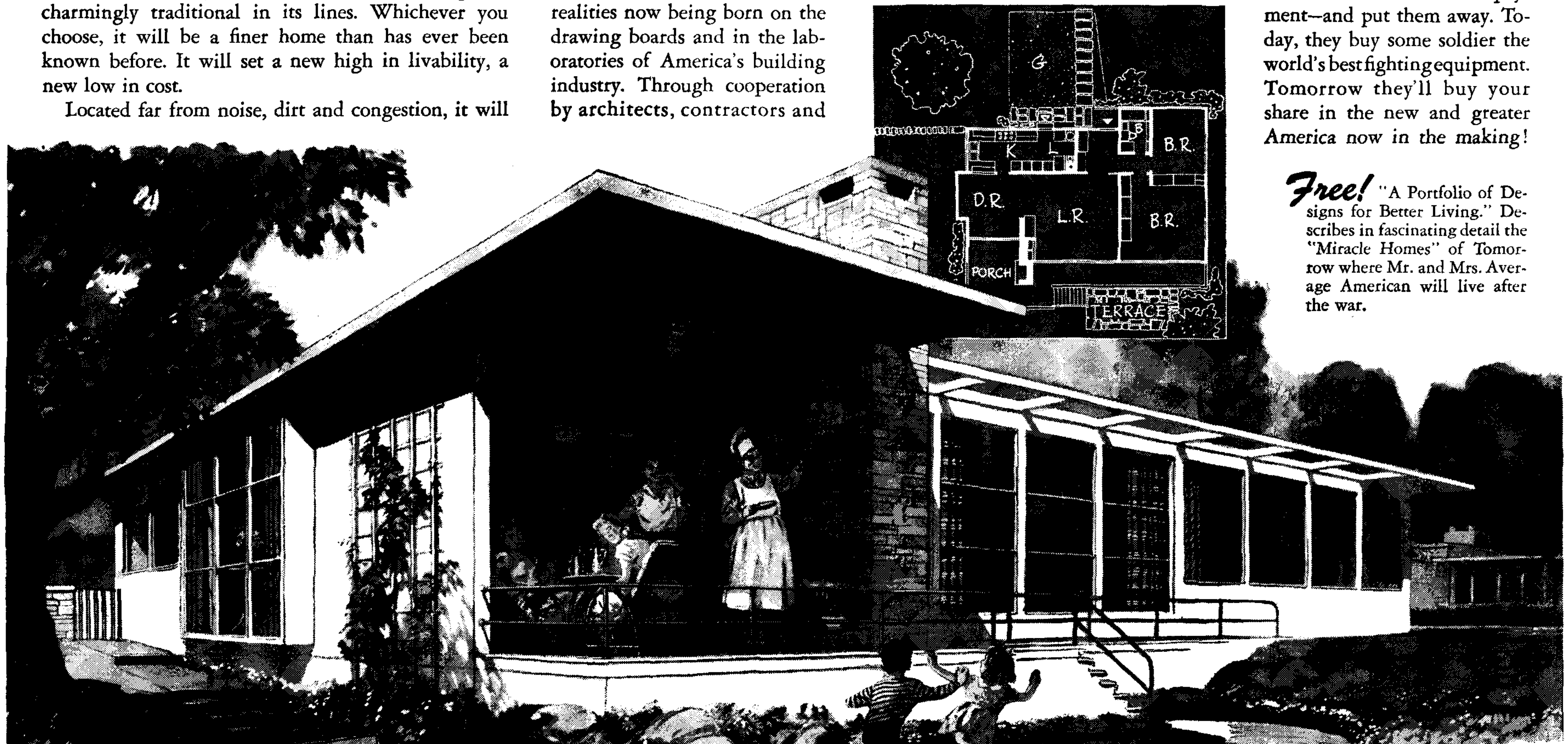
Among these will be your "Miracle Home" of Tomorrow. You may prefer it ultra-modern in design, or charmingly traditional in its lines. Whichever you choose, it will be a finer home than has ever been known before. It will set a new high in livability, a new low in cost.

Located far from noise, dirt and congestion, it will be a true haven of peaceful, healthful living. Electrical servants not even the wealthiest have today will lighten every household task. Winter's chill and summer's heat will be barred by amazing climate-proof construction. Manufactured weather will duplicate the uniform, healthful comfort of a delightful June morning!

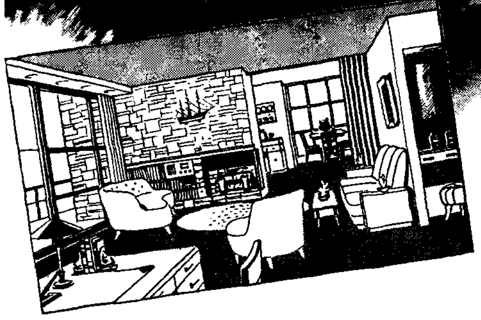
These are not dreams, but realities now being born on the drawing boards and in the laboratories of America's building industry. Through cooperation by architects, contractors and building craftsmen they will revolutionize every phase of building design, materials, construction and cost. And financing plans will be so liberal that owning your home will be as easy as buying a car!

To make sure of a "Miracle Home" for *your* family, invest every possible dollar in War Bonds now. Earmark them for the down payment—and put them away. Today, they buy some soldier the world's best fighting equipment. Tomorrow they'll buy your share in the new and greater America now in the making!

Free! "A Portfolio of Designs for Better Living." Describes in fascinating detail the "Miracle Homes" of Tomorrow where Mr. and Mrs. Average American will live after the war.



Architects: Evans Moore and Woodbridge



"Miracle Interior" provides movable walls, clothes closets, pantry and service cabinets. You will be able to change size and shape of rooms at will, to meet changing needs through the years. Built-in furniture units of modern design will give rooms charming individuality and greater usability. Barbecue fireplace for outdoor fun will be built right into a wall of the spacious front porch. These are typical of many innovations for undreamed-of new livability.

But right now . . . don't neglect your present home

BE SURE YOUR ROOF IS IN GOOD CONDITION

The roof is your first line of defense against sun, rain, ice and snow. If it is defective, repair or replace it at once. Ask your Celotex Dealer about doing the job with Celotex Roofing or Celotex Triple-Sealed Shingles. They give extra years of protection and beauty without extra cost. Choose from a wide range of handsome designs and attractive, permanent colors.

INSULATE TO SAVE VITAL FUEL

Conserving fuel is important to winning the war. Making it go farther and heat every room more efficiently is vital to your family's health and comfort. Celotex Rock Wool Products can make your fuel go 40% farther, keep every room in your home warmer in winter, also delightfully cooler in summer. Consult your Celotex Dealer—he has the facts.

MAKE WASTE SPACE USEFUL

Dreary attic or basement space can easily be transformed into rooms for added comfort or extra revenue from housing a war worker, with the help of Celotex Insulating Interior Finishes. Also with White Rock Gypsum Wallboard—a good-looking, fire-proof material which can be beautifully painted or papered. Ask your Celotex Dealer.

CELOTEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROOFING • INSULATING BOARD
ROCK WOOL • GYPSUM WALLBOARD • LATH
PLASTER • ACOUSTICAL PRODUCTS

FREE! To tell you exactly what Uncle Sam says you can and should do to keep your home in good repair we are offering FREE "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes." Also to help you safeguard your War Bonds we are offering FREE a durable spacious War Bond Container. At your Celotex Dealer's, or mail this coupon.

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Chicago, Illinois C 3-20-43
Please send me FREE:
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.... "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes." (Repair and Remodel booklet)
.... War Bond Container.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

sure, too, that Lou's suspicions were simply that and nothing more.

The rushes were coming through fine, and Vic breathed easier as the picture went along. Wandra was "in." Already a team of writers was shaping up a follow-up yarn for her and Brooks.

Vic didn't see much of Wandra now, except on the set. What with lines to learn, wardrobe fittings, portrait stills and all, there wasn't time. Too, the publicity was rolling, and hardly a night went by that Wandra didn't attend a preview or an Aid for Russia party or a China Relief Fund benefit or something—with Ronald Brooks. It was simply a part of the build-up, Wandra explained, and Vic, being studio wise, understood those things. Nevertheless, it bothered him.

THEY did the love scenes the last day of the picture. Wandra and Brooks put more into them than the script, or the Hays' office, called for—or so it seemed to Vic. He found himself not liking this at all, and he must have shown it because Wandra said he was acting like a high-school kid. It didn't help matters any.

They were changing the setup, moving out of the cabin living room into the kitchen for the last sequence. Peeler wandered over and leaned idly against the console. "You know, Vic," he said, "you're a good guy, and I like you—but in some ways you're not quite bright."

Vic was edgy. "Anything back of that crack?" he said angrily.

"It's all in the way you look at it," Peeler said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Sister Pollock's on her way up now—and you're still a sound man."

"I think that comes under the heading of *my* business, Peeler."

Peeler shrugged. "Right you are, Bub. But you're still a chump to kick a lot of things away for a tomato like Pollock, and pass up a girl like Lou."

"Lou? What's Lou got to do with it?"

Peeler looked at him pityingly. "You *are* dumb." With that he walked back into the living-room set.

Vic sat there, furious.

Peeler came out of the living room, carrying his "gin pole," which he used in cramped setups. He removed the mike unit and hung it back on his boom. "Gimme a listen," he yelled from the set. "Number two position."

Without looking up, Vic slipped on his cans and snapped on number two switch and twisted the pot automatically to normal level. What he heard coming through wasn't Peeler's familiar, "1-2-3-4, hello, Vic," but Wandra and Ronald Brooks talking quietly together.

"But, darling," Brooks was arguing, "just because this sound monkey fixed up your voice doesn't give him an option on you."

"I know," Wandra said. "But I can't just come right out and break it off cold. After all, there *is* my voice to think about—even if I do love you, Ronnie. Don't be impatient."

There was more. The blood drained out of Vic's face as he listened. Then the assistant director was calling the principals on the set. Vic saw Wandra and Brooks come out of the living room. His mind was a turmoil, but he remembered the mike concealed near the lounge in front of the fireplace, to pick up part of their dialogue from the preceding scene. In the rush, Peeler evidently hadn't taken time to disconnect it.

"My mistake, Vic," Peeler yelled. "It's number one position. Gimme another listen." Peeler sounded innocent enough—too innocent—for he was too old a head to make such an obvious mistake. The answer was plain. Vic knew now that Peeler, who didn't miss a thing, had done it deliberately.

He went through the motions on the final sequence. He no longer cared whether the sound came through or not. All he wanted was to get out of there.

Then they were rolling on the final close-up. "Print it and wrap it up!" the director shouted, when the scene was finished.

Vic walked off the set without bothering to turn off the system. He left the lot and drove around aimlessly. When it got dark, he parked on a little-traveled road above Sunset. Well, he thought cynically, he had to hand it to Wandra. She was an actress, all right. She'd given a better performance for him than she had in the picture. It all added up now. As Peeler had said, he was too dumb to see. He'd been too dumb to see a lot of things. Lou, for instance. He had taken her for granted....

He stuck a cigarette in his mouth and searched for a match. Finding none, he opened up the glove compartment. There was something missing. He realized with a start what it was. The filter. He'd left it plugged into the console! The channel would be back in engineering by now. Well, this was it—his job, Lou, everything.

"So, Slater," he said aloud, "you ought to feel proud of yourself. For a guy who thinks he's half smart, you've certainly made a good job of gumming up the works."

He stepped on the starter and headed toward Hollywood. . . .

The telephone waked him late the next morning. His head was as big as a barrage balloon and his mouth felt as if he'd eaten a bale of hay. He knew who it was before Lou's voice came through, crisp and efficient.

"You'd better come in as soon as possible," she said. "The Skipper wants to see you."

Vic drew a long breath. Might as well face the music and get it over with. "All right," he said. "I'll be in."

Lou wasn't in the office when he arrived. He'd never realized before how empty everything would be without her. He walked slowly across the room, to the Skipper's door.

The Skipper looked up from behind his desk, then waved him toward a chair. The Skipper leaned back, regarding him, as though wanting to see what Vic had to say for himself. On his desk was the filter, the two dials, like big eyes, staring at him accusingly.

Vic cleared his throat. "Well, Skipper—I guess you know all about it."

The Skipper nodded. "You must have done a pretty good job with your homemade gadget, remembering what that girl's voice was like."

Vic wished the Skipper would get it over with quickly. "I'm sorry, Skipper—about going behind your back. I was all mixed up—about a lot of things."

THE Skipper picked up the filter and studied it. "It might seem odd that you should be censored at all—considering that you've made us a present of a new leading lady. This gimmick is going to be a mighty important asset—to Miss Pollock, at least." He put it down and looked at Vic squarely. "But I can't run my department that way."

"I understand that, Skipper."

"You're a good man on production, and I hate to lose you, but I can't let my mixers run wild with the equipment."

"I don't blame you, Skipper."

"You might have difficulty getting into another studio. I'd have to tell the truth about your apparent inability to keep from redesigning the recording channels."

Vic didn't say anything. He'd thought about that, too.

"But you're too good a man for the studio to lose altogether. It seems to me that your talent for experiment should be put to some use."

Vic stared at him.

"Sawyer's going to Anacostia to take charge of a naval school. I'm putting you in charge of engineering, where you can tinker all you please!" The Skipper was grinning.

"Skipper—I—"

The Skipper brushed it off. "Now get out of here, I'm busy," he said. "And go thank Lou—she suggested it."

Lou was pounding briskly away on her typewriter. She turned around when he came out of the Skipper's office. Vic went over and stood by the desk. He was finding it hard to put into words what he wanted to say.

"Look, Lou, thanking you is a pretty feeble way to express—"

"Skip it, Vic," she said. "He would have given it to you, anyway."

Vic wasn't so sure about that. "If you'll have that long overdue dinner with me tonight, I'll try to think up the rest of the dialogue and tell you . . ."

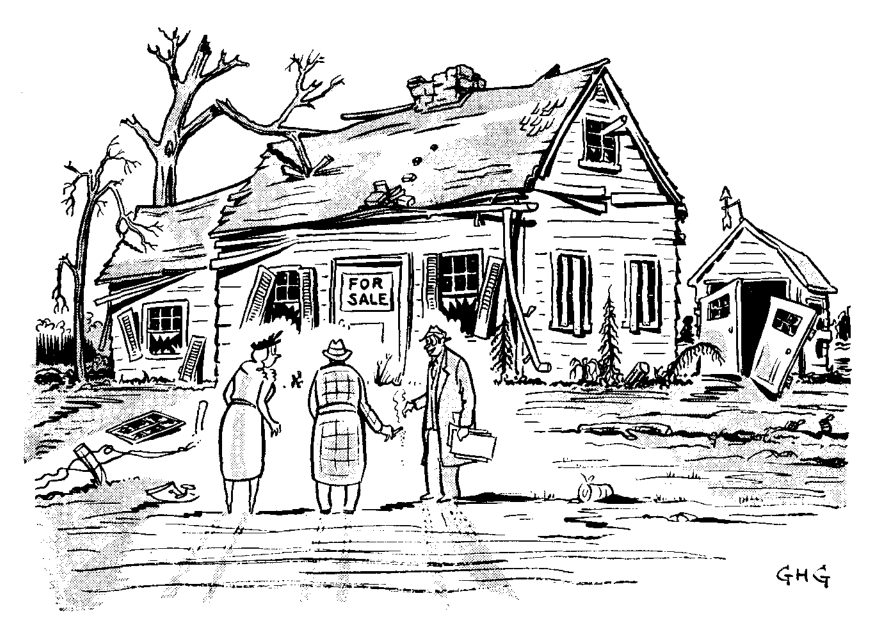
She forced a little smile. "It's all right, Vic. You don't have to do that, you know."

He knew what she was thinking. "It isn't that, Lou," he said. "This time it's different. I've been a supercolossal dope—but I've got it all out of my system. I've learned a lot of things, Lou—like sticking to my own department—in more ways than one. If you'll see me tonight . . ."

Lou didn't dare trust her voice. She nodded her head quickly.

Then she was in his arms and he held her very close. It was good, he thought, to be back in sync again.

THE END

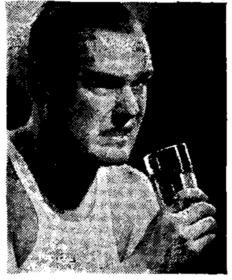


"It has one distinct advantage—an awful lot can be done with it"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Me?...I've Reformed!

Boy, what a sucker I was when it came to taking a laxative! That stuff I used to take tasted terrible. And it used to knock me for a goal! I'm a pretty husky guy, but that medicine was just *too strong!*



Later I tried another laxative which was supposed to be very mild. And that's when I made my second mistake! All *it* did was to churn me up inside and leave me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

Finally, I got a break! One of my buddies tipped me off to Ex-Lax and I bought myself a box. It tasted swell — just like good chocolate! And it worked better than anything I'd ever used. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild . . . it's *just right!*

Try the "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

— it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

— it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium! In other words:

— it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE —

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

10¢ & 25¢ at all drug stores

A 5-MILE STREAK OF LIGHT

This Delta gun light flashes messages ship to ship or ship to shore—distances up to 5 miles—visible only to intended receivers. The enemy can't intercept them.

Much of this war and its training takes our armed forces into the night—into places where light is urgent and vital, and where it must be ingeniously used.

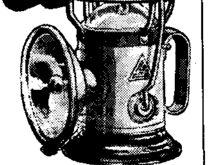
As long as a year and a half ago, in collaboration with government engineers, Delta genius and skill were put to work designing, devising types of lights, many of which had never before existed. Today there are running, fighting, steering, battle and blinker lights for the Navy—there are special lanterns and Powerlites for the Army, Signal Corps and other branches of the armed forces. Delta is proud that its experience is serving the cause of freedom in the manufacture of such lighting devices.

There'll be time enough when the war is won to get back to the business of making Delta lanterns and bicycle lights for the thousands who want them. Now, two Delta plants are producing exclusively for war, with men and management pledged 100% that every pay day is a War Bond day.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, IND.

Delta

You may expect Delta's war production experience to reflect itself tremendously in improved lanterns and bicycle lights when victory is won.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS


A Woman Can't Win

Continued from page 20

there. Everybody'd think I was crazy. Old Parmenter didn't mean it. If he did, the old boy must be getting in his dotage, at last."

"Well I like that!" She flushed indignantly. "I don't see why I shouldn't go, if I'm invited—just as much as anybody else! Anybody'd think, to hear you all talk, that the place was sacred or something!"

"It's a men's club," said Mr. Cugat simply. "Men need a place where they can get off alone."

"Oh—pooh," she said lightly. "Men just like to say that. It makes them feel rugged or something."

Mr. Cugat looked patient.

Mr. Parmenter, however—possibly in his dotage—at any rate, quite evidently at an age which cared nothing about feeling rugged, called in due time and made good his invitation. Mrs. Cugat was jubilant. As Mr. Parmenter was the president of the Bay Beach, there wasn't much Mr. Cugat could say. He looked dubious but gave in gracefully and went about ordering her a kind of sheep-lined jacket that he particularly liked and procuring a hunting license for her.

Mrs. Cugat made sensible and masculine preparations, packing a sober little bag with flannel pajamas and removing her nail polish. Now that she was actually going, she found herself rather awed.

They left by bus late in the afternoon on a raw November day that boded no good to ducks—Mrs. Cugat looking small and meek and about ten years old in her new sheepskin coat and gripping her gun case tensely as she eyed with respect the other passengers who, in the main, were ruddy gentlemen similarly clothed, armed and plainly licensed. "Will there be very many there this week end, do you think?" she whispered a little nervously.

"Never can tell," replied Mr. Cugat, carefully stowing her gun and unbuttoning her jacket as if she *were* ten years old, "but I hope Swain's there. He's the game warden, you know," and added as usual: "One of the most wonderful fellows you ever met—"

The bus followed the shore line and made frequent stops—Willow Point, Beaver Creek, Little Bay—most of the ruddy gentlemen getting off at a place called Higgins' Marsh. Not members of *our* club, thought Mrs. Cugat and watched complacently from the bus window as they piled into a rattletrap old station wagon and went bumping off up the road. She saw the scudding clouds and bleak swampland pass with growing excitement.

"Bay Beach next," Mr. Cugat announced.

BAY BEACH, at first glance, appeared to be nothing but a rusty mailbox. Leaning against it, however, was an ancient individual holding onto the handle of a child's express wagon. Mr. Cugat greeted him with enthusiasm. "Hello, Otto," he said, tossing their bags into the wagon. "How'd the summer treat you?"

Otto could not complain. He ducked his head at Mrs. Cugat in acknowledgment of Mr. Cugat's introduction and spat with the air of one who has now seen everything. Mr. Cugat muttered a sheepish aside, "Mr. Parmenter, y'know—" to which Otto replied, "Yeah—I heard," and they all started briskly off up the road, the little express wagon rattling at their heels.

Mrs. Cugat found herself, in less than five minutes, dwelling with more respect on the Higgins' Marsh station wagon. Mr. Cugat had insisted, sternly, on heavy boots, wool socks, a flannel shirt, a fleece-lined cap and long underwear—evidently thistle-lined. She had meekly put them all on but she ought to have known better. Men always had to wear twice as many clothes as women. She pushed the fleece back from her damp hair, reflecting ruefully on her wave, and hopefully unbuttoned her coat.

"Going too fast for you?" asked Mr. Cugat, politely slowing.

"Oh, no! I'm all right," she assured him hastily. But she wasn't—her feet felt like a pair of inflamed flatirons. In another five minutes, sodden and panting, she had climbed in the express wagon. One would have thought, she mused, trundling ignominiously along, that the Bay Beach with all its airs could afford something a little better than this.

To her relief, there was nobody on hand to witness their arrival. They rounded a bend in the road and there it was—the famous Bay Beach clubhouse—but, save for a few twinkling lights, the scene was empty and wind-swept. The clubhouse, erected in the late '80s, looked like a combination boathouse and bandstand and was painted a dark puce. A row of willows wept behind it and, behind them, the marsh stretched away into the horizon.

Mrs. Cugat climbed out of the express wagon and limped up the steep front steps. Then a vast, rouged woman with a jutting bust and pearl earrings appeared around the corner of the porch. "Down, Rex, you old sassbox, you!" she crooned, as an old black retriever sprang to its feet and barked sharply. "That's Mr. Swain's dog, y'know," she explained to Mrs. Cugat lightly. "He don't care much for the ladies." She turned to greet Mr. Cugat more hospitably, however. "I had to put you in number five, George," she apologized, "your own room having just the one bed, you know—"

"That's all right, Mac," he said.

"Dinner won't be until eight o'clock tonight," she added with a simper. "Mr. Swain's coming."

"I'm getting sick of this man Swain already," muttered Mrs. Cugat, toiling up the tall stairway to number five. "He'd better be good."

Mr. Cugat, ahead of her, kicked open a door. "Wait till you meet him," he said. "Women eat out of his hand—not that it's his fault," he added loyally.

"I'll bet," she murmured but not very loud, being anxious to please, and sat down on the floor in the cold narrow room and began, relievedly, to unlace her boots.

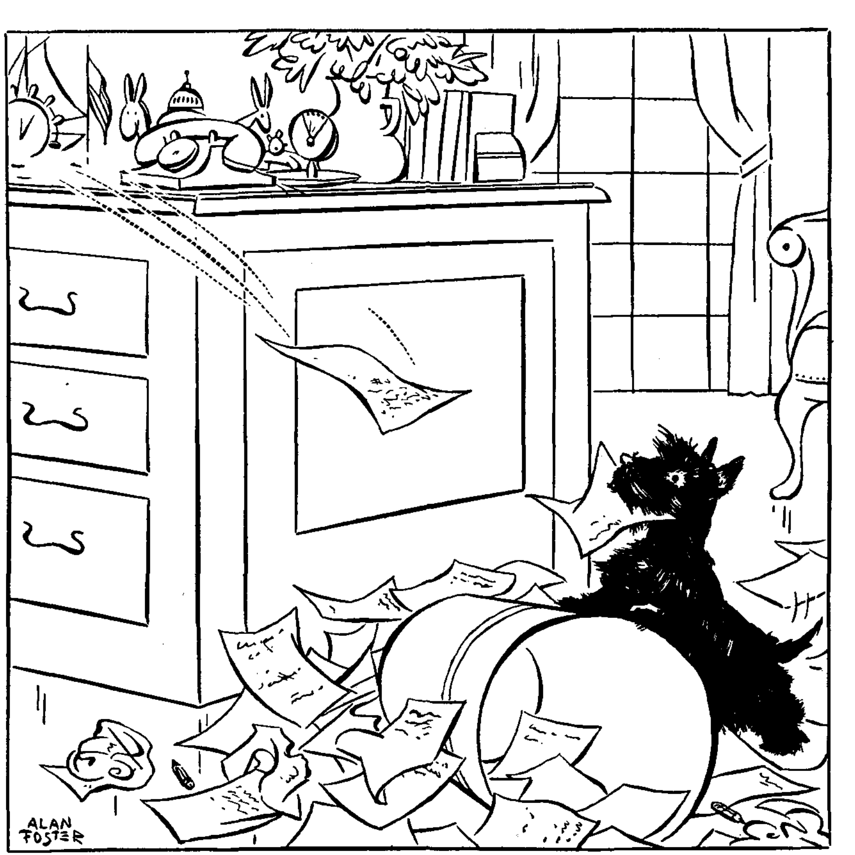
"Hi, Cugat," said a friendly voice in the doorway and a nice-looking young man in long underwear—100% wool, drop seat—sauntered in, gave Mrs. Cugat one incredulous look, glared at Mr. Cugat and bolted out again. Mr. Cugat went to the door, called, "Sorry, Penrith," and closed it gently.

"Maybe this was a mistake, after all," she murmured apologetically. Mr. Cugat remained, rather obviously, silent.

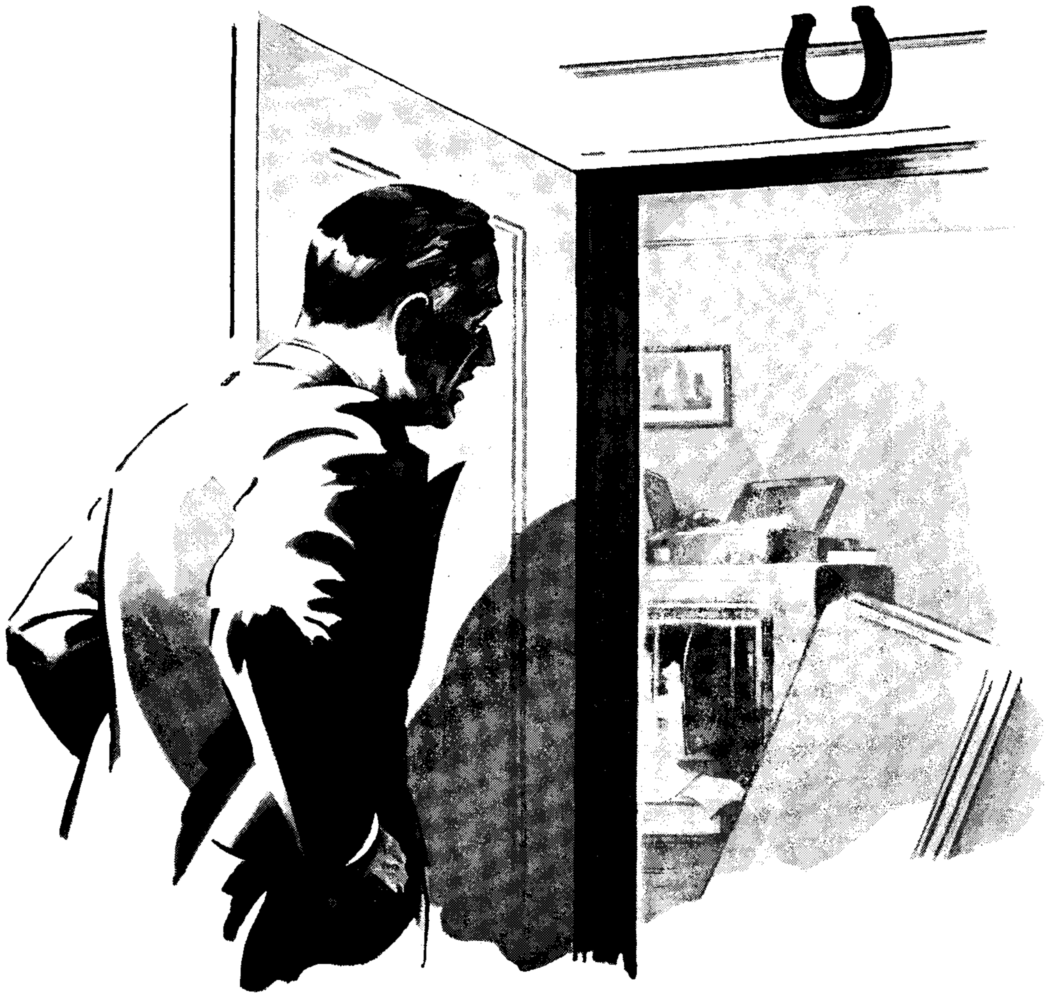
ENTERING the big living room for cocktails half an hour later, however, her assurance was somewhat bolstered. Eight or nine men, seated around a stove, rose instantly, as though they had been only waiting, and Mr. Parmenter, himself, advanced to meet her. "Ah," he said, "at last! Our little Diana!" Then turning to the others explained why they were thus honored. Admiration and respect shone from every eye—save, possibly, Mr. Penrith's, whose were downcast, and Mr. Cugat stopped acting sheepish and grinned modestly. Two very nice duck hunters from Pittsburgh pulled up a chair for her between their own, and a colored man in a white coat brought her a Martini.

A toast was proposed and drunk. She looked around her curiously. The room was large and its furnishing heterogeneous, even including a pair of bead portieres, but it had an air. Faded group photographs of early hirsute members, framed letters, Audubon prints and mounted fish covered the walls, but new magazines, big chromium ash trays and innumerable match packs advertising some kind of dog food strewed its tables. The stove was ancient and blackened—the linoleum, bright and new. The mantel bore a triangular-faced electric clock of green plastic and an old pair of dueling pistols. There was a china umbrella stand full of gilded cat-

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



"We're working on our next message to Congress"



Put it on the Scrap Pile,

and see your Insurance Agent!

YOU can't trust to luck, these days. Although war news may push this fact off the front page, it's none the less true that crime has shown no abatement. In this case, burglars looted the safe of a county treasurer's office, obtaining more than $6,000 in currency and negotiable securities. Contrary to his agent's recommendation, the county treasurer had insured the contents of the safe for only $3,000.

Illustrated on this page are other actual cases taken from U. S. F. & G. files, showing some of the hazards that demand complete insurance coverage as a safeguard against financial loss.

Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

To help you avoid serious financial jolts, your local U. S. F. & G. agent places at your disposal knowledge of insurance and how to use it—plus on-the-spot service in the payment of losses. He will be glad to make a Graphic Audit of your present insurance program—to help you guard against wartime risks which make an insurance audit imperative. Your U. S. F. & G. agent is one of thousands serving communities great and small throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him today.

U.S.F.&G.

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FIDELITY & GUARANTY FIRE CORPORATION

Home Offices *Baltimore, Md.*

—Could
any of these things
happen to you?

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Total $9,722.86

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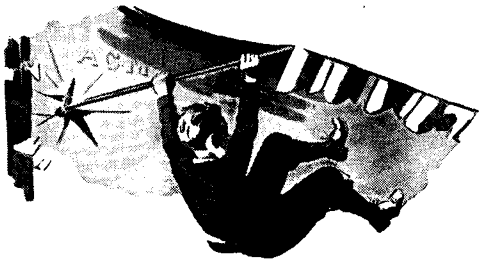

Boy breaks EXPENSIVE WINDOW

WHEN boy meets plate glass window, it's bad, as a New York storekeeper discovered. A youngster swung on an awning, causing an unattached support to strike and break the glass. Cost of this "swing session" was nearly $150.00 . . . the glass was replaced by U. S. F. & G. under a plate glass insurance policy. Today plate glass is expensive and scarce. Are your display windows insured?

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At the Nation's Service for 3 generations

To the superior equipment of America's fighting men, the nine Mills of the Utica Knitting Co. are proud to be able to contribute the major part of their underwear production.
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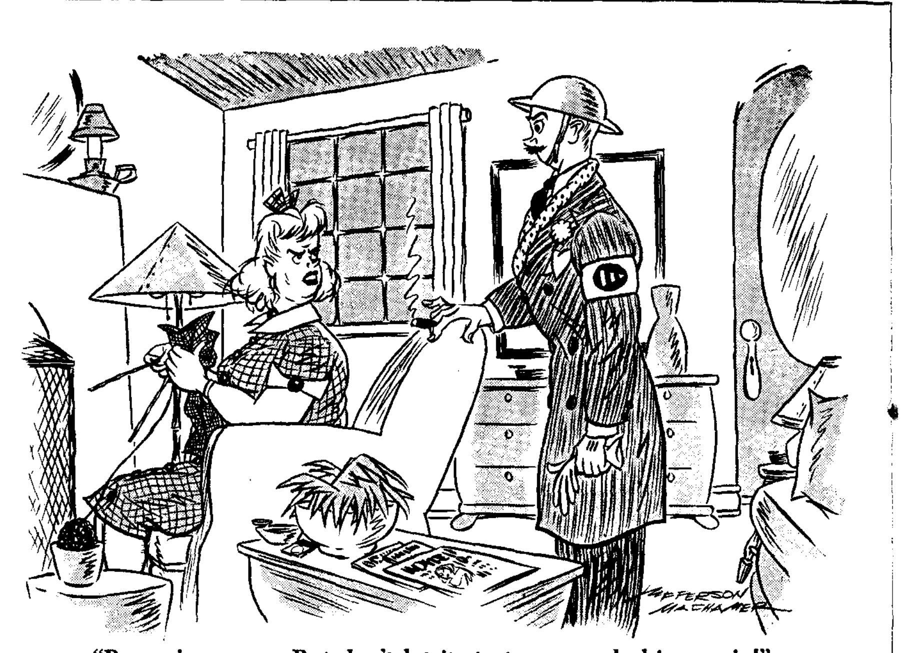
THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU
No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The tips save your lips

TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS



"Becoming—yes. But don't let it start you on derbies again!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

tails in one corner and an upright piano.

That no interior decorator had set foot here—and survived—was evident, but there was something about it, at that, that any decorator would barter his soul to achieve. The new linoleum came up for discussion and was highly approved. Its pattern, an occasional yellow blob on a field of black and gray swirls, it was agreed, was just the thing! It was not going to show the dirt the way that old red carpet had. Mrs. McIntosh, herself, had suggested linoleum and picked it out. Which was no surprise to Mrs. Cugat.

ANOTHER round of cocktails came in, followed by Mrs. McIntosh herself, bearing a bowl of popcorn. "This'll keep you going," she said with a motherly beam, "till Mr Swain gets here," and they thanked her extravagantly. It was store popcorn and quite stale, Mrs. Cugat discovered, but nobody seemed to know the difference. Mrs. Cugat's health was drunk again and the two duck hunters from Pittsburgh waxed gallant and decided to flip a coin to see which would play gin rummy with her after dinner. Mr. Parmenter twinkled at her fondly, Mr. Cugat beamed, Mr. Penrith stopped blushing. Wagers were laid on how long it would take her to get her limit on the following day, and the odds were flattering. She began to feel gay, witty and rather special. Then the front door slammed and a booming, hearty laugh filled the house. Swain, at last. Several men took their glasses and went out to greet him. He could be heard announcing in a rumble that he was hungry enough to eat his weight in wildcats, which was followed by the sound of a smart spank, a tittering protest from Mrs. McIntosh and general laughter. There came a headlong series of chimes. "Dinner!" exclaimed everybody joyfully.

Mr. Swain, as they entered the dining room, was standing at the sideboard, surrounded by an admiring group and making himself a highball. Mrs. Cugat took one look at him and wished for her lipstick. Instead of looking like Daniel Boone, Mr. Swain looked like Ronald Colman. Instead of the plaid shirt, leathern breeches and fur cap with a tail, in which her always too fanciful imagination had dressed him, he was wearing a pale yellow flannel shirt, a foulard stock and a seal ring with a crest on it.

Mr. Parmenter hastened forward with elaborate introductions and, spurred by Martinis, launched off into a full account of Mrs. Cugat's prowess. Mr. Swain looked very polite but acutely bored. Feeling like a fool, Mrs. Cugat raised her eyebrows coolly—there being nothing much else to do. Why, the conceited donkey! Who did he think he was, anyway? If he was so wonderful, why wasn't he in the Army? She would ignore him.

But this proved to be embarrassingly easy. Mr. Swain waited until she had been gallantly seated by young Mr. Penrith at Mr. Parmenter's right and then pointedly went and sat at the farthest end of the long table, with the two Pittsburgh hunters following like adoring puppies. The others sorted themselves out, the youngest and most agile winning in a scramble for seats nearest the warden, and Mrs. Cugat found herself between Mr. Parmenter and his ancient brother-in-law and across from Mr. Cugat and a brooding little man who appeared to be stone-deaf. Scornfully, she kept her eyes from traveling to the other end any oftener than was necessary.

Those at the other end were sent, immediately, into stitches. They sobbed with mirth and rolled in their chairs. Mrs. Cugat had to admit, from an occasional scrap that floated her way, that Mr. Swain was something of a wit—but didn't he know it! Black eyes wickedly alight, teeth flashing beneath his dark mustache, he dominated the entire conversation. "Regular cutup, aren't you?" she muttered badtemperedly as his voice dropped discreetly to finish the current side-splitter. Mr. Cugat soberly discussed pintails with Mr. Parmenter. She turned again to the brother-in-law and dutifully caught up on his rambling tale of a 1908 snowstorm. "Just you wait until after dinner, my fine friend!" she vowed under her breath. "I'll make you take some notice of me—see if I don't!"

But at the end of the meal when they rose to go into the other room, Mr. Swain merely stood for a moment courteously and then sat down again, in obvious relief and ordered another highball. Several, including the two Pittsburgh hunters (who had apparently forgotten all about gin rummy) drew up chairs to remain with him. The dining-room door closed, but as their muffled laughter came through to those settling around the stove, one after another of them sauntered back.

Mrs. Cugat found herself, after a while, alone with Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Cugat having gone out to the kennels to see about his dog. Conversation died and Mr. Parmenter dozed shamelessly. Then she heard a voice from the dining room suggest moving away from the table and a drawling rejoinder by the game warden to the effect that he was in no mood for lady huntresses named "Dinah" and what the devil was the place coming to? Mrs. Cugat got quietly to her feet and tiptoed out of the room, her cheeks hot. Crude, ill-mannered boor! She paused irresolutely at the foot of the stairs, hating to go to bed yet—since it was only a little after nine o'clock. A half-open door, along the hall, revealed a pleasantly lighted room with red curtains. She peered timidly in.

The gun room. Well, this would give her something to do until Mr Cugat came back. She could go in and quietly look around without, she hoped, discommoding the great Swain too much.

THE walls were lined with racks of shotguns. There was a glass cabinet of old service revolvers and a row of ancient rifles. Above the racks ran a crowded frieze of fusty-looking stuffed birds—very old stuffed birds, judging by the dust. In their midst, however, in a handsome glass case was another, a disagreeable-looking, hump-backed creature posed uncomfortably on one leg amid some imitation bullrushes. Mrs. Cugat went over to read the brass plate at the base of its case. *Sacred Ibis (Threskiornis aethiopica) killed by Eric Van R. Swain, April 19, 1937, Blue Nile, Egypt,* it said. The corners of Mrs. Cugat's mouth turned down and she turned her attention to the guns—running her fingers lightly along the row of polished stocks. There was no dust here. The dark woods gleamed like satin and the barrels were sleek with grooming. Timidly, she lifted a graceful little rifle from its place and balanced it appreciatively. Smiling at the way it handled, she pulled up on the Sacred Ibis. She must try a rifle again some day. She went on to another rack.

This one stood a little apart and Mrs. Cugat bent to examine its contents with an exclamation of pleasure. Here was evidently the cream of the collection—some real beauties! An English Holland and Holland—what looked like a Parker A.H.E. Gently, she lifted out a little, long-barreled over-and-under to look at the chasing. It was a peculiarly made gun—like none she'd ever seen. She broke the breech curiously, wondering what size the bore was—it looked too small for a twenty. On a table beside her were several opened boxes of shells and she selected one and experimentally slipped it in. Well, she was wrong—it was a twenty—full choke evidently. Interested, she pulled up on the Ibis again. There was a quick growl of warning, a snarl—and she staggered forward under the impact of a leaping curly body. A blast like a cannon's split the air.

Opening her eyes, she found herself looking into the grave face of Mr. Swain. Rex, the black retriever, pompously guarded the gun rack; across the room, lay the Sacred Ibis without any head. The two Pittsburgh hunters, from the hall, hurried over to it with cries of dismay. Mr. Swain pulled slowly at his mustache. "Well!" he drawled, "getting in a little practice, eh?"

Mrs. Cugat sputtered. "That dog—" she began.

"I know," he said coldly. "He *resents* strangers handling my guns," and stooping, picked up the little shotgun from the debris on the floor and carefully ejected the empty cartridge. There was a deep, new scratch on the stock where it had hit against something sharp in falling. He ran his finger along it gently and then turned, without a word, and left the room.

A shocked cortege bearing the Sacred Ibis moved toward the wastebasket. "*You're* all right, I hope," one of them said belatedly, as she moved to let them pass.

SHE awoke, however, in the dark early morning, mortification assuaged and shivering with excitement. Mr. Cugat was already dressed. "Get your clothes on," he ordered, "and meet me down in the dining room. There'll be coffee." She hurried out of bed and into her things.

The dining room was brightly lighted and empty, save for Mr. Cugat, but a sleepy colored boy brought a steaming cup and a plate of toast. "Drink up," Mr. Cugat urged. "We're late—most of the others have gone."

She obediently managed one or two swallows. "I don't believe I care for much," she apologized after a minute or two. "I can never seem to eat when I'm excited, you know, it makes me feel like throwing up—"

"For the love of Pete," he exclaimed anxiously, "try not to."

But out in the sharp, black morning, queasiness passed and she followed him and his obedient little retriever, Mellow, eagerly along the narrow planks leading across the marsh.

"Thanks to you, 'Diana,' we drew the walk-out blind," said Mr. Cugat with satisfaction, "and it's a honey. You can get your limit out here in half an hour with a slingshot. Mr. Parmenter," he went on, "usually has his name on it but I guess, for you, he'd give up anything." She began to feel more lighthearted.

The walk-out blind was a comfortable little shelter made of cornstalks with a wooden floor and a bench. It had a roof that popped open like a jack-in-the-box. Sitting inside, close to Mr. Cugat, their vacuum bottle, sandwiches and other belongings cozily arranged, she felt that same delicious snugness she'd felt as a child when she'd found a new playhouse in some secret place. She cuddled impulsively closer to him and rubbed her cheek against his sleeve.

"Now, now," he said, "no necking."

THE sun came up and the empty sky grew bright. From time to time somebody with a duck call quacked forlornly near at hand. Half an hour passed and she shifted stiffly and smothered a yawn, regarding his quiet profile tenderly. Mr. Cugat was really very good-looking, particularly in these rugged clothes. He sat motionless, his gun over his arm, occasionally flicking the ash from his cigarette. "What are you thinking about?" she asked gently.

"I was thinking that we ought to get around to making your will," he said cheerfully. "We keep putting it off. You'd better come down to the office some day *next week* and we'll talk it over with Benson." She subsided and the usual depressing train of thought that this particular subject set in motion—morbid speculation on Mr. Cugat's daily habits after she was gone—got under way.

"What does the club pay that Mrs. McIntosh?" she asked suddenly, arriving at an unexpected destination.

Surprised, Mr. Cugat named a figure. She exclaimed indignantly. "For what that woman does? That's perfectly ridiculous!"

"It's a lot," admitted Mr. Cugat, "but she's worth it. We'll never find another like her!" Mrs. Cugat laughed shortly. "Look at that dinner last night—" he went on dotingly, "where else could you get a meal like that?"

"There wasn't a *single* green vegetable!"

"I should hope not!" he exclaimed fervently.

"And canned soup and drugstore ice cream! When she could just as well have made them herself. Plain lazy—that's what she is—if you want the truth!"

"You wanted to come," said Mr. Cugat mildly, "nobody asked you to like it."

Mrs. Cugat, stung, subsided again somewhat guiltily and tried to slip her icy toes, unnoticed, under Mellow's belly. Mellow looked reproachful and got up and went outside to squat, shivering.

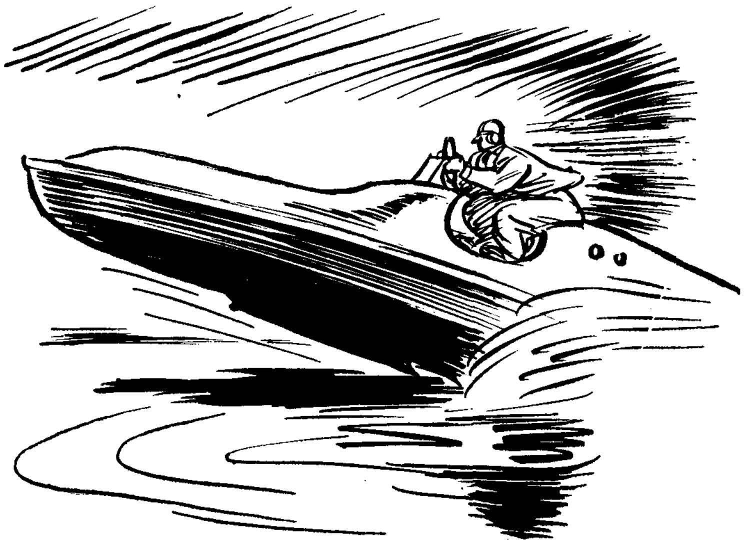
"Whatsa matter, girl?" crooned Mr. Cugat in concern.

"Have you ever done anything yet about asking Mr. Atterbury to raise your salary?" asked Mrs. Cugat brightly, by way of changing the subject.

"No," he said shortly.

"I don't see why not!" she countered

Famous Highs by C.A. Voight



Motor Boat high!

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A new high in whiskey smoothness!

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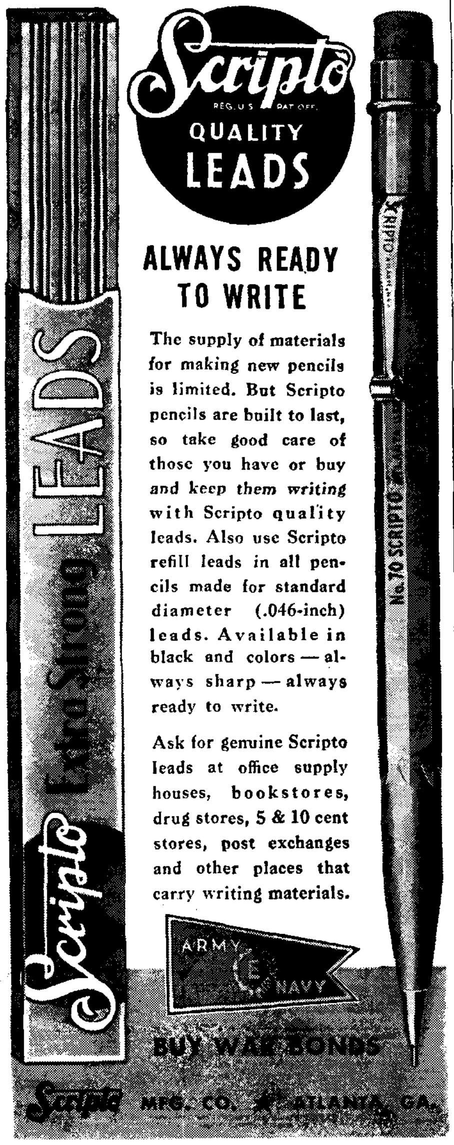
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with new energy. "You certainly deserve it—all this extra Washington work and everything!" And added in a familiar tone, "What's the matter? Are you afraid of him or something?"

"Do we have to go into all that again—*here?*" he protested. "This is supposed to come under the head of fun, you know. Good Lord! Why can't a woman just sit still once in a while and enjoy herself?"

"You started it," she sniffed, "bringing up that old will again. I suppose that comes under the head of fun! Fun for you, maybe—sitting there planning what you're going to do when I'm dead and out of the way! Why don't you just move out here with your wonderful Mrs. McIntosh and end up with a good case of beriberi?"

Mr. Cugat did not deign to answer this and she retired, ashamed. Why was it that husbands and wives so often got off onto just the wrong things at the wrong time? If she were sitting out here with anybody else she would be exerting every effort to be charming, interested and entertaining but here she was, all cozy in a duck blind with Mr. Cugat whom she adored, and for some reason their every pet bone of contention had perversely come to light. There were some aspects of married life that were unexplainable and depressing.

She moved her feet gently, found them completely numb. The sun had subsided and a raw wind sprung up. "This ought to bring them in!" Mr. Cugat observed happily. Maybe if she loosened her boot laces, she thought, and resting her gun in a corner, bent over to tug at the laces with stiff fingers. Something cold, hard and crawling lit on her bare neck and scampered for cover down her back. "E-e-e-e-ek!" she squealed, knocking her gun over and trampling on Mellow's tail. Mellow yelped in agony and disappeared.

"What *is* it?" cried Mr. Cugat.

"Oh—I don't *know!* Something perfectly huge and awful is down my back!"

"Spider, maybe," he suggested helpfully.

SHE tore at the buttons of her collar. "Oh, darling," she chattered, finally loosening it, "reach down quick and see! It's probably a black widow or something—I was just reading about them—" Mr. Cugat, unflurried, stood his gun in a corner, took off his glove and investigated. She could feel whatever it was stirring warily in any one of six different places.

A sudden din of squawking rose from their neighbor with the duck call. "Here they come," said Mr. Cugat grimly, his hand imprisoned down her back. Six pairs of rhythmically flapping wings traveled low over their heads and sank out of sight in the pond behind them. But Mrs. Cugat had forgotten all about ducks.

"Have you found it?" she quavered. Mr. Cugat removed his hand and arm and looked down.

"I don't see a thing," he muttered. She shook herself tentatively and could feel nothing.

"It's gone," she said weakly. "Oh, dear! Do you suppose it was a spider?"

"No," said Mr. Cugat shortly. "Spiders hibernate in weather like this. Probably some litle piece of corn stalk or something." She buttoned her shirt doubtfully. "That was a beautiful bunch of blacks that came in just now," he sighed wistfully but Mrs. Cugat was still absorbed in her spider.

"They say you can tell a black widow because it has red spots on its stomach," she vouchsafed, "and five minutes after you've been bitten, you're unconscious."

"Evidently, you've been spared," observed Mr. Cugat trenchantly.

She huddled into her collar and tried to keep her teeth from chattering. Her feet had passed the numb stage and progressed to aching. How could she, in the same clothes, be so hot yesterday and so cold today? Look at Mr. Cugat! Warm and comfortable—his exploring fingers had been like toast—and yesterday, when she'd been dripping with perspiration, he'd been *cool* and comfortable. Men were wonderful!

"Here come some more!" he exclaimed suddenly in an eager whisper. "Got your gun? You take the first shot."

Six black specks on the horizon took form and life. The man with the duck call quacked frenziedly and four swiftly winging shapes swooped down. Mrs. Cugat lifted her gun, wavered and then slowly lowered it without firing; Mr. Cugat's gun cracked a split second later, and one of the sailing shapes hurtled down. Mellow splashed into the water. "What happened to you?" he queried, turning, eyes alight.

"Oh, George," she said, chagrined, "I don't know! Just as I was on one, he sort of leaned out and looked down over his wing like an aviator. I simply *couldn't!* It was the cutest thing you ever saw! And now the poor thing's dead—" she mourned as a dripping Mellow came triumphantly back with a big mallard in her mouth.

"But that was the main idea in coming out here, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Cugat curiously. "To shoot ducks, I mean—"

"I know," she said miserably. "I'm a perfect idiot, but I didn't have any idea I'd feel this way." She took Mellow's limp burden from her and gently stroked the shimmering green feathers. "I never was the sporting type, I guess—it's just an accident that I can shoot—I hate to kill anything and always have."

"Wait till you've missed one or two," Mr. Cugat said comfortably, "you'll get over that! It's not easy."

"I don't believe I ever will," she sighed, sitting down despondently, still holding the dead duck. "Look, darling—you stay here and enjoy yourself and I'll walk in. For some reason, I seem to be blue with cold and I'm nothing but a trouble to you. My hands ache so, I doubt if I could hit anything even if I wanted to."

Mr. Cugat protested vigorously but she insisted and, breaking her gun, dropped a light kiss on his cheek, ducked stiffly out the little door and started off across the marsh toward the clubhouse. She was a fine one, she was! Mr. Cugat had been perfectly right about her coming down here—she'd been a perfect nuisance and made him look like a softy in front of his friends. But right now she was too cold to care. She couldn't care about anything, even Mr. Cugat, until she got warmer. Maybe that colored boy could make her a hot toddy or something. She looked u out of her collar to see how far off realiz tion of this possibility was and encour tered a strolling figure, coming toward he

Swain! Of all people! And there was n escaping him either—there was only on narrow walk and they were both on it. H was walking slowly with his head dow the black retriever at his heels. He wa dressed to the nines—laced boots, pal breeches and a short coat with a peake fur-lined hood. A cigarette hung noncha lantly from the corner of his mouth. Sh hurriedly tucked up a straggling lock, an her cheeks, so lately cold, flushed hot wit chagrin. She could just imagine the cutting humor with which he would, forever after, relate the tale of the Sacred Ibis an the scorn and amusement in his black eye when he heard that she'd gotten not a single duck. She lifted her head defiantl Well, let him have his fun! She'd probabl never see him again, anyway.

THERE was a whirring ahead of her Something soared suddenly into th air. She raised her gun, fired ahead, and i came plummeting down. Wholly startled she looked toward Swain. He'd stoppe dead in his tracks and was looking at her A flood of pleasant exultation welled up i her and she started to tremble. "There Fancypants," she muttered, "I'm not suc a dud after all, am I?" She smiled an waved casually. Mr. Swain did not retur the salute but turned and said somethin to his dog who bounded off. There was splashing and crashing behind her and Mr Cugat emerged, white-faced, from th blind.

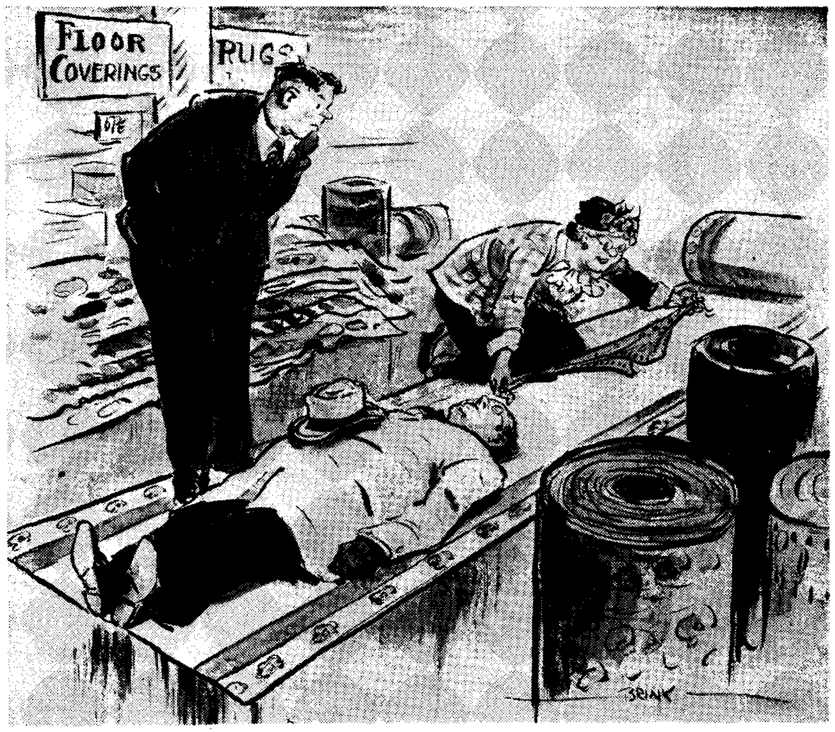
"Are you all right?" he shouted an then, as he drew closer, panted, "Goo Lord! What was that shot? I thou you'd probably fallen and blown you head off!"

"Not at all," she explained with dignit as the warden strolled up, "I was just walking along and a duck went up in front o me, so I shot it." Mr. Swain's dog came out through the reeds and Mr. Cugat stopped suddenly—dead in his tracks. "That's a funny-looking duck!" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat.

Mr. Swain stooped and took the bird gently from the dog's mouth. "It is indeed," he said. Then he gave Mr. Cugat a long and sympathetic look.

Mr. Cugat sighed. "That's a hen pheasant, honey," he said resignedly. "The fine is fifty dollars."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Cut it off right here. That's how long our hall is" R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Pan American's "Forum of the Future" has included such internationally known leaders of thought as

JOHN DEWEY, *America's great philosopher*
JAN MASARYK, *Vice Premier of Czechoslovakia*
WILLIAM TEMPLE, *the Archbishop of Canterbury*
EZEQUIEL PADILLA, *Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Mexico*

Here we present a view of medicine's role in the coming world as formulated in an address, "The Medicine of the Future," by the late Dr. George Crile, co-founder of the Cleveland Clinic.

"Someday, Treatment of Disease will be a Confession of Failure"

by the late Dr. GEORGE CRILE, World-Famous Physician and Scientist

"The chief duty of the physician will be to develop the race . . ."

"IN THE 16TH CENTURY, the average length of human life was 18 to 20 years; in 1800, less than 25 years; in 1900, between 45 and 48 years; in 1924, 56 years.

Not only is life longer, but it is better—better physically, better mentally, and, I believe, better morally.

What of the future?

The chief duty of the physician will be to develop the race, to . . . .

direct the development of youth . . . .

and to guide the adult along sound biological lines so that he may safely engage in the maximum of work and play.

In other words, the physician will be called upon to study the whole problem of man in relation to his environment. As for disease, the physician will be more concerned with its prevention than with its treatment. In fact, *treatment of disease someday will be a confession of failure.*

As for the different divisions of medical science, the present outlook would seem to indicate that in the future their individual progress will vary greatly. **Surgery** will continue to make advances, but most of its obstacles have already been conquered, and its field will grow narrower as preventive medicine advances.

The field of the **internist,** on the other hand, will be widened by advances, particularly in his knowledge of the ductless glands and the mechanism of the mind — psychology, memory, reason.

Tuberculosis and diabetes will be conquered. The public will learn the importance of the early eradication of focal infections and the incidence of other infectious diseases will be reduced . . . Diseases of the heart and blood vessels, due to infections, will be reduced . . . .

On the other hand,

to the extent that these diseases are caused by nervous and **mental strain** — by the kinetic drive of environmental conditions — the incidence may even be increased.

The incidence of **venereal disease** will decline greatly. Because of change in public attitude it will be openly controlled.

The hazard of **childbirth** will be even further reduced, but congenital deformities will occur with the same frequency.

The nature of **cancer** will eventually be revealed, but it will still claim many victims.

Within certain limits, therefore, the physician of the future will be able to control the growth of the body and the development of the mind. He will acquire such a knowledge of biochemical and biophysical processes that he will be able to guide his fellowmen as an engineer of living processes."

TO many thousands of sufferers all over the world the airplane has already carried quick and sure medical relief. In addition to bringing world travel within reach of the common man everywhere, tomorrow's air transport will also bring men health and the latest discoveries of science.

Just a few months ago, Pan American flew one thousand pounds of desperately needed meningitis serum to one of our Good Neighbors in South America . . . In Africa, where 30% of the workers were being laid low by malaria, Pan American flew in specialists who cut that figure to 1%.

Until Victory is won, everything we have to offer—the experience gained by more than 165 million miles of overseas flight, trained personnel and service to 60 foreign countries and colonies—is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

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Relief comes promptly! Pain eases, muscles can relax, as Absorbine Jr. goes to work. It's blessed relief. Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at your drug store . . . For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201E Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

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The Secret Love

Continued from page 18

She sauntered happily down the street—troubled by nothing so profound as a thought, as provocative as a dream. She glanced down from time to time to admire the way her new woolen socks were folded over her fashionably dirty saddle shoes. She peered in some curiosity at a strange car that was parked in front of a neighbor's house. She explored the pockets of her coat for a quarter that was left over from her lunch money. She would have a fudge sundae, she decided, as she turned into the drugstore. . . .

And without further ado she fell in love.

She knew it was love the minute she looked at the new soda jerker. He was tall and dark and slender. He lifted one eyebrow and smiled at her, in a superior way, as she slowly approached the fountain.

"What'll it be?" he said.

But it wasn't what he said. It was the way he said it. His voice went through her—like a knife through rapidly melting butter. She felt weak and wonderful—she felt sad and at the same time she felt hilarious.

"I guess," she said, "I'll have a fudge sundae. With marshmallow on it. Slathers of marshmallow. With nuts. Pul-ease!"

"Don't mention it."

He was quick and dashing in all his movements. He reached for one of the little glass dishes on the shelf, and its neighbor fell on the floor and broke. He fell back dramatically.

"Say!" he said. "Who did that?"

Nina tittered in pure delight. She watched him swing the marshmallow sauce around in a wide curve and then splash it on top of the ice cream. He had a little strip of ahesive tape on the back of his hand and she wondered anxiously how he had hurt himself. She stole another glance at him as he reached for a spoon. He was wonderful-looking. He didn't have the best complexion in the world—but that fact only served to endear him to her the more. She was stirred by a vast maternal tenderness. . . .

"I guess you don't go to High," she ventured. "I mean to Central."

"Naw," he said. "I go to Newcomb. But there's not such a bad crowd at Central," he conceded, after a pause. "I know some of the fellows that go there."

IT WAS, Nina felt, a bond between them. She asked the names of his acquaintances at Central, and exclaimed in almost rapturous enthusiasm over each name he mentioned. She discovered that his own name was Bill—Bill Davis. She learned furthermore, that he was drawing near to his seventeenth birthday—that he was fond of salted peanuts—that he was allergic to cloves—and that he intended, fate being kind, to be a bombardier. She might have elicited even more of these fascinating facts over the melting remains of her fudge sundae had not the after-movie crowd come surging in to remind her of the passing time.

"Am I a dope!" she cried wildly. "Just sitting here!"

"That's okay!" he said—and called her back. "But wait a minute! Hold everything! Here's your check!"

Nina turned a bright red. She fished out the forgotten quarter and paid him. Then she stumbled out of the drugstore in an agony of embarrassment—which gave way, before she had gone two blocks, to a state of unutterable bliss. *Nina Davis*—she whispered to herself. *Nina Burton Davis*. . . .

She had forgotten the cough lozenges. But that was all right. Alison had also forgotten about them.

Alison was alone. She was standing by the window, staring out at a wintry lawn.

"Hi!" Nina said. "Where's Lieutenant Jeffries?"

"He's gone," Alison informed her in a muffled voice. "And if you don't mind very much I'd rather not talk about it."

"Sure, sure," Nina said amiably. "That's okay with me. You mean you had a fight or something?"

But—if there was an answer—Nina did not hear it. A terrible thought had come into her mind—had sent her racing up the stairs to her room.

Before the mirror her worst suspicions were confirmed. She looked awful. There wasn't any powder on her nose. A lank little tuft of hair was sticking out from under her scarf. This was the way she'd looked to Bill. And there was no use kidding herself any more about her figure. She was fat. She was darned near ready for a circus or something. And she knew what had to come off—because a brutal prune in the Physical Ed department had told her only a week ago. Fifteen pounds had to come off.

SHE tackled her mother about it the first thing in the morning.

"Mother," she said, "I'm going on a diet."

"All right," her mother said. "Perhaps you *are* getting a little pudgy. But don't look so grim about it."

"I'm not grim about it, Mother. But it's important. And I'm giving up desserts. So I've only got one perfectly simple little favor to ask of you, Mother. You could give me a break."

"What kind of a break?"

"Well, while I'm on this diet, just please don't bear down on anything chocolate, Mother—that's all I ask. I mean you can have things like prune whip and apple sauce and those little tapioca jobs."

"I see. The rest of us are to have the dullest imaginable meals—so that you can be beautiful all of a sudden!" But Mrs. Burton's mind was already wandering from the subject. She looked at her daughter intently. "Nina! Were you here last night—when Alison quarreled with Rand Jeffries?"

Nina shook her head. "What's the matter? Have they had a bust-up?"

"I'm afraid so. They quarreled over whether or not Alison was to see anything of other men while Rand was in the Navy. That's the ridiculous sort of thing people in love always quarrel about—it could be patched up in no time if they both weren't so stubborn!" Mrs. Burton frowned. "All the Craigs have that stubborn streak, of course—and then you only have to look at that chin of Rand's. Like granite! Well, it's just a shame, that's all! They were so obviously made for each other!"

Nina sauntered to the mirror over the mantel.

"Oh, well—" she murmured. "Why get all worked up and agitated? If they're such dopes!"

Her mother stared at her.

"When you're a little older, Nina, I hope you won't be so completely callous! I'm ashamed of you! Your poor cousin can break her heart over this man—and you merely shrug your shoulders!"

Nina wheeled around. Her eyes were blazing. She spoke with fervor.

"Mother! If you're in love with somebody you don't act the way Alison's acting! Why—! If you were in love with a man—really in love—you wouldn't *let* him go out of your life like that! You'd care too much to have that kind of crazy-fool pride! Why, you'd go right down on your knees to him! You'd let him walk over you! You'd ask him to! And you'd *love* it!"

Having delivered herself of these im-

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passioned words, Nina rushed, quite suddenly, from the room. Her mother was speechless. It was, indeed, several seconds before Christine Burton realized that her mouth had dropped open. She closed it with a decisive little snap.

"Now what—?" she asked herself. "Now *who—?*"

NINA was having her troubles. Worrying and dieting had chiseled off three pounds, but any change in her personal appearance was not profiting her. Mindful of the diet, she had substituted soft drinks for fudge sundaes, but she could scarcely permit herself to have more than three drinks a day at Gilmore's soda fountain. Nor could she linger over any one of these drinks as long as she would have liked to linger.

It was infuriating. Bill Davis never really saw her except from a professional point of view. She was nothing in his eyes but a consumer of cokes. When she gave him the slow, mysterious smiles she'd practiced before her mirror the night before, he misinterpreted these smiles—and simply asked her if she wanted a couple of straws or a glass of water. And yet some sure instinct informed her that if she could only see him away from the soda fountain she would be able to wangle their relationship to a more personal plane. She tried staring hard at the back of his head and willing him to ask her for a date—but her will, forceful as it was, merely glanced off the bland preoccupation of the businessman. She would be compelled, on these occasions, to plunk a nickel on the counter and hurry purposefully out of the drugstore—as if bent on very important and pressing affairs of her own.

"I HAVE never seen," said Nina's mother, "such *gloom* in a house!"

And she looked, in mild vexation, from Nina to Alison—who had both been getting up from their chairs and wandering disconsolately from the window to the radio and from the radio to the mirror over the mantel.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with Nina," she went on, "unless it's the desserts she isn't having—but as for you, Alison, I think you're carrying this whole thing too far. I think you should march right over to the telephone and call up that man and tell him you apologize!"

"Never!" cried Alison. "Never would I do anything so utterly ignominious, Christine! I've got my pride!"

"You've got your pride but you haven't got *him*," Nina pointed out to her, placidly. "And I'll bet you'll never see him again. I'll bet he'll be sent overseas and meet some other girl while he's having another shore leave—and this girl he'll get married to because she won't be such a sap."

Alison flushed. She chose to be ironical. "I'm extremely grateful for all this interest in my affairs," she said, "but I could get along quite nicely without it!"

"It was just for your own good!" Nina protested. "Because honestly you don't seem to know anything about *men,* Alison." She was diverted for a moment, as she studied her own slightly bitten fingernails. She wondered if a person like Bill Davis would go for a garnet polish—provided her mother would let her get out of the house with it. She went on, however, after a fleeting pause. "If I were in your place—not that you've asked my advice but in case you did—I'd go somewhere where I'd be likely to *see* this wacky individual. I wouldn't just sit moping around here all day!"

"Nina," said Nina's mother, "shouldn't talk so much. But I really think she's right, Alison. Rand will go away and you'll never have a chance to make things up with him. But if you were just to arrange it so you'd run into him some place—"

ALISON sprang to her feet. "You miss the point entirely! Both of you! Why, I'd *avoid* going anywhere he was likely to be—or where anybody who had anything to do with him was likely to be! Why, ever since this whole thing happened I haven't even gone down Amsterdam Avenue—where his sister lives! Why, I haven't even gone into Gilmore's drugstore!"

Nina had just decided she would put the garnet polish on in her bedroom and then put on her wool mittens and ease out of the house with them. But the mention of Gilmore's drugstore swept the polish from her mind. She felt her hands turning cold and damp. It was as if someone had spoken—in a loud and jeering tone—of her secret love.

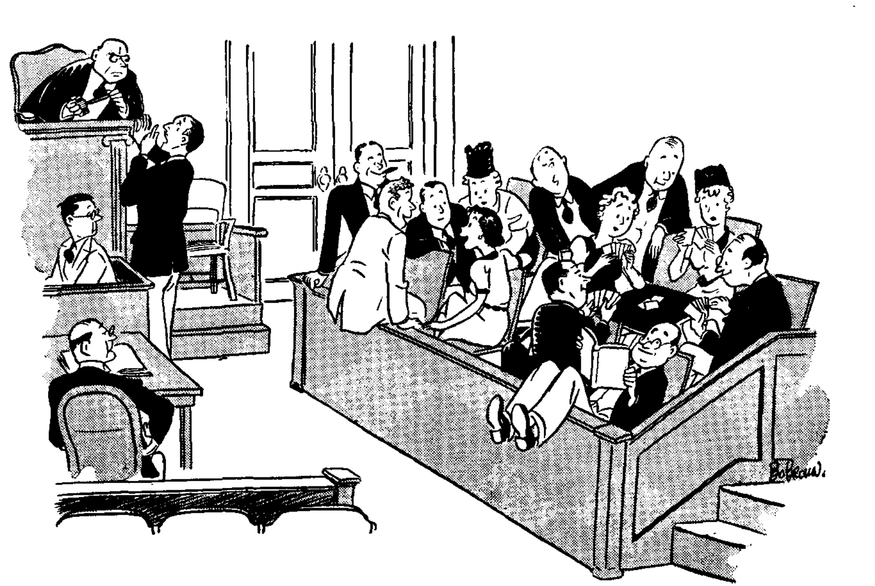
"What's Gilmore's drugstore got to do with it?" she inquired hoarsely.

"It was just an example," Alison explained with some pride. "I wouldn't go there any more because Rand's kid nephew works there after school. And I wouldn't want Rand to think I was trying to pry any information out of his relatives! I wouldn't give him the satisfaction!"

Nina brushed the latter part of this speech aside. "His nephew?" she demanded. "You mean Bill is his nephew? Bill Davis? You mean *Bill?*"

"Yes," said Alison. "Do you know him? A great gawky boy with a voice like an old phonograph record. A kind of adolescent nightmare."

Nina controlled herself—although this description of her beloved had not been pleasing to her ears. She leaned forward. "I feel you're making a great mistake,"



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she said. "I feel you ought to ask Lieutenant Jeffries to come and see you."

Nina's cousin didn't bother to answer this. She stalked over to the window again and stared out on the street. But Nina's mother was touched. She thought—and so informed Nina's father later on—that the child was at last beginning to develop an interest in other people's sorrows and joys.

SHE would have been even more surprised had she known to what lengths this newly acquired compassion was carrying her daughter.

Nina was sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Randolph, thoughtfully considering Rand Jeffries' chin. It was obstinate all right. But she marshaled her carefully composed sentences and brought them out as tellingly as she could.

"I suppose," she said, "you think it's funny—me coming to your hotel like this. I suppose you think it wasn't the thing for me to do. But the way I look at it—I felt this whole situation was up to me. I happen, Lieutenant Jeffries, to be an extrovert."

"That's interesting," he said.

She was temporarily diverted. "Yes," she said. "I never just brood over stuff. I'm the type that likes action. That's the way you are when you happen to be an extrovert."

He looked at her patiently.

"I get all that," he said. "But where do *I* come in?"

"Oh!" said Nina. "I thought I'd better just come over here and take the bull by the horns and ask you why you haven't been over to the house—to see my cousin Alison."

He turned a dull red.

"Alison doesn't know you're here?"

"Of course not! She'd have a fit. Alison's an introvert."

There was a moment before he spoke.

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd better let us introverts struggle along by ourselves."

"But you make such an awful mess of things!" Nina pointed out promptly. "I think it was awful—just take for instance—the way you treated my poor dope of a cousin!"

"Oh, you do!"

"Sure, I do! And everybody will be talking about it and blaming you for it. I shouldn't think you'd like that very much."

"What I'd like," he said, "would be to run my own life—with, of course, your kind permission."

Nina was offended. If Rand Jeffries hadn't been Bill's uncle, she thought, he'd have had a pretty terrific crack for that. But she managed a thin smile—remembering Bill—and as she rose to go she ventured a final word.

"Well, I'll say no more," she observed. "Only it just *might* interest you to know that Alison is wasting away."

"Alison," he said, "is *what?*"

"Wasting away," Nina repeated, with more emphasis. "She's just getting thinner and thinner and thinner! And she doesn't eat anything and she cries all the time. And Mother said she was worried about her—downright worried!" Nina broke off—her eyes widening. "But what on earth's the matter with you?"

"Never mind!" he said. "Wait a minute—I've got to get my hat!"

ALISON was exceedingly upset. She hadn't been upset in the beginning. At the first glimpse of Rand a light had come into her eyes and a tide of color had come into her cheeks. She had cried his name in soft, incredulous rapture. But that was before she'd found out what Nina had said to him.

"I hope you realize," she cried, "that Nina had no reason on earth to tell you anything so completely absurd: 'Not eating!' Of course, I'm eating! Oh, I won't have you feeling sorry for me!"

"I was feeling sorry for myself," Rand said, stiffly. "But if I can't make you believe that—"

They stood there measuring each other with their chins stuck out. Then Rand began looking around for his hat again.

"Oh, my gosh!" said Nina.

She had spoken aloud, rather to her own surprise. Alison stared at her. "I really don't understand you, Nina," she said. "I really don't!"

Rand was staring at her too. "Little Miss Fix-It," he muttered.

He was Bill's uncle. Nina had to keep on reminding herself of that fact. She controlled a childish impulse to make a face at him.

"I'd just hoped," she observed, piously, "that I could get you people together again. I didn't expect to get any thanks for it but on the other hand I certainly didn't think either of you would be sore about it! My gosh! There wasn't anything in it for *me*, was there?"

"Well—" Alison began, uncertainly.

"All I wanted," Nina rushed on, "was just a little peace and quiet around here! And—me being an extrovert—I could just bring the old brain to bear on the thing better than you could. But you have all these cockeyed complexes—Well! I fail to see why it couldn't have worked out all right—with Lieutenant Jeffries coming over to see you—and I and my father and mother going to a movie or something if you didn't care to be disturbed—or maybe some night if Lieutenant Jeffries felt like it he could bring Bill over—"

"Bill?" said Alison.

"Bill Davis," said Nina, a rosy flush suffusing cheeks that were not yet haggard. "The one who works in the drugstore. He happens to."

It came to them by slow degrees. But when they finally got it, Rand and Alison began laughing in the same instant. They rocked and roared with laughter—and their stubbornness went down under their mirth. They became aware of that fact, too, in precisely the same instant.

"Oh, darling!" said Alison.

"Oh, darling!" said Rand.

"Listen!" cried Alison, running to him. "I'll never go out with another man! I'll never talk to another man! I'll never *look* at another man!"

Then they were laughing again, and clinging to each other. . . .

"Well," Nina said, "I guess I'll be shoving off. . . ."

BUT they didn't forget about her. That same night, after dinner, Rand brought Bill Davis to the house.

"Here," he said, "is my lean and hungry ape of a nephew. Give *him* something to eat. *He's* wasting away!"

But Nina hadn't needed that advice. She knew how to take care of Bill now that she had him in her own domain. She sat with him out in the breakfast nook and plied him with chocolate-covered doughnuts and coconut cake and tart apple cider and slightly stale nougats.

"Say!" Bill Davis said. "Why don't we do this more often? Huh? Why don't we?"

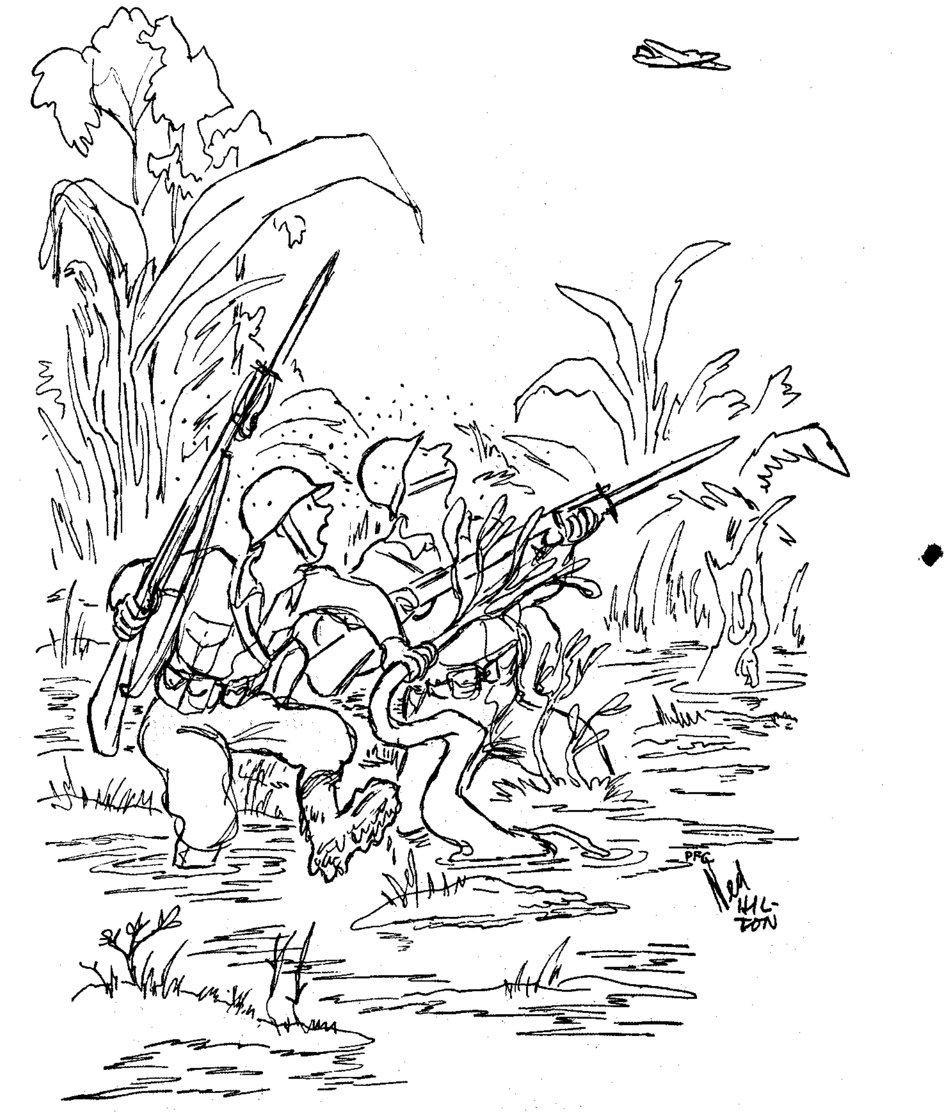
Nina nodded. That was the name of an old song—but it could be their theme song. You didn't have to have a new song. She turned the idea over, happily, in her mind. Then they both smiled and shook their heads as an admiring masculine murmur and a little feminine squeal came to them from the living room. Bill reached for another nougat.

"They've got it bad," he said.

There was a note of genuine compassion in Nina's voice.

"It's but quaint—" she agreed. "It's but definitely *quaint*."

THE END



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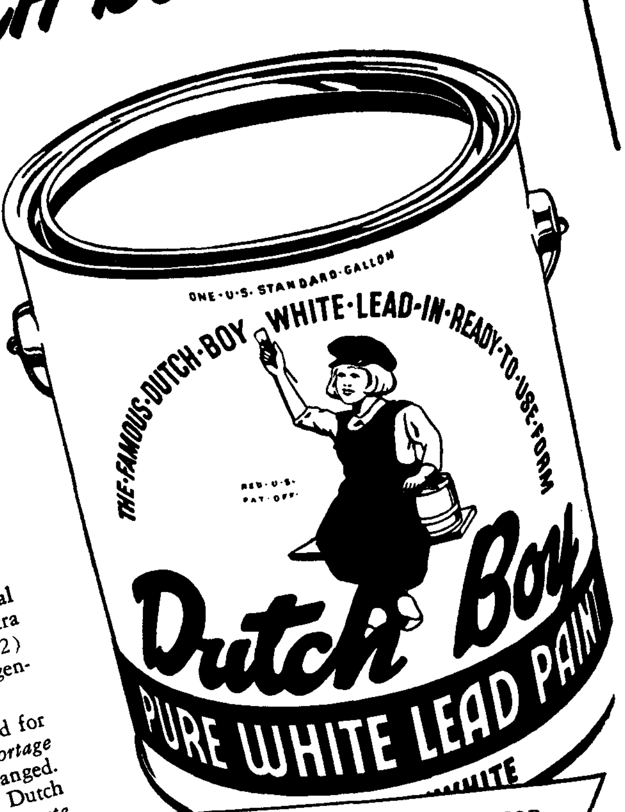
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Confessions of a Sourpuss

Continued from page 12

The strategy of the Republican managers in 1896 would not permit William McKinley, the Republican candidate, to leave his home in Canton, Ohio. Unhappily, McKinley had been, as a member of Congress, more than kind toward silver. The Republican platform committed him to gold, and McKinley, being what he was, had no difficulty in about-facing and becoming an ardent advocate of the gold standard. But if he had wandered away from home base, he might have found himself in the West, which was rabid for silver.

Consequently, he conducted the first front-porch campaign in the history of American politics. Instead of going out to meet the people, delegations were taken to Canton from all parts of the country to meet him. No hand-picked, expenses-paid member of a delegation would venture to ask embarrassing questions.

A man by the name of Kelso conceived the idea of turning an honest penny by selling bas-reliefs of the Republican candidate. The Scotch in a man is bound to come out. In order to advertise the product, Kelso worked up a plan whereby the Republican Club would send a delegation to Canton to present Governor McKinley with one of the bas-reliefs of himself, cast in bronze. Kelso suggested the junket to me and I fell for it. I was too much of a greenhorn even to suspect that I was being used. I did not know, until a friend put me wise later, of the scheme to market the article, but in my wide-eyed innocence thought that the plan was an expression of generous enthusiasm for a great cause.

One Upper Berth for Two

So the sucker accepted, and a hand-picked delegation, consisting of Gus Axelson, Kelso and myself, one night boarded a train for Canton. Our trip was financed, but not on a very generous scale. While Axelson and I jimmied ourselves into one upper berth, Kelso slept comfortably below with the bust. (If he had had even the vestigial remains of a conscience, he would not have been comfortable.) But I was young, and the prospect of meeting a live Presidential candidate was enough to make up for all discomforts.

Arriving in Canton, we found our way to Major McKinley's home where I presented him with the bas-relief in a few as well-chosen words as I was capable of stringing together. He accepted in appropriate language and then we had a brief general chat. He was friendly and affable, as candidates are wont to be, especially before election, but I decided later that he had not made a profound impression on me.

During the interview, the editor of the Canton Evening Repository (still the leading newspaper of the town and then McKinley's favorite journal) was introduced to me, and I mumbled the assurance that I had been getting the "Suppository" right along, as indeed I had (free) because it was the party's official newspaper in that campaign. I was frightfully embarrassed by the unfortunate slip of the tongue, but not so Major McKinley. He enjoyed it immensely. The editor didn't, although he managed a sour smile.

The campaign was hard-fought and very exciting. Bryan set the country on fire, but he had no money. Mark Hanna had it all for McKinley. Never before had money flowed so freely. The precedent set by Hanna in 1896 was a bad one that has had a malevolent effect upon American politics ever since. He corrupted states that had been corrupt as a matter of course. I have never doubted that if the Democrats had been able to raise enough money, even for legitimate purposes, Bryan would have been the new President.

Through a mutual friend, I rubbed up a very attenuated acquaintance with an editorial writer on the Chicago Record. He introduced me to the city editor who agreed that he would try me out as a space writer. That wouldn't cost the Record anything—at least anything worth worrying about—because I would be given no assignment that a regular staff man could cover.

This city editor wore a shiny Prince Albert coat, the collar and shoulders of which were white with dandruff from his too long hair. He had a forelock that he kept tossing mournfully out of his eyes. He gave me only one admonition and that was on no account ever to turn in a story in which I used the expression "old veteran." It was his conviction that a "veteran" was *ipso facto* "old," and that the two words in juxtaposition represented tautology at its worst. It took me many years to discover that a veteran can be a very young person indeed.

Equipped with this comprehensive course in journalism, I felt ready to tackle any assignment. I earned seventy-five cents of Victor Lawson's millions that first week. I confess that I did not feel I was substantially on the road either to wealth or to fame. Fortunately, I never had any desire for wealth—at least not such a desire as would lead me to make its acquirement the chief end and aim of my existence. And as to fame, I had never even thought of that. It wasn't until, ahead of my time, I sensed the possibilities for fame that lay in the achievement of the character which has forever since attached itself to me.

I managed to nick Victor Lawson for a few dollars each week thereafter—just enough to make it possible for me to live in the manner to which I had been accustomed. Could anyone have asked less of life than that?

Richard Henry Little, popular reporter on the Chicago Tribune, and later for many years to be its columnist, and Sherman Duffy, assistant sports editor of the same newspaper, that was still fairly decent and reputable, were friends of mine. I told them the Record cornucopia was willing to pour twelve dollars into my lap each week. With the irreverence of scoffing newspapermen, they referred to Victor Lawson as some kind of blooming skinflint and assured me that I could do better on the Tribune. So to the Tribune, with their assistance, I went as a space writer. And I did manage to do pretty well. I earned $35 one week, which was equivalent to a king's ransom in any newspaperman's language at the turn of the century.

I happened to be working for the Tribune when the occasion of the annual "Family Dinner" came along and I was invited to the feast, following which Tribune-hired men glorify the Tribune and its owners with slobbering eloquence.

May I pause at this point to observe—grinding my teeth the while—that recently "Count" Somebody-or-other who writes a perfectly ducky society column for the Washington Times-Herald, said that I was fired from the Tribune for incompetence. Not only is it a base falsehood, but I can assure the "Count" that I was at least doing a man's work.

A vacancy occurred in the post of assistant political editor of the Record, to which paper I had meanwhile returned as assistant sports editor, and I applied for the position. So did Frederic William Wile, soon to go to Berlin for the Lawson foreign service. I got the job because, no doubt, the paper had other plans lined up for Mr. Wile.

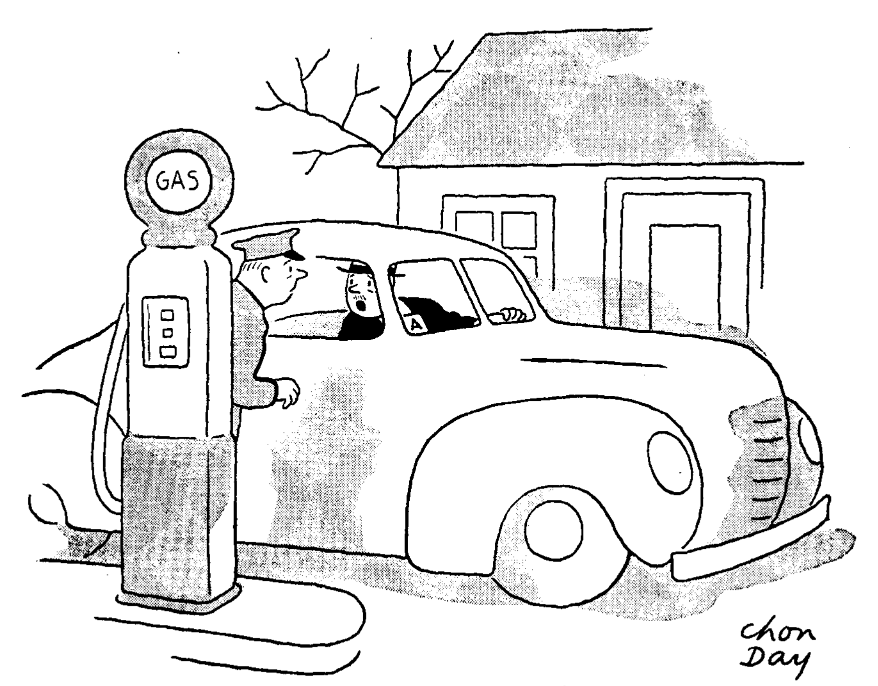
Climbing the Political Ladder

To be a political writer on a metropolitan newspaper was an opportunity to develop my unpleasant disposition to the utmost. There was nothing gentle about politics in those days. It was the city plug-ugly, the heavy-handed manipulator of ballot boxes, the man who could smell out the loot first and get to it the quickest, who was in the saddle.

On my new job I began to work up a really sizable vocabulary of barbed words and explosive expletives which I trained myself to mix judiciously and hurl at any convenient target. They have come in handy since.

At this point, it seems appropriate to slow down and indulge in a few generalities by way of summing up the political peregrinations by which I was already grouching my way toward the top—as a full-fledged curmudgeon.

It was becoming easier day by day to lay back my ears and bare my teeth at the sight of the fraudulent stuffed shirts who demanded a cleaning up of the city from the platform of Central Music Hall on



COLLIER'S "Fill it up a little bit!" CHON DAY

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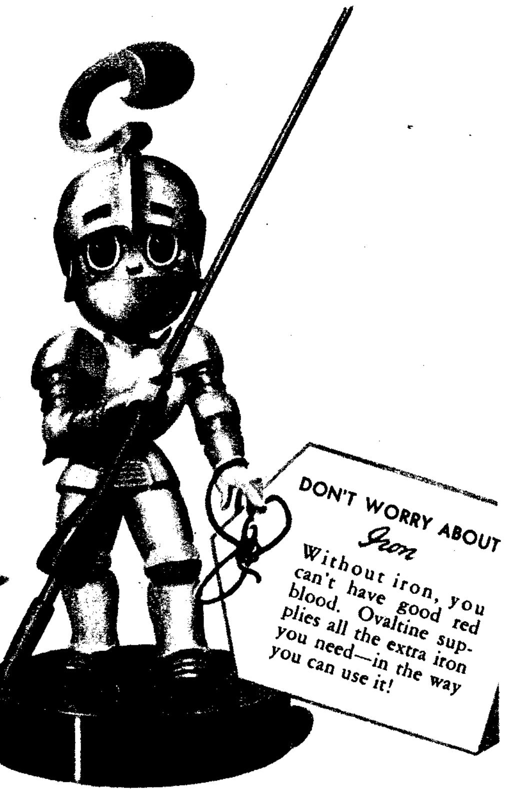
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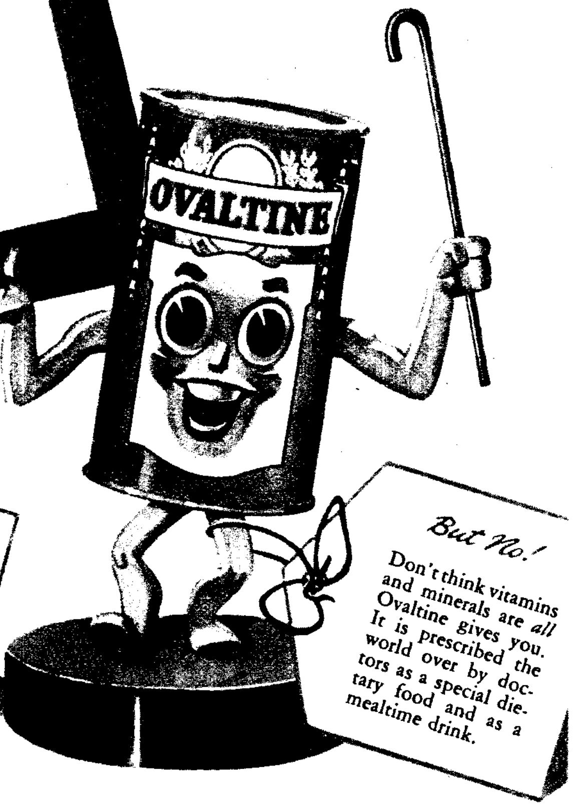
You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



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FINE ARTS

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Sunday night, and who sneaked into the mayor's office on Monday to whisper to Hizzoner that it would "hurt business" if he interfered too much with gambling and prostitution. The pious cheats who slipped loose change into the prehensile fingers of their aldermen in consideration of "just a little" violation of city ordinances were gradually warping my disposition and drying up my soul.

Let it be here noted, with me as its authority, that undoubtedly the surest and most direct road to curmudgeonry is labeled "Politics." Take this road and stay on it, and you will arrive—you may not be any place when you get there but you are almost sure to have an ugly temper to show for it.

From assistant political editor on the Record it was just a step to a full-time job in political campaigns, handling publicity, making speaking engagements for my candidates, running the office—in fact doing everything but being the candidate. I was a sort of one-man-band affair, and every piece that I played, it seemed, went sour on me at election time.

Teddy Returns from Africa

It was in 1911, after Carter H. Harrison, with "splendid" Republican assistance had defeated my candidate, Charles E. Merriam, for mayor, that Teddy Roosevelt returned from a big-game hunting trip, to the serious disappointment of those Wall Street gentlemen who had hoped fervently that some lion would see his duty and do it in the wilds of Africa's jungle. Roosevelt's teeth were gleaming and sharpened to a razor edge for a rare cut from the anatomy of his "friend" William Howard Taft. And how the country yearned for him!

It wasn't any time at all before seven governors—all of them Republicans—called on him to plaster the man whom he had kicked upstairs into the White House, and to insist that he go after the Republican nomination in 1912. I wasn't a governor. I wasn't so much as a constable. But I was for Teddy. I always had been and I always would be as long as there was a Teddy (no junior for me!) for whom to be.

The treacherous Republican organization had licked Merriam in 1911, but the victory was a costly one, for surviving the defeat was the best organization of irregulars Chicago has ever seen. It had even stretched itself out into the state. However, the real strength of it was in Chicago and Cook County, and this organization had been built up from the ground by the adolescent curmudgeon, Ickes. It consisted mainly of aggressive young men—and women, too—who had a sense of political frustration and were looking for thick-necked, heavy-featured ward heelers to smash and claw.

Merriam (one of the two men I had hoped one day to see mayor of Chicago; John Harlan had been the other) and I saw eye to eye, as we had done since first we formed a political alliance, and it is only fair to say that this organization belonged to both of us. But I had knitted it together and built it up because I had had more experience and was more deft at that sort of thing than Merriam. He had his own important jobs in the alliance that he could do far better than I.

I had an interview with the Squire of Oyster Bay in his office where he did his writing for the magazine Outlook. I told him what we had done in the Chicago mayoralty fights—how we had struggled to put, first Harlan, and then Merriam across, only to be beaten by the lawless and the unprincipled elements of all parties, including the Republicans. I was proud to report to him that we now had the so-called regular G. O. P. organization on the run and that a punch by him would be timely. I relayed to him what we thought he ought to incorporate into the Auditorium speech which he was scheduled to make.

As Roosevelt was going to Chicago in a special car, he invited me to ride with him. We had breakfast together—just the two of us. Malicious stories of the colonel's alleged intemperance were circulating freely—a slander that was the coin current of desperate Republican politicians who would rather have lost with Roosevelt than have won with someone else.

And if you don't know, my more or less gentle reader, it is time you discovered that the most vehement party man—the one who beats his breast (in public, of course), for the dear old party—is the one who more naturally slanders and traduces and smears fellow party members if he suspects that they are at all interested, either in the cleaning up of the party itself, or in trying to establish a better quality of public service. (I insist on sticking it in here that a curmudgeon doesn't fight that way. A curmudgeon has his pride.)

Stories of the colonel's bibulousness were common talk. I had never been at a table with him, nor had I ever been with him when one would naturally take a drink. Therefore, I had no knowledge as to whether he was the sinner they said he was. I did not much care. I was interested in Roosevelt and the speech he was going to make which, I suspected and hoped, would tear the hide off of the hypocritical Republicans. I knew too well, and contemptuously, let me add, the booze-soaked gang that was opposing him.

But as I sat through the meal and saw him eat in succession fruit, a huge bowl of oatmeal, an enormous white fish and what looked like an oversized platterful of potatoes, all punctuated generously with toast and washed down with several cups of coffee, I concluded that the story of his excessive drinking was a canard. No man given to hang-overs could have surmounted such a breakfast, much less eaten it with zest. For one anxious moment, I thought that he was going to repeat the order.

The Colonel in Rare Form

It was a great meeting, with the colonel at his best, denouncing the political bosses and the big interests that were seeking to deny the rank and file of the Republican party the chance to nominate their own choice for President. This meeting determined the result in Illinois so far as the primary was concerned, but in the end, the money and influence of big business carried the day for Taft, and he was nominated for the job of going into the election and taking a good licking from Woodrow Wilson.

My enthusiasm for the job of winning with Roosevelt held over, and I believed that we held the balance of power in the country and that we could lick the Republican party again in 1916 as we had in 1912. I was confident that the G. O. P. could not survive it. But treachery was at work. George W. Perkins was getting ready to betray the party for his own advantage—but all of this has been written elsewhere and won't be gone into again.

Suffice it to say that in the 1916 convention, which was held in Chicago, although we took it away from Perkins and nominated Theodore Roosevelt as our candidate, we were really performing the last sad obsequies of the party. Roosevelt quit us cold. He gave the impression that he didn't want to waste much more time on us.

What an experience for one who had already collected too many cherished souvenirs of personal selfishness, questionable maneuvers, and political treachery! But what a priceless school for one who aspired to be the best hated man in America!

(To be concluded next week)

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WITHOUT JERKING

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Your swanky fountain pen is still a great little "looker," isn't it? And wasn't it a perfect performer the first few months you owned it! Then perhaps a kind of "creeping paralysis" set in, and soon your handsome pen rated not much higher as a writing instrument than the decrepit specimens found in some country postoffices.

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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. Follow label directions.

The Voice of Courage

Continued from page 31

sitting down, she developed the muscles necessary to carry her voice from that position. Fifteen months after the original attack, she was appearing on a nationwide radio program; a month later she gave a recital at Town Hall in New York.

The best way to prove that the present excitement about Lawrence is not mere sympathy is to quote Variety, a publication so severe that it would cut the throat of a dying comedian if his jokes fell flat: ". . The soprano has gained immeasurably in the two-year rest. One of the greats before, her voice has gained in freshness and purity of intonation, is tremendous in size and appealing in its richness and warmth."

Miss Lawrence's theories on sympathy are slightly complicated. She has been deeply touched by the expressions of good will she has had from everywhere, but she also knows what she has to do to get well.

"You don't get anywhere if you're sorry for yourself," she maintains hotly. "I've had to keep some of my best friends away because when they came in, they broke down and bawled. That just knocks me out."

YOUR INCOME TAX
M. Gibson
COLLIER'S
MARY GIBSON

The thing that might have been expected to knock her out was the fact that fate seemed to be against her. She already had an important position at the Met, but with the departure of Flagstad, the chance of being the top Wagnerian singer was open to her—and then *bang!*

"Did I have to fight that thought down!" cries Lawrence with a shudder.

The way she feels now, nothing is impossible and she resolutely believes that she will soon be doing all the great roles of opera again. Up to the time of her illness, her career had been sensational. She was born at Dean's Marsh (population 142), ninety miles from Melbourne, Australia, on her father's 2,500-acre sheep ranch.

To all those who imagine that Australia is a benighted outpost, populated exclusively by bushmen, kangaroos and exiled Englishmen, Lawrence retorts with a snort: "Singing there is like baseball here. They have competitions all over the lot. You win a small one, go on to a bigger one, and finally end up (if you're good) with top prize at the Nationals. I won that singing Annie Laurie and immediately popped off to Paris to startle the world. I've found Australian singers everywhere I've gone since."

After several years of study in Paris, she was signed by the Monte Carlo Opera, knocked them dead there, and was hired by the Paris Opera immediately. At twenty-five, she was singing the big Wagnerian roles and filling in with everything else. Her success was so great that she was brought over to the Met by Gatti-Casazza in his last year, 1935, went back to Paris again, sang at Bayreuth to German enthusiasm, had a season in South America, and then settled at the Metropolitan permanently.

She was the youngest star ever to sing Brünnehilde at the Paris Opera or at the Met and she added to the excitement of the affair by insisting on *riding* the horse into the flames instead of leading him in, as other faint-hearted divas had done before her. This added very little to the artistic success of the opera but pleased some vague bush-country pride of her own—and didn't make bad publicity copy.

"It caused almost as much stink as when I did Salome," she says.

The French found her Salome great stuff, and the Met brought it back into the repertory so that she could do it here. She is the only singer in history to do a complete repertory of the great French, Italian and German dramatic soprano roles while still in her twenties.

"A brain like a sponge," she says. "When I used to have mathematics in school, it never was a question of figuring anything out. I just memorized the whole book."

She has bronze-colored hair, just on the verge of being red; a most remarkable pair of bright eyes—and the aforementioned dimples and hilarious laugh. She speaks in a clipped style and has a tendency to make two words out of one. Of her illness, for example, she says, "It was a question of it get-ting me down or me get-ting it down."

A Lady of Determination

The chances of anybody discouraging her now are remote, and the possibility that false modesty might hold her back is also fantastic. When friends asked her to luncheon at a swanky restaurant in New York, she showed up in her wheel chair and proceeded from the front door to her table with all the aplomb of a Vanderbilt addressing a brakeman. She utterly cowed old dowagers who sought to reproach her by icy glances through lorgnettes.

"Who am I to be finicky?" she cried. "Sarah Bernhardt acted for years with a peg leg."

But this is not to say that she is inhuman about her troubles. When the customarily staid audience at the Metropolitan endeavored to knock the roof off with its bravos and stompings, it almost unnerved her.

"Say-y-y," she explains, "that place is my second home. If they still like me there, I'm all right."

She finds it no trouble at all to get around, and when anxious friends worry about her fate in taxis and trains, she scoffs.

"The worst that can happen to me has already happened," she says. "I get bounced into a cab and bounced out again. What's that?"

As a consequence, she has been appearing madly at benefits for hospitals and relief funds, and for service men's canteens. The only tough time she had was in Philadelphia where the canteen was in a cellar reached only by a long, narrow spiral stairway. There's a touch of awe in her voice when she mentions it.

"I didn't know that time whether I was going to land on my head or on my grand finale," she says ruefully.

What we started out to say was that the whole thing is an amazing story. Are there any disputes?

THE END

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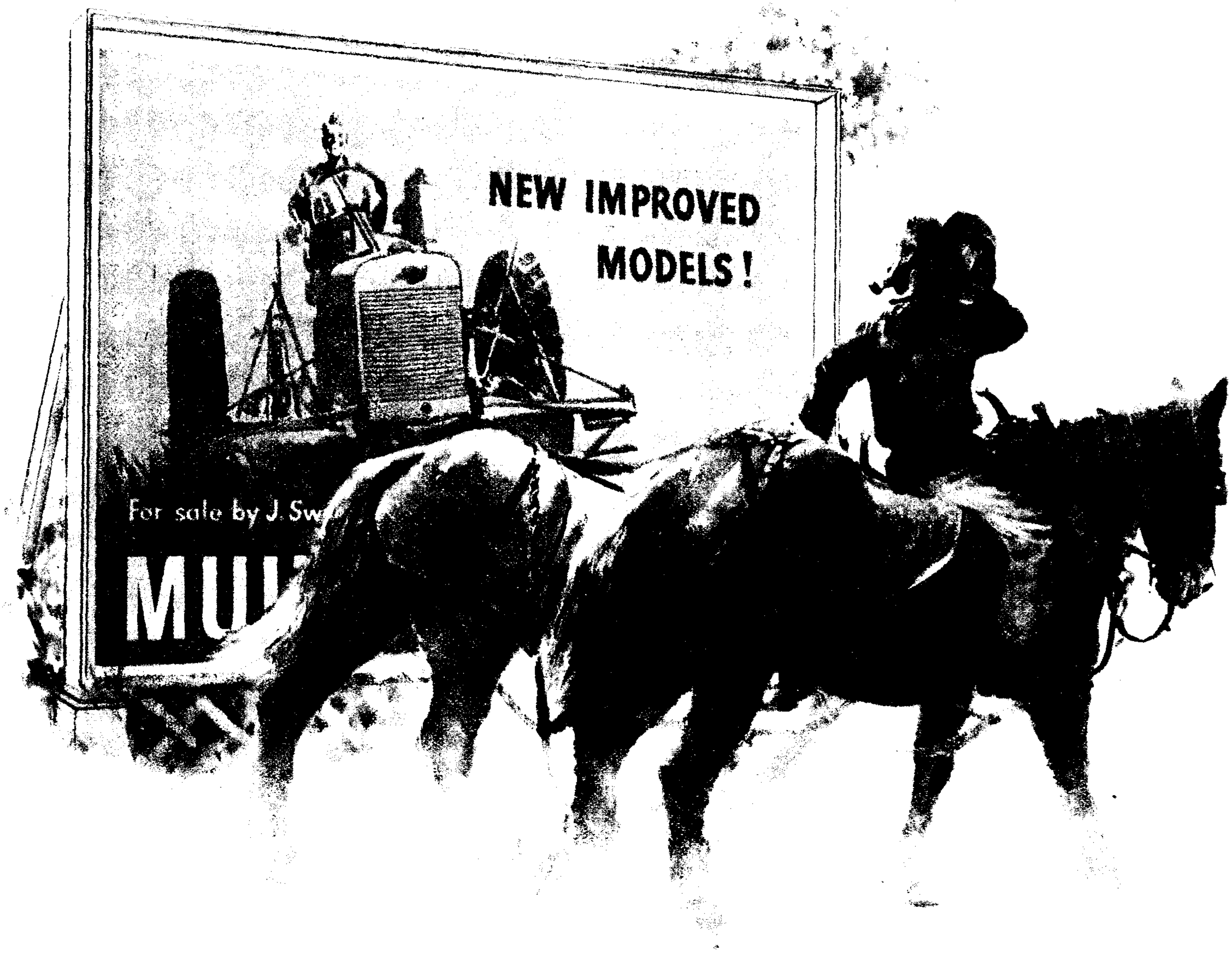

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BOLSHAYA, ROOM THREE

By HAROLD LAMB

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The American found some strangers in his old room in Rostov. They received him cordially—and made him the gift of his life

IT DOESN'T make sense," said the one with the newspaper, "and it can't make sense."

There were five of them, who had got off at the junction, to connect with the Washington train, which would have a diner on it. It was an hour and a half late. They were standing around smoking and mostly listening to the big guy who had been yelping about priorities. He had an afternoon edition of a Cincinnati paper.

"This kind of a communiqué gets my goat," he said. "There's a thousand miles of that Russian front, and a couple of million men stacked up on either side of it. All right. And what kind of a communiqué do those guys in Moscow hand us? *'At Stalingrad, two buildings were recaptured and a battalion of the enemy destroyed.'* Two buildings! Are they kidding us at Moscow, or are they covering up, with this talk of two buildings, in a global war?"

"They are not kidding us," said the man in the raincoat. He was a heavy, grayish chap, on the tired side and pretty close to fifty. His bag, an old one, had a flock of hotel labels nearly scraped off.

"If they're not," the big man retorted, "how does it make sense? They tell you any reasons over there?" he added sarcastically.

"No. But I saw something."

IT WAS in his room, on the third floor of the Bolshaya Hotel (he told them). His name was Shayne, and he had left this bag along with his papers in his room at the Bolshaya, which was the best hotel in Rostov-on-the-Don, early in the autumn of 1941.

The reason he had left the stuff behind was that he had gone up beyond Pyatigorsk toward the Hot Mountains to examine the mineral springs and salt beds there. He was practically camping out in the mountains, and since he didn't speak Russian he heard little of the war news, one way or the other. It was quiet enough around Pyatigorsk then.

Shayne, a chemist, carrying out a semiofficial inspection of the mineral formations there, north of the Caucasus, was one of the very few Americans left in the land of the Soviets at that time.

When he told the Intourist girl at Stalingrad that he wanted to go back for his stuff at Rostov, she said it would be difficult. She arranged his transportation, and she always said it was difficult.

"Why so, now?" he asked.

"The Germans are there, at Rostov."

Shayne thought that one over. "Boloney," he said. He hadn't heard of any Germans nearer than the Dnieper River, and he figured the girl was trying to get out of doing something for him, as usual. She was mad at him, anyway, because she had been recalled from some nursing unit to interpret for him.

Of course she only understood English the way it was written in grammars and Shayne had to explain what he meant by boloney.

"It is impossible now," she said, in her singsong way, "for you to go to Rostov."

"Impossible!" said Shayne. Nothing was impossible if you tackled it, and maybe took a chance. He'd never found anything impossible, in his life. This took a lot of explaining for Catherine to understand. He called her Catherine the Great for short, because he couldn't pronounce her Russian name.

"Impossible," said Catherine the Great thoughtfully. And she brightened up all at once. She had been worried, all the time, although Shayne knew it wasn't about him. Her thin face softened under its thatch of straw hair. She really looked pretty, then.

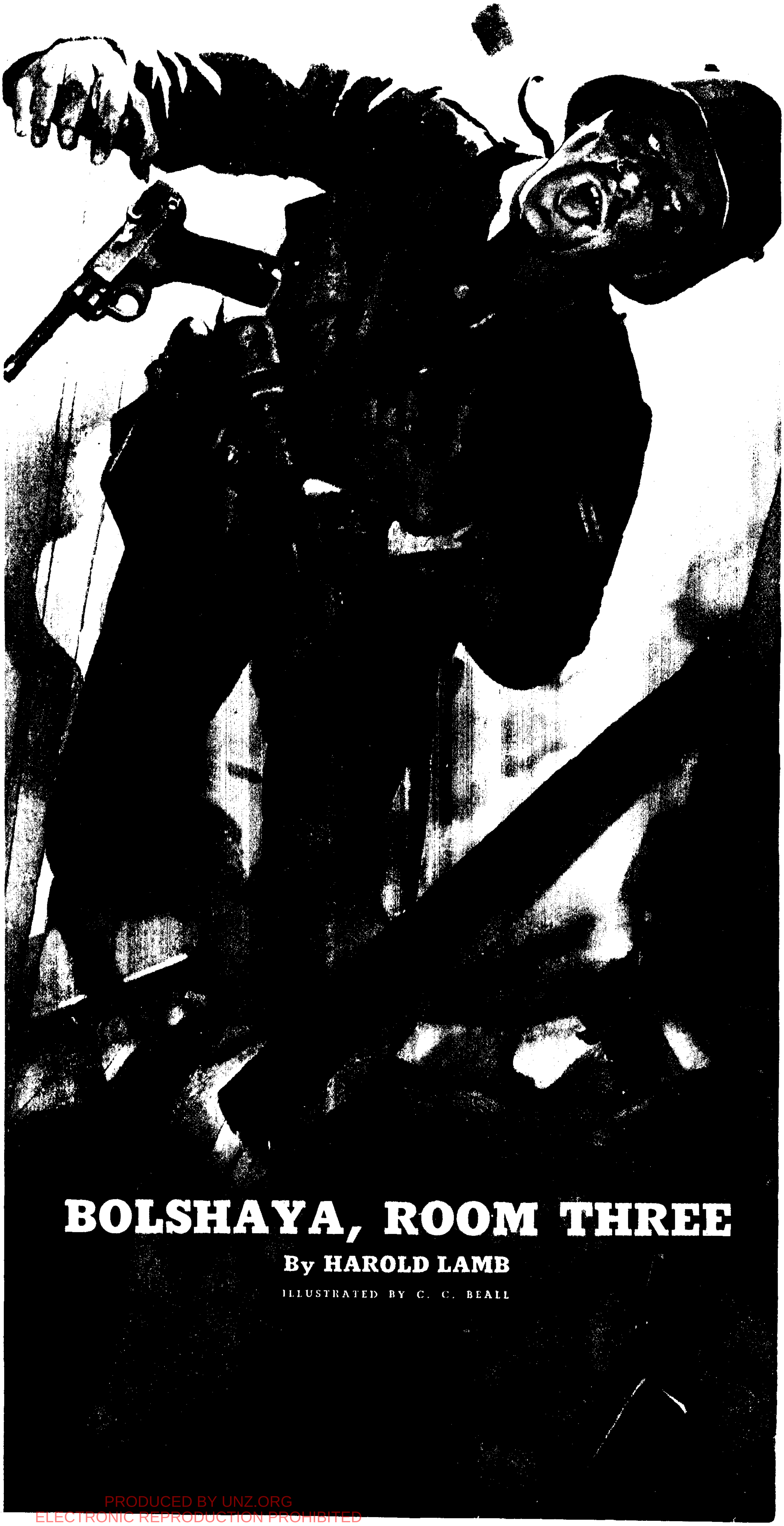
"You *want* to proceed?" she asked anxiously.

"I want those papers of mine."

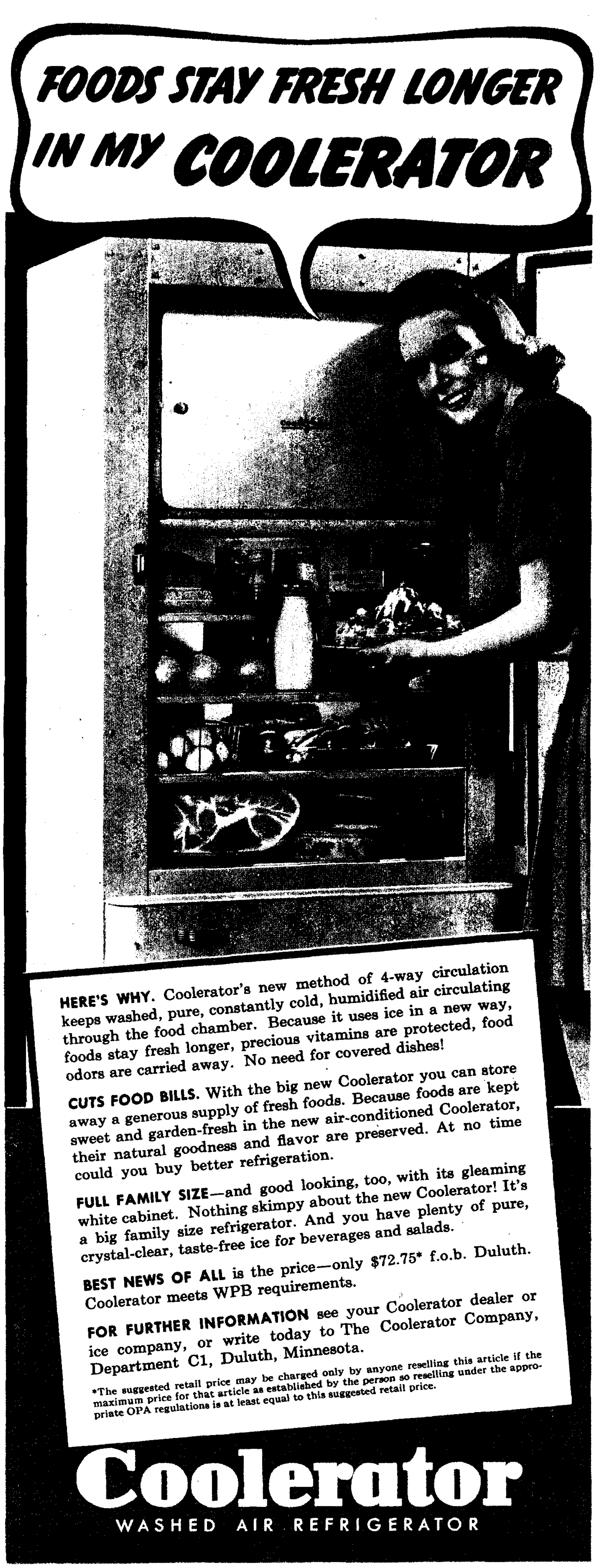
Just then Shayne's letters and notes and personal stuff seemed mighty important to him. This war was something new to him, and he hadn't had to leave any of his own personal stuff behind as yet. He wouldn't have lost those papers, left in a bureau drawer in his room for a million dollars. That was what he told Catherine.

"Papers—you mean documents?"

Shayne let her pick her own word for them. He forgot for a moment that to Catherine a word meant what



After the machine-gun fire, a figure holding a Luger pistol slumped out of the door of Room Two



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Coolerator

WASHED AIR REFRIGERATOR

it said it meant in the dictionary. The upshot of it was that she believed he had left important documents worth one million United States dollars in the bureau of Room Three of the Bolshaya Hotel, Prospekt Engelsa, Rostov-on-the-Don.

Something clicked in the mind of Catherine the Great, and she nodded. "We will go there," she said. Which was her way of saying okay, we'll roll.

MOST guys in America (Shayne commented) are forever wondering about these mysterious Russians. The trouble is, most of us are trying to think of some one brand of Russian, shaven or hairy—some genus Muscovite. We might just as well try to think of the kind of North American represented by a Navajo, a French-Canadian timberjack, an Iowa hog raiser, and a Los Angeles income-tax payer. Only Soviet Russia, having a lot more territory, has a lot more varieties than we have—a hundred and thirty or so. Shayne found the individual Russians easy enough to get on with, in their own locality, except that he couldn't talk to them.

Catherine, for instance, acted like any tough-minded high-school graduate, without stockings, and with only one dress she'd made herself out of a picture of New York fashions. She bummed his cigarettes, she quoted things out of books, and at times she went off into giggles for no reason at all. But she had something on her mind all the time.

On the train to Rostov she asked him what was the book of instructions in the United States about feeding and bringing up children. Shayne didn't know that one.

For the time being, Catherine was working, all out, to land him in Rostov. She got two places on the first category car on the train, although it was jammed with officers. She got smoked salmon and bread and preserved grapes, and plenty of hot *chai* for him to eat. She only tasted some of the grapes, when he made her.

When they left the train, Shayne saw an armored car sitting on the siding. Catherine argued, and got them two places in an auto, although the officers had to squeeze over for them. "I said," she told Shayne, "you have United States documents worth a million dollars waiting for you." She was very much excited. She kept looking around on both sides of the car, at the soldiers along the road, and there were plenty.

Shayne wasn't paying much attention to her, then, because he was listening. Along the sky line, he heard the growling of heavy guns, and he had not heard that since he was in the Argonne Forest in 1918. September and October, 1918.

Ahead of the car smoke or an autumn haze hid the city, which didn't seem to have many high buildings in it. Shayne felt a crawling in his legs and up the back of his neck. He could almost feel the weight of a pack on his shoulders. Those were heavy guns, and he thought the Jerries were in the city, all right.

THEY got out of the car at a row of houses on a paved street. Catherine kept asking the sentries for something that sounded like *Chigornik*, but no one seemed to know anything about that. They wanted Catherine and Shayne to turn back, only the girl argued fiercely, and got the two of them taken to a PC where a bunch of men without helmets sat by a telephone. Shayne could close his eyes and think he was back in a dugout PC near Montfaucon. It smelled just the same. Catherine did a lot of talking, and at last they paid attention to her.

"Now it is arranged for you to proceed," she explained to Shayne, "only I am prevented. I must stay here."

"Where is here?" he asked.

Catherine didn't want to say. She looked around and pointed at a truck, over on its side. It had burned. "Here," she said. Then she thought of something. Tearing off a bit of blank paper from the folded sheet she carried, she wrote something on it in Russian letters, which do not mean what they say. Finding a pin, she pinned the paper on Shayne's coat lapel.

"What's that for?" he asked. He was listening to heavy machine guns sounding off a mile or so away, and he was beginning to feel cold inside. In 1918 when you heard that, you weren't far from the front lines.

Catherine chewed her pencil. "It tells how you are Yamrican," she explained. "But you must not forget to come back *here*. I will wait."

When the officers noticed the paper on Shayne, they grinned. He wondered what was funny about being an American. For two bits he would have backed out of going for his stuff. But Catherine had made such a fight to get him up to the front, he hadn't the nerve to tell her it was off. She seemed pleased with him, too.

"You will have a guide," she said happily. "And soon they will send someone who can speak English. Only be sure please, to speak good English, the way I do, or he will not understand."

"Okay, sister," said Shayne, listening to trucks rumble by. His throat choked him, and his knees ached.

A big guy carrying two helmets and gas masks came up. He had an automatic pistol and a flashlight on him, and he gave Shayne one tin hat and gas mask. He had a crooked nose and he laughed when he spotted the writing on Shayne's coat.

"Call him Kunak," Catherine told Shayne, "and do what he says."

Kunak smelled like a garage and a sewer plant in one. He took Shayne around behind the wrecked truck where a manhole was open in the street. A ladder led down into a big sewer.

"Da," said Kunak and went down the ladder, motioning for Shayne to follow.

DOWN in the drain, they had to crouch, and pretty soon the gas got so bad they put on the masks. It wasn't chemical gas, but ordinary illuminating gas from broken mains somewhere. Shayne kept slipping, what with the muck underfoot and the darkness. Kunak was so sparing of the battery in the torch, he only turned it on when he fell over something. Shayne figured they were heading toward the center of the city. Once he felt and heard a building cave in over him. They kept going for a long time, until Kunak stopped and flashed the light on the side of the sewer.

He flashed it three times, and Shayne saw a hole dug in the side, leading up. Through this crawl hole he followed Kunak up a slant to a place where the light was gray and he could stand up. Someone took off his mask. He looked around and discovered that he was in the lobby of the Bolshaya Hotel.

It hardly looked like the place he had left a month before. A dozen soldiers sat around on sacks and boxes, some of them watching him, some asleep. Blankets were hung across the windows, and most of the furniture was piled against the front door. A light machine gun stuck out of the porter's counter.

He didn't have a chance to notice much more because Kunak talked to the guys nearest him, and they all came up to stare at Catherine's writing on the paper on his coat. They grinned when they read it.

"What's so funny?" Shayne demanded, feeling sore. No one answered. Evidently the man who could speak English like Catherine wasn't there. And Shayne felt more than sore. The climb through the sewer and the silence of the lobby where the men padded about without scraping their feet worked on him. He wanted to get out of there quick. He started for the stairway, to get his stuff down from the third floor, and move out.

Kunak caught his arm, and said, *"Niet!"* which meant no dice. So Shayne indicated by signs that he wanted to go up to the third floor. Kunak nodded. That was jake with him.

Instead of using the stairs, he slid the door of the elevator shaft open. The elevator wasn't working, but Kunak began to climb up on a ladder, and Shayne followed. When they came to the third floor, the door was open. Kunak said something that sounded like *Chigornik,* and pushed his snout out, before climbing out to the landing floor and motioning for Shayne to be quiet.

The first thing Shayne noticed on the landing was a light machine gun behind a parapet of sandbags in the dark corner where the stairs led down. Two men squatted behind that machine gun, and they weren't asleep.

THEN he saw, hanging up on the post where the stair came down, a bunch of grenades. The light being bad he couldn't be sure, but he thought he spotted a trip wire across the steps running up to the grenades and he began to understand why the stairway was no safe thoroughfare. But he couldn't understand all this hush-hush. When he started to crawl toward the door of Number Three, which had been his room, in the center of the landing, Kunak stopped him again. The big guy made Shayne crawl into Number Four, which was the next room, and in the corner—there being three bedrooms on that side of the hotel.

Number Four had the furniture all pushed against the walls, and the windows draped with blankets. Shayne noticed some odd-looking equipment stacked around handy—pickaxes and rope, ammunition boxes and an artificial arm draped in a sleeve, the hand being covered with a glove. There was also a big box of hand grenades but not a rifle anywhere.

A soldier at a loophole had a machine gun, and another man sleeping on the bed had what looked like a long spear. Shayne spotted another loophole, where two bricks had been removed, and he went to look out of it.

Since the Bolshaya was the last building in the block, he had a pretty good view of the street and intersection. It was empty. Across from him most of the windows were boarded up, or otherwise covered. The two doors of the office building opposite stood open. But nobody moved across the way.

This silence of the street worried Shayne. It didn't make sense. A soldier stepped close behind him, and began to talk. What he said sounded familiar, and Shayne recognized Catherine's brand of English: "You-are-Yamrican. I-am-first-category-basic-English-speaker."

The basic English speaker had two gold teeth where they showed up well, and he breathed heavily as if he had been hurrying. Also he had traces of the sewer on him. "You-discover-documents?" he asked.

Shayne started to explain that they were in the next room, when the basic English expert motioned him to be quiet.

"Gairmans over there laterally," he pointed across the street. Then he pointed overhead. "Gairmans situated vertically up roof."

Shayne looked at him. The English-speaking soldier was not kidding. He explained that some of the enemy held the roof and had worked their way down to the floor above last night. While he was talking, the street below burst into an uproar.

Bullets spattered across the Bolshaya's façade like wind-driven hail, and Shayne tried to take a look out of the loophole. From some of the windows opposite cross fire was searching the apertures in the hotel. Also the street below was full of smoke. It came from burning oil drums that Shayne hadn't noticed before.

Through this smoke screen he sighted the running figures. They were coming like a backfield in motion, keeping low, from the two open doors across the way. They were rushing the Bolshaya entrance under a solid stream of fire about four feet above the pavement.

Bullets beat across the loophole, and Shayne ducked. He sat down against the wall, the way he used to back up against a parapet, and he thought: Why, those guys are Jerries, and where they are heading in is the Bolshaya Hotel.

He listened carefully, to try to figure out what was happening below, but the overall racket pounded at his ears. Presently it stopped, not gradually but all at once. He waited, and the other guys were quiet. "What happened?" he asked the basic English talker.

A tall Soviet soldier stepped into the room. He was young, and looked like a farmhand. He had field glasses slung short at his neck and he gripped a grenade in each hand. Whether he was an officer or not Shayne couldn't tell, but the others perked up when they saw him.

"Chigornik," said Kunak, and patted the tall man's shoulder.

Chigornik beckoned them over, and they went into a huddle like a team. The English speaker explained to Shayne: "What happened is not good. The Gairmans now occupy the street floor."

Shayne figured on this a moment. His crowd was cut off from the roof and from the underground sewer. As for climbing out of a window, that would be the perfect way to commit suicide. When Shayne figured up his chances of getting out, he decided they were nil. The soldier seemed to think so, too, because he said regretfully, "They have too many fire implements."

It seemed to Shayne that Chigornik ought to be thinking about how to surrender. He had eight men in the hall and one room, with only two light quick-firers, and he was completely enveloped by a flock of Germans with plenty of equipment.

Wiping the sweat out of his eyes, Chigornik proceeded to act unexpectedly. He pulled the water drum away from the wall, and Shayne saw that a hole had been cut through the partition into Room Three. It was down at the floor, a man-sized mousehole.

For a moment Chigornik listened at the hole, then he squinted through it. Getting the artificial arm with the gloved hand, he shoved that into the mousehole. Nothing happened.

QUICKLY the tall boy crawled through the hole into Shayne's old room. Another soldier followed. Then Shayne's mouthpiece nudged him. "Now you go and recapture the documents and million dollars."

Shayne swore to himself. But he eased himself through the mousehole. His room looked pretty much the way it had when he left it. Only Chigornik was lying on his back on the rug watching the ceiling with great interest, while the other soldier squinted through a second mousehole dug in the farther wall. Shayne thought that these fellows had been careful to fix up this whole floor in case they had to defend it. And he understood why they watched the ceiling. If a German opened up an eyehole anywhere in that ceiling and sighted them, they would collect a burst of bullets. Because a slug of any kind would go through those flimsy partitions and floors.

He heard things moving above, very faintly. Chigornik had a pistol but he didn't take a crack at the ceiling with it. And Shayne knew why. Two shots, and the men on the floor over them would catch on to the angle the fire was coming from, and would loose off with their own

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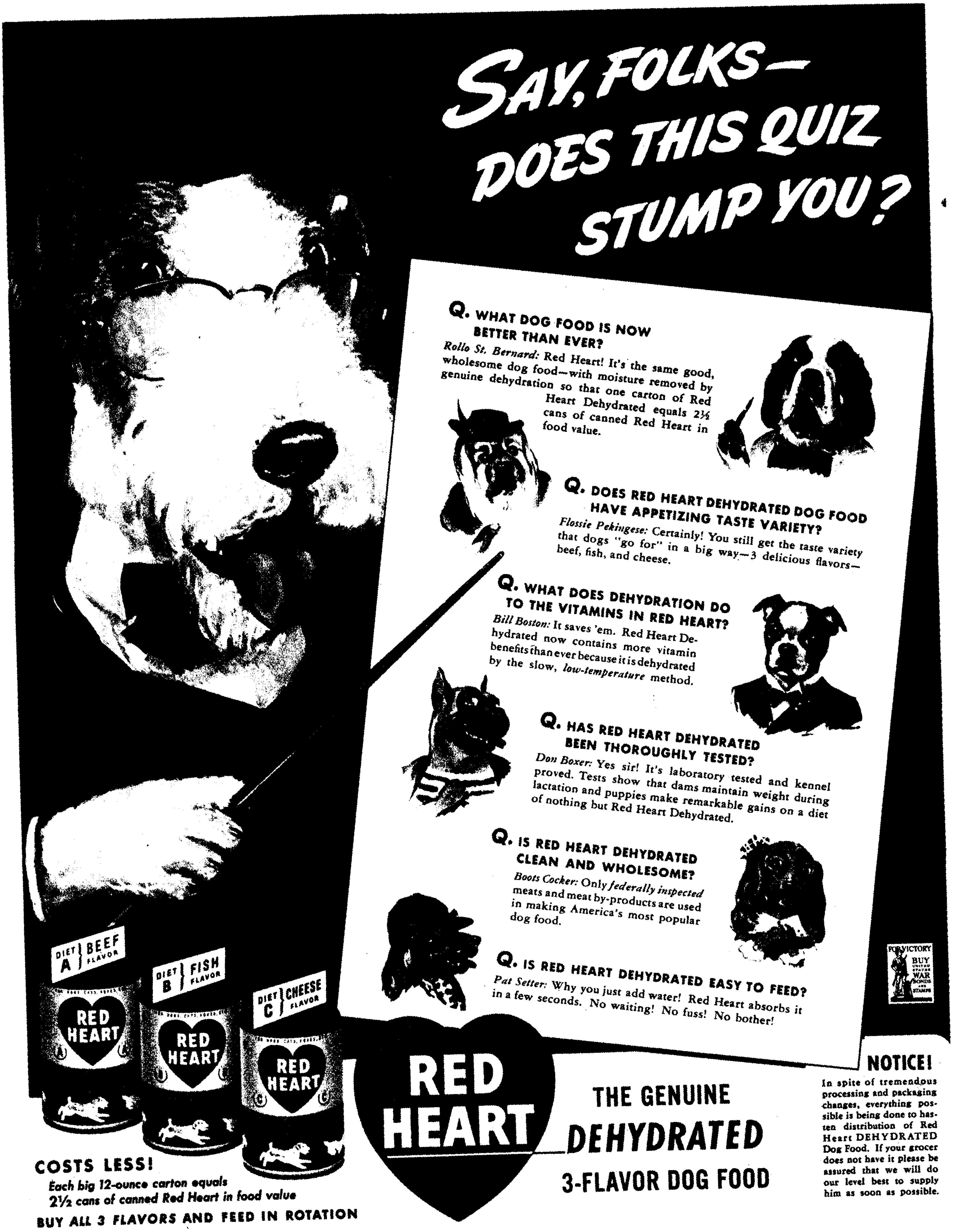

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stuff. Apparently they were still guessing where the Soviet guys were.

It was a case of spotting your enemy, in this room-to-room kind of warfare, and then beating him to the trigger. The only thing that cheered Shayne any was that Chigornik and his squad mates seemed to know their way around . . . he reflected that it must mean as much to the Jerries to clear this hotel at the end of the street as for the Russkys to hold the outlet of their sewer main.

Chigornik was looking at him and talking. From the mousehole behind them the English speaker interpreted: "He says, where is the young woman who wrote that?"

Shayne was puzzled for a moment. Then he remembered Catherine's paper pinned on him. "At the other end of the sewer," he explained.

When Chigornik heard that, he smiled and patted Shayne's shoulder.

And then the Germans above cut loose with their stuff. Shayne only heard the blast of fire, and saw plaster dust cascade down. He got back through the mousehole so fast he didn't feel himself move. And he got to his feet still alive, before he realized that the German fire was traversing Room Three from two angles—oblique fire.

Chigornik crawled after him, bleeding down one trouser leg. The other guy didn't follow, and Shayne knew he was dead. Under that cross fire from above anything in Room Three would be dead by now. The Germans must have been squatting above the two end rooms and angling their fire into Shayne's old room.

THEN the firing let up. Chigornik, limping, shoved the water drum over against the mousehole opening. Then he just stood there listening, watching the ceiling. Shayne held his breath until his eardrums roared. Not one of the Russians moved or said anything.

When Shayne could hear things again, he was sure that men were moving close to them. Nothing came through distinct, but wood creaked as if a weight were put on it. He thought the sounds came from their level, too, and that meant the men were in the next room.

The sweat dripped from his chin while he tried to hold his breath and listen. He thought: A whole platoon of Jerries may be six feet away with automatic weapons.

No man's nerves could stand this kind of waiting. Here he was with the four Russians, waiting like clay pigeons to be busted by the machine guns. It was a certain bet that the Jerries would traverse this last room with bullets before trying to break in—

"For Pete's sake," he muttered, "open up before they do."

Chigornik didn't understand. He touched the American's arm, and pointed at the door. It was open. He shoved Shayne toward it, motioning for him to be quiet.

Moving one foot at a time, Shayne made his way out the door. He remembered how he had once moved up to Montfaucon in the night, walking over solid ground lighted by shell bursts here and there, with a rifle in his hands. And here on the third floor of the Bolshaya he wished he were back at Montfaucon.

It was quiet enough in the hall, with those two Russians still crouched over their machine gun, behind the sandbags. Probably with the stairs mined two ways and all, neither side was making any attempt to rush the halls. Shayne climbed in behind the sandbags.

He could breathe easier there, but he felt like a man blindfolded waiting for a rifle squad to execute him, backed up against a wall. Through the door he saw the Russians in Room Four huddled around Chigornik as if he were calling off a new signal. They separated, climbing up silently on the bureau, the table and bed.

Shayne prayed that they would open up with their machine gun and pistols. They crouched motionless as listening animals—Chigornik's eyes shifting, his face pinched and hard. He was on the bureau beside the mousehole. Leaning down, he gripped the top of the water drum and slid the thing back a little from the hole. Shayne thought: *He can't be going in there—*

The crash of the firing made Shayne yell. Plaster dust puffed out of the wall around Chigornik, and splinters shot up from the furniture. The beat of the bullets was only a few inches above the floor. The Germans were traversing very low, to dispose of anyone lying or standing on the floor. Only the Russians weren't there.

Kunak was hit by a ricochet, and shots tore into the sandbags in front of Shayne. Then the blast of fire stopped. A haze of dust filled Room Four. Water spurted from holes in the pierced drum.

As Shayne watched, that drum began to move, an inch or so. Someone inside the hole was moving it. Simultaneously, Chigornik shifted his hands. He held a grenade, and he pulled the lever.

"One . . . two . . . three," Shayne counted, his eyes on the grenade. Again the drum moved, and the big Russian swung his arm down, slipping the grenade back of the water drum, through the mousehole. "Seven . . . eight," Shayne counted. And the grenade exploded in the other room. Immediately Chigornik bowled another through the hole and it cracked off.

Metal clashed and a voice whined somewhere in Room Three. Then the machine gun beside Shayne jumped into life, its roar filling the hall. Down the hall, a figure holding a Luger pistol slumped out of the door of Room Two, the door swinging open under pressure of the man's body falling.

From the door by Shayne, Kunak crawled, a grenade in his hand. Pressing close to the wall, he scrambled to the body of the German. The machine gun kept up its chatter over his head, until he swung his right arm wide, flipping the grenade into the end room. When it crashed he made a sign, and the gun quit firing.

Kunak listened for a moment, then carefully picked up the Luger. He seemed to know how to work it. Putting his helmet on the end of it, he edged it into the open door. When nothing happened he put the tin hat back on his head, and looked into the door. He beckoned to the other Russians.

The Jerries weren't doing any more fighting on the third floor of the Bolshaya. Most of them were killed. Shayne saw how they had come into the room down the hall, by a rope ladder from the roof, through a window.

THE basic English speaker looked over the prisoners curiously. "They must be new men—they were impatient. They allowed us to ascertain their position before they discovered ours. Is position the right word?"

"Yes," said Shayne.

"You were not impatient. You waited."

"Yes," said Shayne. He thought how the Russians had waited out the others. They were pleased because they had some good weapons now, and it was growing dark.

When it was really dark, he heard action down on the street floor, but that seemed far off. He sat in the hall with Chigornik. He felt numb. But the wounded Russian was patiently investigating the mechanism of a captured pistol by touch.

Hardly had Shayne noticed that the third floor of the Bolshaya Hotel was quiet when he heard three quiet raps that seemed to come from the floor. Chigornik whispered something, and an answer came. Then figures climbed out of the elevator shaft.

They were Russians, and they had surprised and recaptured the ground floor of the Bolshaya—through the sewer. Now they were relieving Chigornik and the injured Kunak.

When Kunak was ready to go down the ladders, he carried a small heavy bag, which he gave to Shayne.

"The documents and the million dollars," the English speaker explained, "deposited safe in bureau." Shayne had forgotten about his bag.

Carrying it back, through the sewer, he heard Chigornik whistling behind him. The young Russian kept within reach of the American, following him out past the burned truck to the PC with its candle and telephone.

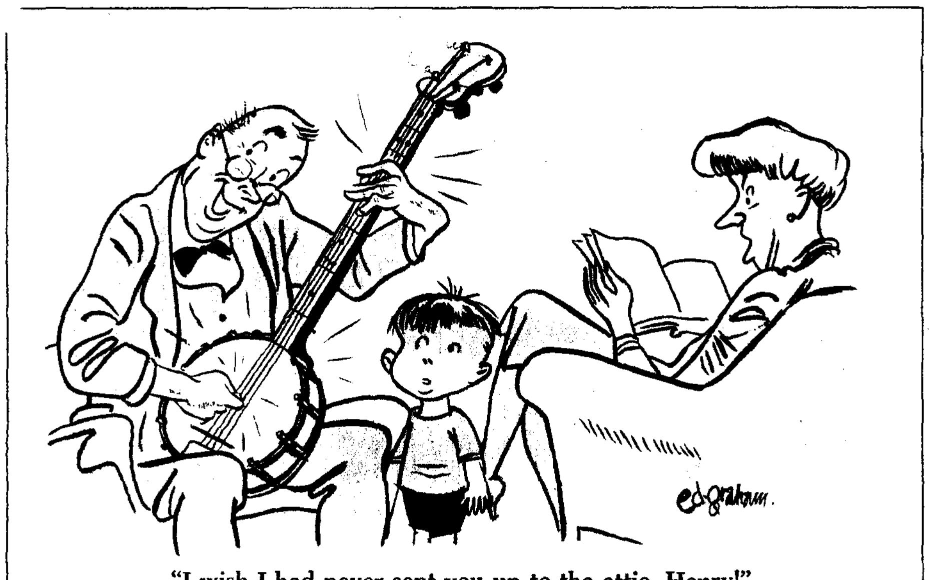
But Chigornik didn't report at once to the officers. He looked around, until he found Catherine the Great asleep on a bench. He looked at her a moment, smiling. Then he picked her up in his arms and she woke with a start. When she saw his face she reached up her hand and touched it as if afraid she were dreaming. All of a sudden happiness flooded her.

Behind Chigornik she saw Shayne, with his bag. "He is my husband," she told Shayne. "I knew he was with the Rostov forces, but I thought it would be impossible to see him."

She hugged Chigornik. "But then," she explained in her schoolgirl English, "you stated that nothing was impossible if I kept trying and took a chance. So I came as far as I could, and then I wrote my name on you."

RUSSIAN girls, Shayne said, were pretty much like any others. The big man who had been reading the Moscow communiqué folded away his paper. "That was one floor," he said, "and how many men? Eight or ten? Well, two buildings and a battalion must have been something."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I wish I had never sent you up to the attic, Henry!" ED GRAHAM

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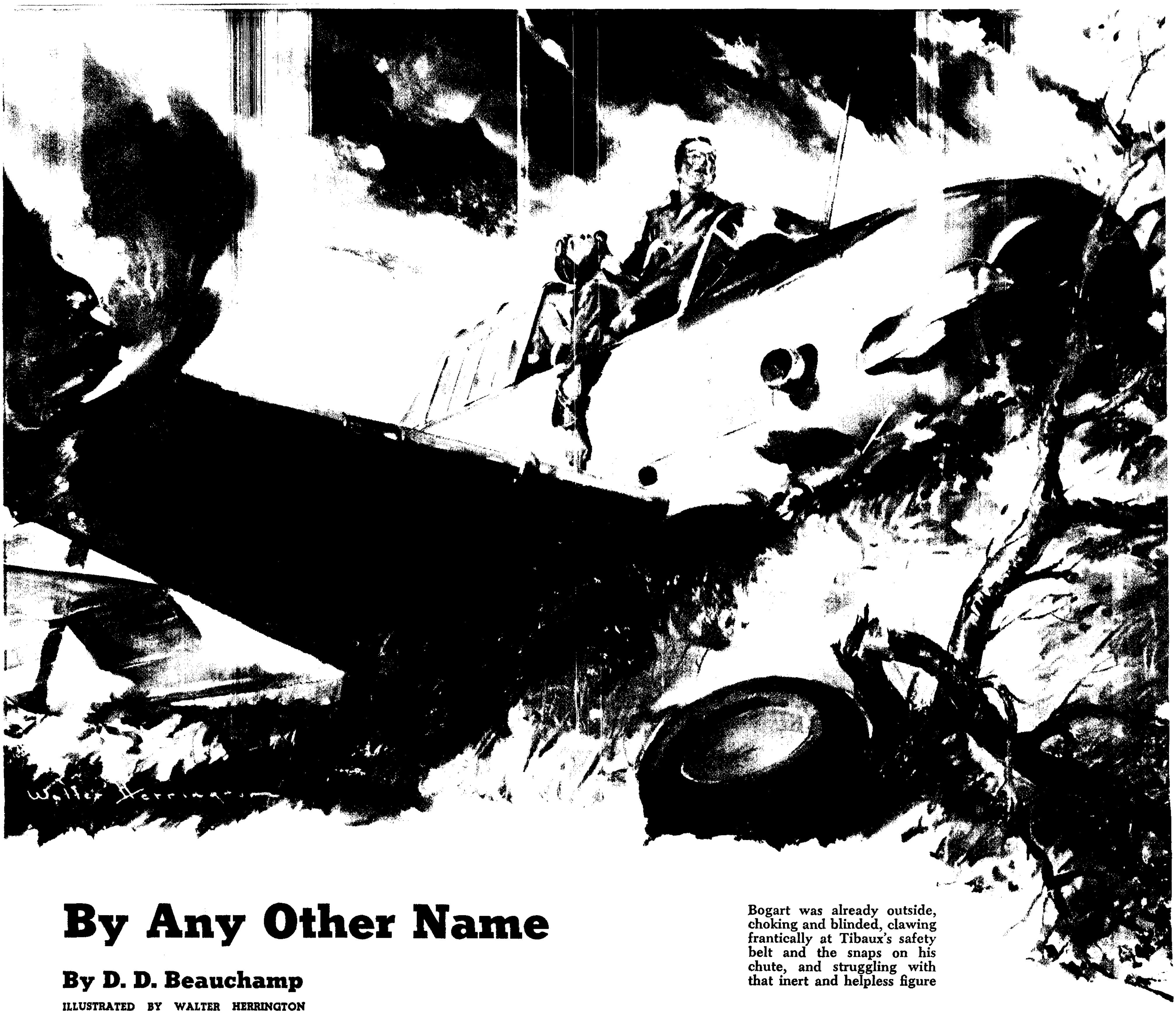

Bogart was already outside, choking and blinded, clawing frantically at Tibaux's safety belt and the snaps on his chute, and struggling with that inert and helpless figure

By Any Other Name

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

Tibaux wondered if Bogart had flown before. A knockout answered his question

THERE was nothing about him to distinguish him outwardly from the rest of them, except possibly that his face looked a little older, a little more finely drawn. Aside from that, he was merely a member of a group, assembled in the same manner and for the same purpose as the rest. Private Umpteen-something-or-other, Air Force Enlisted Reserve, a cadet flier under the C.A.A. War Pilot Training Program.

He was of medium height and medium build, dark skinned and black haired, with alert, steady eyes, and a nose that was not too obviously broken. His name on his enlistment papers and on his identification card was James Edward Martin. The name belonged to him no more than did eight of his front teeth, which he had lost originally by banging his face into the instrument panel of a cracked-up plane. The teeth in their turn were no more false than the birth certificate he had presented for induction into the Army, or the statement he had made on his application—Previous flying experience: None.

His real name was John Wesley Bogart. He was thirty-four years old, and for seventeen of those thirty-four years he had been a flier. He had four thousand and some-odd hours in his log book, an instrument rating, an instructor's rating, and an aircraft rating: 65 to 1,250 h.p., single-motored land and sea. Those little mementos of his past he had built into a small and brisk bonfire a month before, at approximately the same time he had shaved his mustache and adopted the name of Martin.

The reason for being where he was and for having done the things he had done was extremely simple. It lay in his C.A.A. record, a concise and impersonal account. There were a number of minor offenses listed, several temporary suspensions, and finally a permanent revocation of his license. All together, it meant simply that if he wanted to fly with any official sanction, he had to start from scratch under a new name. He wanted very much to fly.

He had been enrolled in the school for two weeks and so far, he considered, he had been lucky. Bad weather had kept them grounded, and it was easy enough to fake ignorance in ground school. The part that scared him was the flying. There were a thousand and one instinctive and mechanical motions he might make in a plane that would betray him to a smart instructor, and the instructor he had drawn was smart.

Bogart had not made the mistake of underestimating him. His name was Tibaux. He was in his late twenties, Bogart estimated, rather tall and loosely hung together, and deceptively slow in his actions and his speech. He doesn't miss much, though, Bogart thought. I'll have to watch my step.

His first flight proved to him that his estimate had been right. He had made two mistakes, neither of which was significant, and both of which Tibaux noticed. The first was after they had taken off and Tibaux, seated in front of him, turned the controls over to him. Bogart set his feet on the rudders and took the stick in his right hand loosely, almost delicately, feeling the even balance of the plane under him, turning his head from side to side in an alert watchfulness for other ships and checking the altitude of his plane by the wing tips. He had flown thus for perhaps two minutes before he caught Tibaux's eye in the rear-vision mirror. Tibaux was smiling, a knowing and suspicious look on his face.

Number one, Bogart thought. He tightened his hand convulsively on the stick.

Promptly he heard Tibaux's voice coming back to him over the steady drone of the motor: "Don't choke it. It won't bite. Let the plane fly itself. It can fly better than you can. Or maybe I should say it can fly better than a beginner."

Bogart did not answer him.

The second mistake he had made after they had taxied up from the runway to the hangar. Bogart cut the switch and instinctively jammed the throttle full on to choke the convulsive preignition firing of the motor, and again he caught Tibaux's face in the mirror, smiling and suspicious.

That's the second one in forty minutes, Bogart thought. I'll have to do better.

He unfastened his safety belt and crawled out through the door. Tibaux was waiting for him.

"No previous flying experience?" Tibaux asked.

"No, sir," Bogart answered. "That is, no instruction. I've been up quite a bit."

Later, while he was sitting at the desk

(Continued on page 70)

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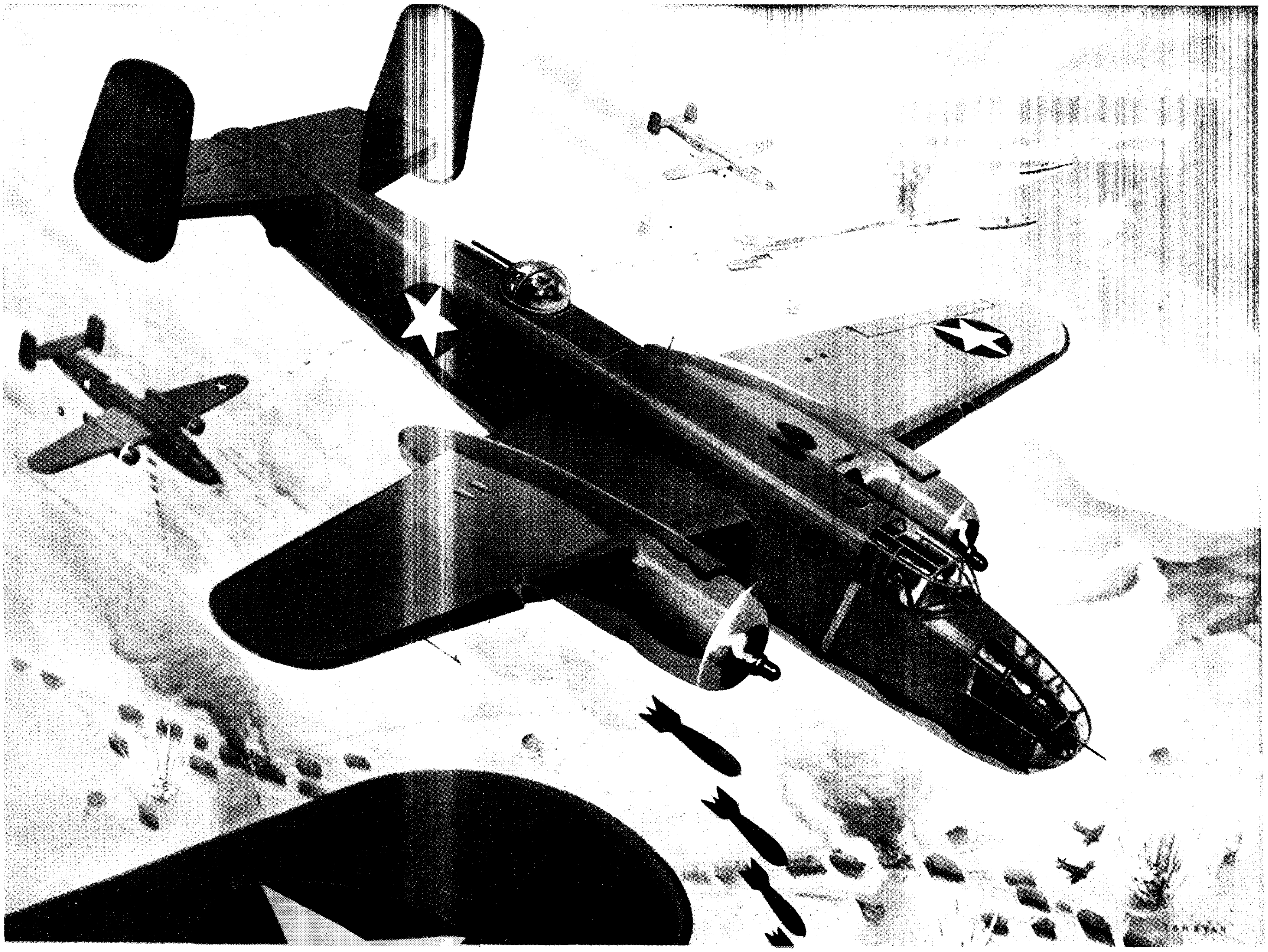

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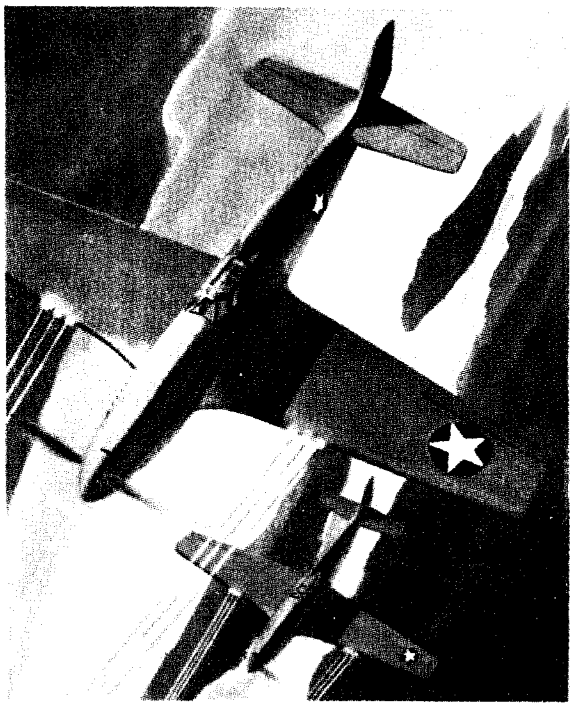

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ARMY E NAVY

NORTH AMERICAN *Sets the Pace!*

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

THROWN together in the German army, during the first World War, Alois Pranner, a magician, and Oscar Lautensack, an unscrupulous mind reader and clairvoyant, form a team that entertains soldier audiences—far behind the fighting front.

Years later—in 1931—the two men are living in Munich. Oscar is desperately poor. Hans (or Hannsjörg), the clairvoyant's brother, a murderer who has just been released from prison, comes to Munich. Meeting him, Oscar is astounded by his obvious prosperity. The answer, says Hans, is simple: He has become a Nazi; a good "Party man," he need not worry about money! . . . Oscar meets Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer is strongly attracted to him. This delights Hans, who formulates an interesting plan.

Oscar is to go to Berlin and there win the friendship and confidence of a powerful woman Nazi, the Baroness von Trettnow; he is to use her to feather the two brothers' nests. He is to do the same thing with—*Adolf Hitler!* He is to become the Fuehrer's leading adviser!

Oscar endorses the idea. He tears up the contract for a book (which he has promised a friend to write) and goes to Berlin. He is accompanied by Alois Pranner, a helpful confederate.

In Berlin, he makes progress quickly. Baroness von Trettnow is tremendously impressed by his hypnotic personality. When she begins to hint that she may help him financially, he knows that the fish is hooked. He pretends, however, that money does not interest him.

Supported by Party funds (supplied by Hans), he purchases an elaborate wardrobe. He hires a servant—Ali, an Arab. He hires a secretary. Then—known as the editor of Germany's Star (a magazine devoted to racial studies and occultism)—he begins operations in earnest.

First, he astounds a small audience composed of prominent Nazis and their wives, by an exhibition of mind reading (good guessing, plus hypnotism and telepathy). Then, having registered with some of the people who really count, he sets forth to find a woman who can take his dictation. He finds just the person he wants in Käthe Severin, a public stenographer. "I think," he says slowly, after testing her dictation in her office, "we'll be working together often." Then: "Do you know who I am?" The woman shakes her head. "All the better, all the better," Oscar says, with slightly forced good humor.

III

ON THE evening of that same day Dr. Paul Cramer sat in the little apartment which he shared with Käthe, smoked his pipe, and waited for supper. His thoughts went to and from between the piece of writing at which he was currently working and Käthe who was preparing the evening meal.

The article on which he was engaged was difficult. It dealt with the question whether it was only external circumstances that made the Germans so receptive to National Socialism, or whether the cause lay in their character. To maintain an attitude of detachment in such an article was an extremely ticklish business.

Paul sniffed the fragrance from the kitchen. How much happier he felt since he was living with Käthe. They had had to earn their new existence together the hard way. Käthe's father, Severin, judge of a district court, could not abide him, Paul, his stepson, the half-Jew.

Paul knocked out his pipe. He would be careful not to spoil his relation with Käthe. As soon as they approached a difficult topic, he would simply control himself and severely hold his tongue. He had wrangled with her often enough about National Socialism. Her opinions were determined by her not very happy external circumstances. It was senseless to oppose emotions with reasonable arguments. One had to wait until she changed of her own accord.

Now she was bringing the soup. Paul ladled it up with enjoyment.

Käthe was waiting to tell him about the peculiar stranger. Finally she found the right moment. He recognized at once from her description who the man was. The notorious Oscar Lautensack, no doubt about it.

"You've netted a beautiful specimen there for your collection of Nazi types," he said with an amused smile. "Your Reich, your coming millennium, has at least one blessing. It allows a fellow like that to run around at liberty and make it possible for you to earn eight marks. Five years ago they would have popped this Oscar Lautensack in jail for fraud. Today he's sacred and can do all the mischief he likes."

Käthe had been burning to tell Paul about the stranger. She was accustomed to talk her affairs over with him. They had grown up together and had always shared good news and bad, and there had been plenty of both. So she was all the more disappointed that he disposed of her encounter with Lautensack in such contemptuous words. It was a shame; as soon as politics came up, they no longer understood each other. Now his intolerance had also spoiled her joy in her new client. . . .

Three days later the stranger appeared at Käthe's office again. "I'm glad you came back, Herr Lautensack," she greeted him, her face beaming.

"So now you know who I am?" he said. Käthe nodded.

He settled himself as if he had been there any number of times and began to dictate a reworking of the material he had composed on the last occasion. But whereas Paul would work at just such revisions with obvious love, not tolerating one sentence which did not fit the thought exactly, this Oscar Lautensack was completely unsuccessful in finding the proper, smoothly fitting words. The longer he tortured himself, the vaguer his sentences became. With a rough gesture, in the middle of a sentence, he interrupted himself and dropped his attempt.

He paced up and down the little room and filled it with big words. He spoke about the second essay which he was going to dictate, explained how his gift was a blessing, but also a heavy burden. Käthe felt that he was not really speaking to her, but to himself; obviously he needed another's presence to let his thoughts become words.

In two or three days, he declared, as he took his leave, he would dictate the article. Then, in the doorway, he asked whether she also worked outside of the office. In his own house, in a familiar surrounding, the work would come more easily to a man of his type.

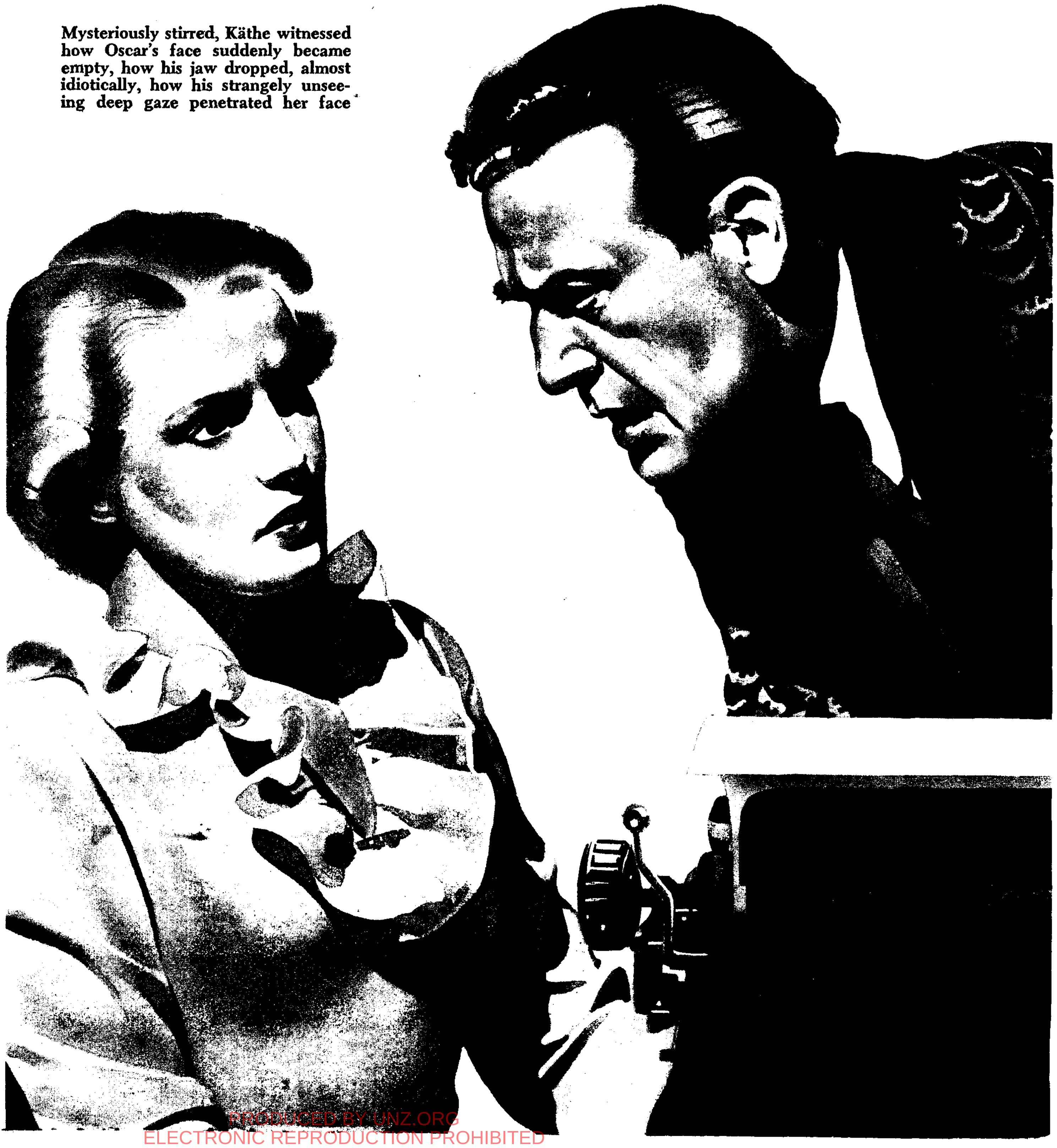
A DEEP joy filled Käthe, and a slight fear. She felt attracted to this man who extended his invitation to her; but warningly, from a distance, the scornful sentences that Paul had spoken rang in her ears. As if he felt her doubts, Oscar Lautensack went on: "Look, Fräulein Severin, I have a regular secretary. But I don't wish to dictate to him the things that come from the depth of my being. I want to work on such things with a person in whom I find understanding."

"When shall I come?" she asked.

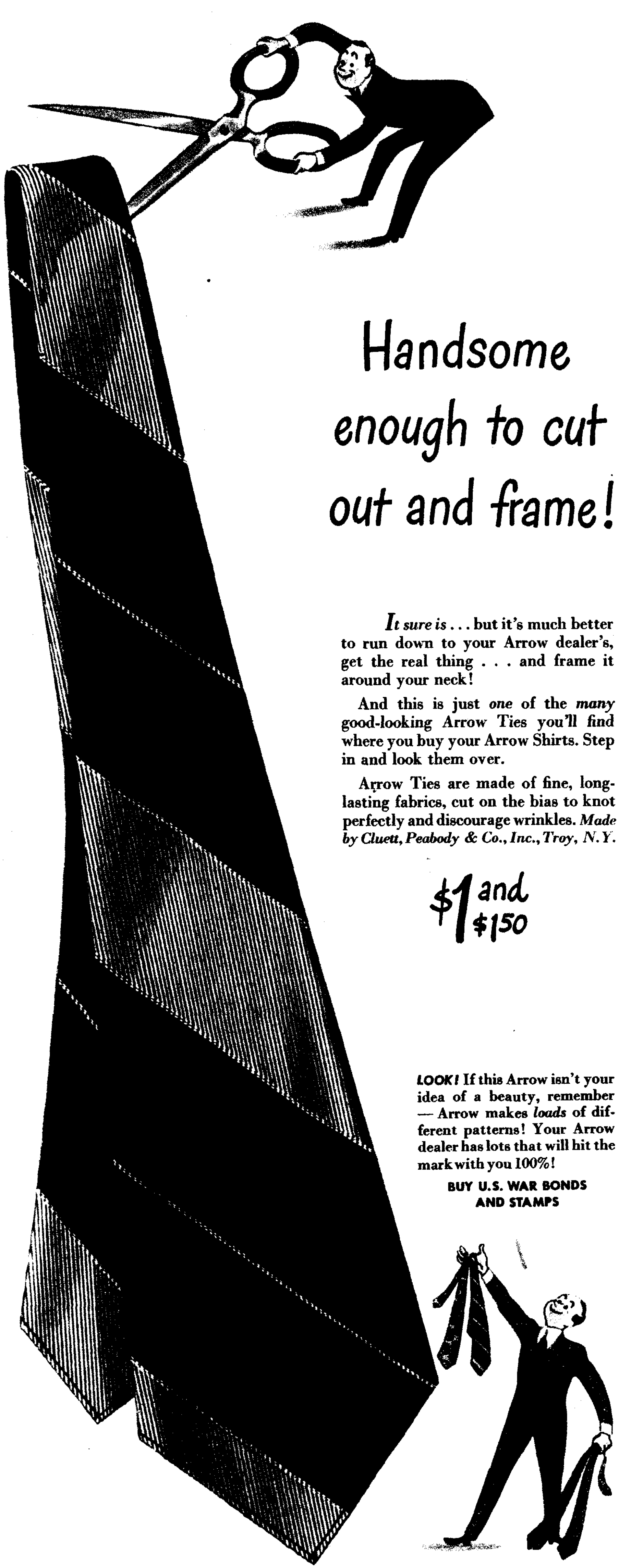
"Tomorrow," he would have liked to answer. But he controlled himself and told her to come three days hence.

During those three days he was even moodier than usual. Alois had carried out his resolution and had gone to Munich, there was no one around on whom Oscar

(Continued on page 79)



Mysteriously stirred, Käthe witnessed how Oscar's face suddenly became empty, how his jaw dropped, almost idiotically, how his strangely unseeing deep gaze penetrated her face



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By Any Other Name

Continued from page 66

in the office signing in on the daily sheet, he looked up suddenly. Tibaux was staring at him, a puzzled expression on his face.

"You aren't, by any chance, trying to kid somebody, are you?" Tibaux said.

Bogart stared back at him. "Why would I try to kid you?"

"Just an idea." Tibaux shrugged his shoulders. "That delicate touch you displayed, like a violin player or a pickpocket. What did you do before you decided to take up flying?"

Bogart grinned at him. "I was a floorwalker in a department store. Ladies undergarments." He signed the sheet and hung the pad on the wall.

OUTSIDE he paused for a moment, his hands in his pockets, whistling softly to himself. Behind him he could hear the intermittent roar of the motors as some plane moved off the apron toward the runway. Overhead, the sky was a clear, clean blue, without clouds or haze, and the sun was shining. Good weather for a while, Bogart thought.

The idea pleased him. He was uneasy and worried. The sooner he got through his primary training, the better. Secondary would be easier. With a few hours behind him as an excuse for whatever maneuver he might do well, with bigger ships and with a new instructor, he wouldn't have to be so careful. Tibaux had him worried, though.

In a way, it was an interesting experiment, he considered, or a game, if you wanted to call it that. To a certain extent, it was a test of his skill and ability, and to that extent, he enjoyed it. It was difficult, though, not to relax at the wrong moments.

He had discovered that it was more difficult to deny himself a knowledge of flying than it had been to gain that knowledge originally.

Looking back over a number of years, he tried to remember the mistakes he had made when he was learning to fly and he worked as hard now to cultivate them as he had worked in the beginning to iron them out. Those mistakes he supplemented by watching the rest of the group on take-offs and landings, and imitating their errors. The job he turned in was a masterpiece of its kind.

One fault he found that was fairly common was the difficulty in steering with the rudders on the take-off, and for four days following that happy observation, he went down the runway, always partially out of control, stalling the plane off the ground in weird attitudes that had Tibaux alternating swearing and praying in the front seat.

Once in the air, his performance was almost as bad. He climbed too steeply or not at all, and had difficulty in co-ordinating the throttle with the stick. His slipped or skidded his turns, let his altitude vary, and consistently flew with one wing low. His landings were awful. At the end of his eighth flight, he had even aroused Tibaux's admiration.

That afternoon, Tibaux had waited for him, falling in step with him and walking with him across the apron toward the hangar.

"I believe you told me," Tibaux said, "that you've never flown before."

"No, sir."

Tibaux shook his head. "You fly so awful, I'd swear nobody could fly that bad, unless they knew how to fly, and fly well, and sat up there and tried to do everything they could think of, the way it couldn't be done."

"I guess it just comes natural to me," Bogart said.

Tibaux spat in disgust. "Every time I fly with you I go downtown and take out another thousand dollars' worth of life insurance. A man doesn't realize the hazards of his trade until he gets a half-wit like you in the back seat of a plane. Brother, I have learned more things in this past week, more things"—his voice rose until he was almost yelling—"and every one of them wrong!"

He walked away, still shaking his head in an exaggerated gesture of despair.

Bogart allowed himself to improve after that, not rapidly, but enough so that at the end of four weeks, he was flying with what he judged to be average skill, even allowing himself the luxury of doing one or two things well.

He did not dare relax, though. As the days passed, there had grown up between the two of them a feeling that was not precisely enmity and was not precisely anything else; and Tibaux made it interesting for him. He tried constantly in a dozen different ways to trick him into making some betraying movement, although on only one occasion had the attempt been obvious.

That one occasion had been the first time they had gone up to do spins. Bogart was climbing the plane in long gentle turns, and Tibaux turned around in the front seat.

"I want you to do precision spins," Tibaux said. "Two turns. Pick a reference point on the ground when you start. Count the turns, and when you pull out, I want you to come out heading in the same direction you were going when you entered the spin. I'll show you how to recover. You got it?"

"I've got it," Bogart said. The altimeter showed three thousand feet and he leveled off.

"I'll take it," Tibaux said. "Follow me through." He chopped the throttle, pulled the nose up into a stall and kicked full right rudder.

BOGART sat in his seat, leaning forward slightly, appearing intent and interested. He felt the full loss of control in the stick as the ship stalled; the rudder was depressed under his right foot and he watched the nose of the plane swing in the long, slow arc of a half turn before it wound up in the spin. He had picked a road as his reference point and he watched it revolve now like a hand on the face of a gigantic clock, counting the turns in his mind, *One half . . . one . . . one and one half . . . two . . .*

And then he stopped counting and sat there in a kind of cold horror, fighting himself to keep his hands and feet off the controls—because Tibaux did not pull it out. He sat there and let it wrap itself up into a fine six-turn spin, before he finally kicked the opposite rudder, banged the stick forward and back, and pulled it out at twelve hundred feet, and at an indicated air speed that was at least sixty miles an hour over the plane's red line.

Bogart's face had turned the color of wet putty, and he let his breath out in a long, relieved sigh.

The son of a gun, he thought admiringly. Tibaux would pull the wings off this crate just to force me to make a move. Well, nuts to him! If he can stand it, I can!

He cleared his throat to make sure his voice would work and he leaned forward in the seat, arranging his face in an innocent and rapt expression.

"Say, that's fun, isn't it?" Bogart said. "Let's go back up and do it again."

Tibaux only glared at him in the mirror.

The thing that defeated Bogart finally was a circumstance which neither of them could have foreseen, and which neither would have allowed to happen if he could have foreseen it. On that day, they were practicing pylon eights, a low-flying precision maneuver. Bogart had gone down to approximately three hundred feet, experimenting to determine the pivotal altitude of the plane, that exact altitude at which, if the plane were held in a constant turn, the wing tip would remain in a fixed position in relation to the point on the ground around which it was turning. He had selected his pylons, made his pass downwind, and laid the wing over on the first pylon when it happened.

He was aware of it first as a puff of black smoke that erupted suddenly from beneath the engine cowling. He watched it abstractly, almost without thinking for an instant, until his mind had accepted it as a fact, and he saw the thin orange sheet of the flames edging through the smoke and heard the convulsed sputtering of the motor.

TIBAUX grabbed the controls. Bogart's stomach crawled with fear, but even then he did not forget himself, restraining the impulse to retain command of the ship, forcing his hand to relax on the stick and taking his feet from the rudders.

"Slip it!" Bogart yelled. "Slip it!"

Then he sat for an instant of horrified astonishment as he realized what Tibaux intended doing. It was clear to him immediately. It seemed to him that in that moment his mind was separate from himself, completely apart, undisturbed by fear or danger, thinking coldly and precisely.

He's got guts, Bogart thought. He's giving me my chance. But it's suicide.

He knew that. He knew it without thinking, his mind running on ahead to knowing what would happen and making its precise judgments.

It's suicide, Bogart thought again, and he could feel the outrage of it some place deep inside him.

Tibaux had righted the ship. He had cut the throttle and he was holding the plane steady now, and on an even keel, his face contorted in the mirror, yelling back over his shoulder: "Hit the silk! It won't stay here forever! Go on and jump!"

Bogart's mind was still distant and still clear. All right, he thought. Go on and jump, and let him kill himself.

But he could not do it. He could not and would not do it. It wasn't that he was afraid to jump. He had done that too often. It was simply that he would not leave Tibaux there alone, realizing that, at that altitude, there was not time enough for both of them to jump. He realized also that if Tibaux held the ship as he was holding it now, partially stalled, while Bogart fought the door open against the wind and cleared his awkward and hampering chute from the controls and from whatever else might interfere, Tibaux would never regain control of the ship—or if he did, the fire would be in the wing fabric, and either way he was gone.

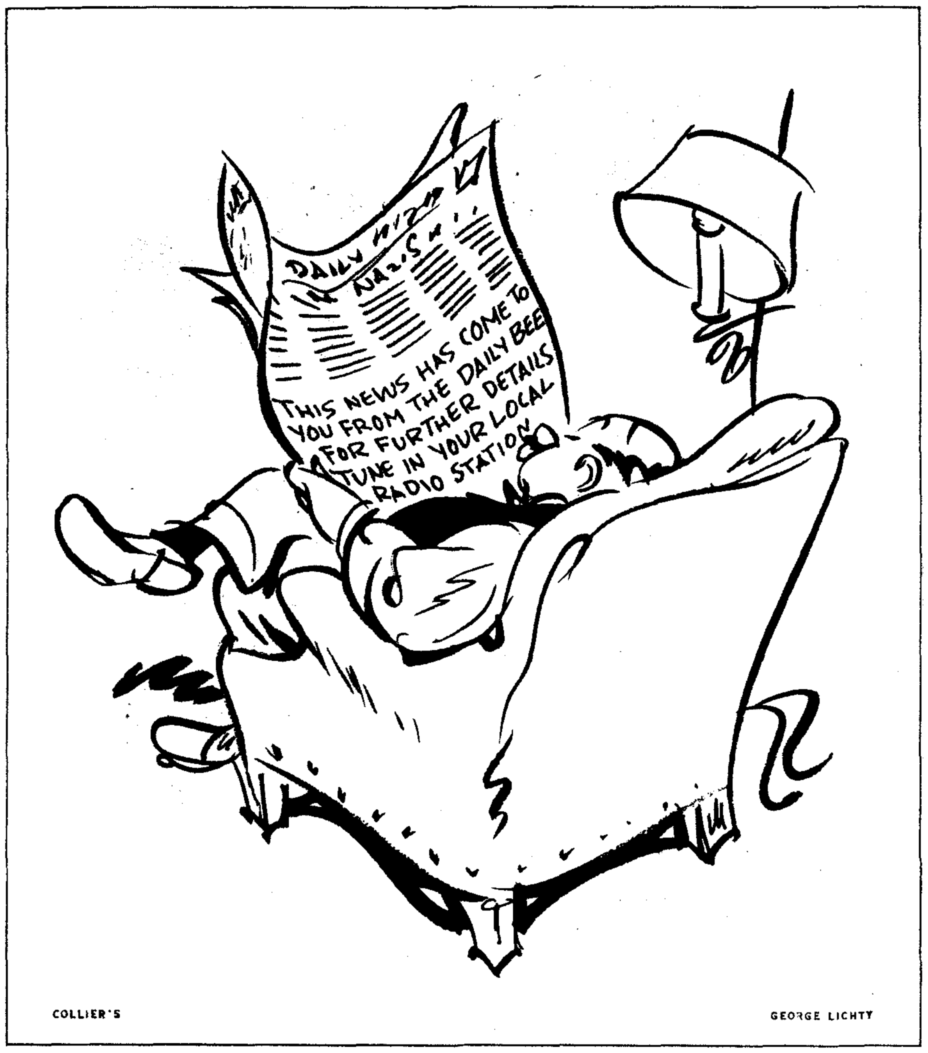
"Damn you!" Bogart yelled. "Oh, damn you!"

There was no choice left to him. He could take the slim chance that Tibaux had preferred not to take with both of them in the ship. There was no time to argue. A man did the best he could with what he had.

Bogart leaned forward in the seat against the pull of the safety belt. He unhooked the fire extinguisher from its bracket in back of the front seat, swung it in a short angry arc and watched Tibaux sprawl in his seat like a badly stuffed sawdust doll. Still thinking over and above the realization of his own danger with that detached and cold calculation. Damn him! He beat me, Bogart felt suddenly furious at that limp figure, as though the circumstances that had forced him to betray himself were of Tibaux's own contriving.

And yet in spite of that, in spite of knowing that the thing he had worked for was definitely gone, Bogart was conscious of a certain relief in at last being what he was, in being able to pit his skill against the plane and the fire.

Even as Tibaux crumpled in the front seat, Bogart made his move. The ship was settling into the stall. He pushed the nose down to regain control and laid it violently over on its side into a long, sickening slip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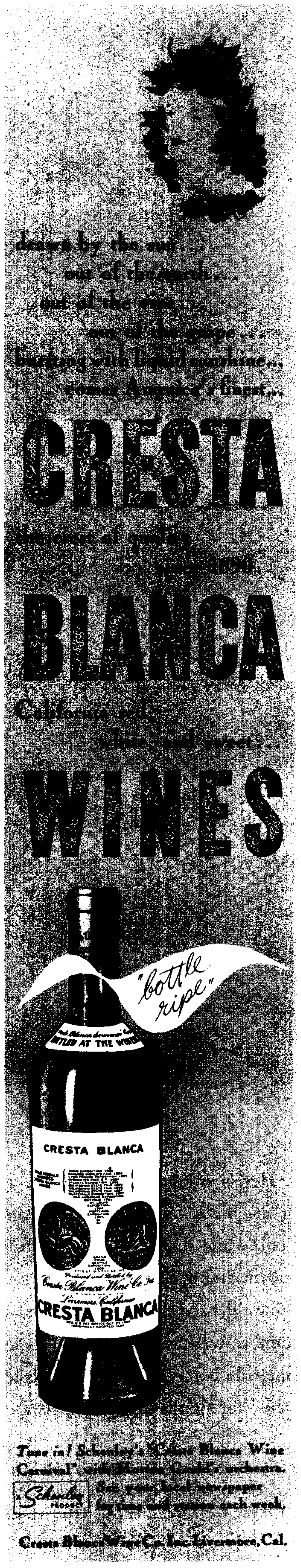
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that held the flames away from the wing fabric.

Through the side window, he watched the growing vision of the earth coming up at him like a moving picture growing on a screen. He was unhooking his chute from the harness with his left hand, while he held the plane in the slip against that enlarging picture of the ground until it seemed that his wing tip was almost in the grass before he righted it and pulled the nose up into landing position. He felt the wheels touch and slammed both heels against the brakes.

Bogart had not seen the ditch. He felt the landing gear go when they hit it, and the plane nosed into a bank. But Bogart was already outside, without remembering having moved at all, clawing frantically at Tibaux's safety belt and the snaps on his chute and struggling with that inert and helpless figure in the cramped space between the seat and the instrument panel.

The smoke choked and blinded Bogart, and it seemed to him that he had stood there forever in the smoke and the searing heat, hearing the crackle of the flames as they bit into the wing fabric around the gas tank, until at last he had Tibaux hoisted to his shoulders and was running blindly and stumbling across the field.

The airport manager and the inspector arrived a quarter of an hour later, steering an erratic course toward the column of black smoke that was all that was left of the plane. When they got there, they found Bogart sitting spraddle-legged on the ground by an irrigation ditch with Tibaux's head in his lap, holding wet cloths torn from his shirt against Tibaux's head.

Bogart had seen them coming. He had sat there in dumb misery, remarking the furious passage of the car down the country roads and the wake of yellow dust hanging behind it like a veil. While he watched it, he swore quietly at the figure in his lap. "Wake up! Wake up, so I can tell you before they get here."

He could not have explained why he thought it was important to talk to Tibaux. He did not expect any sympathy from him or any help. It merely seemed to him that, from beginning to end, the affair had been something personal between the two of them. Now that he had been defeated in the game they had been playing, it was necessary for Bogart to rationalize it to Tibaux, to rid him of his sense of outrage at having been tricked, before Tibaux talked to anybody else.

He saw the car stop, saw the figures of the two men crawl through the fence a quarter of a mile away and start running across the field.

THE inspector started yelling at him when he was still fifty yards away. Bogart did not answer him. He sat there apparently absorbed, dipping the rag in the ditch and wringing it out and applying it to Tibaux's head. He did not look up until the two men were standing directly above him.

The inspector was out of breath and red in the face from running. "What happened? Man, tell me what happened!"

"She caught fire," Bogart told him.

"I've got eyes," the inspector said. "I can see it caught fire. What I want to know is: What happened?"

"I don't know," Bogart answered. "All I know is, it caught fire." For some reason then that he couldn't explain, he started lying: "Tibaux slipped it in. We hit a ditch, and he banged his head on something. It knocked him cold."

He was aware now that Tibaux's eyes were open and that he was struggling to sit up and talk. Bogart bent over him solicitously, clamped down on his windpipe with his thumb and forefinger, and said tenderly, "You don't have to talk now. You got a bad knock on the head." But he was thinking: Do I have to choke him to make him shut up? Why didn't I let him kill himself in the first place?

He was still fighting desperately for time, still driven by that unexplained necessity for talking to Tibaux, before Tibaux told his story to the inspector.

Ten minutes, Bogart thought. Five minutes. I saved his hide, didn't I? I ought to have a chance to explain.

They were silent on the ride back to the airport. The inspector and the manager sat in the front seat, waiting with their questions. Tibaux sat relaxed, his head back against the seat and his eyes closed. Bogart rode with his nose pressed against the window, looking at the passing fields without seeing them, thinking: If he starts to talk now, I'll slug him.

Tibaux did not talk. He did not talk in the car, nor when he half walked and was half carried into the airport and deposited on a cot in the smoking room.

I really lowered the boom on him, Bogart thought. Well, he had it coming to him.

Then the manager was out in the hall, getting rid of the curious, and the inspector had gone to telephone for a doctor. For a moment the two men were alone.

Bogart sat on the foot of the cot and lighted a crumpled cigarette. Now that he had the opportunity, he did not know how to begin or exactly what he intended saying. It was Tibaux who finally broke the silence. He sat up on the cot and then leaned forward, holding his head in his hands and moaning softly.

"Listen," he said, "somebody explain things to me." He moved his head back and forth with his hands. "The inspector has to make his report. I didn't land that plane, and it didn't land itself. Yesterday, you couldn't fly a kite decently. We haven't gone in for any instructions in side slips, and you couldn't have brought it in head-on without burning it up before it even touched the ground. No previous flying experience. No, sir!"

"All right." Bogart was talking now with a slow and furious anger. "You had to be so noble. You were going to sit up there in the front seat and fry while I bailed out. Rest in peace. Here lies Tibaux. He died that others might live. You make me sick at my stomach."

"I make you sick?" Tibaux asked. "Ho do you think I feel?"

"What did you want me to do?" Boga retorted. "I'll bet you did it on purpos I slugged you with a fire extinguisher."

"No previous experience."

"Listen," Bogart said. "I had you gues ing. You're so smart, but I had you fool for a while."

"No previous—"

"All right," Bogart interrupted. "I ha a pilot's license when you were still in kn pants. Issued in 1926. John Wesley B gart. Look it up if you think I'm a liar

"So you had a licence before," Tiba said.

"I got jammed up with the CAA," B gart confessed. "Acrobatic flying at tw hundred feet over a packed grandstan and drunk to boot. I cracked it up, an three or four people got hurt. I lost eig front teeth, and they jerked my licen for keeps. Not just grounded for a ye or maybe two years, understand. F keeps."

HE COULD hear voices and footste in the corridor, and he went on mo quietly now, his anger suddenly and con pletely gone. "They need pilots, don they? Well, I'm a pilot. It's all I know. wanted to fly in this man's war, and th was the only way I could do it." He leane forward and crushed his cigarette out i an ash tray. "That's all. Now go ahea and tell the inspector."

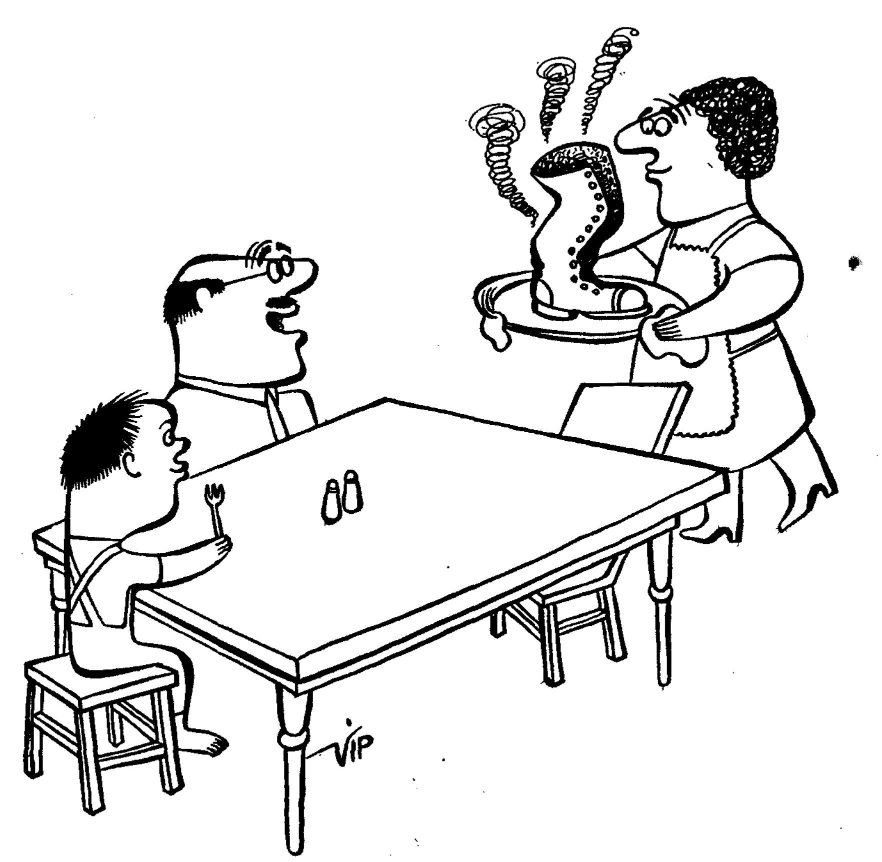
Tibaux did not answer him immed ately. He still sat hunched forward, cr dling his head in his hands. Presently h stood up. The voice and the footsteps i the hall were closer now.

" 'A rose by any other name,' " Tib said. "Martin or Bogart or whatever it is He turned around, and Bogart saw wit amazement that he was grinning.

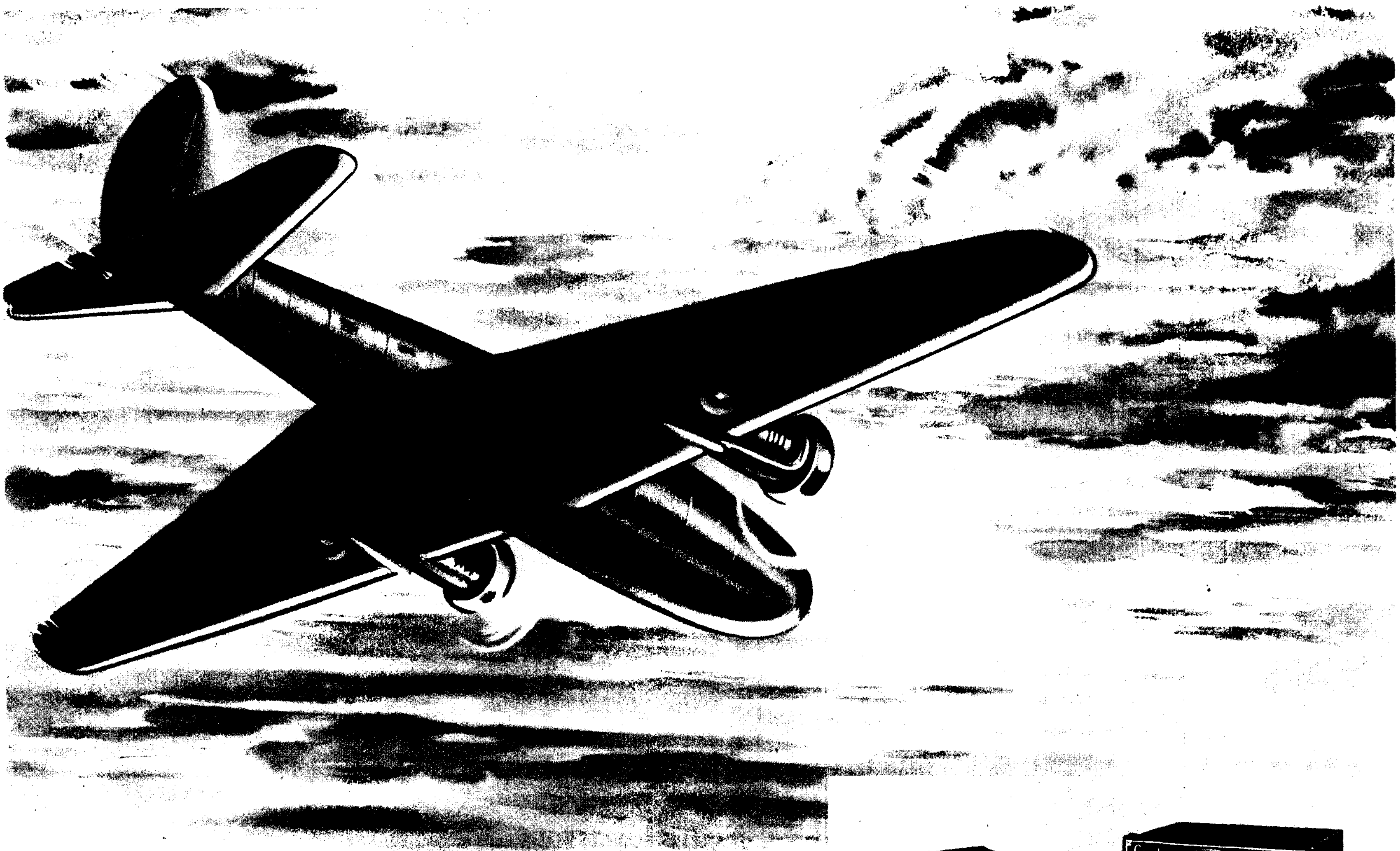
"I'm a flier," Tibaux said. "Not a dete tive, and I don't care whether you're th angel Gabriel with or without wings. Th only thing I ask is that the next time yo sandbag an instructor, take it a little eas You almost busted my skull."

The son of a gun, Bogart thought. H sat on the couch for a long time, starin at the doorway after Tibaux had passe through it, his hands in his pockets an whistling.

THE END



COLLIER'S "What's the special occasion?" VIRGIL PARTCH



"LEARADIO EQUIPMENT used in our Air Cadet Training School"

...*says* COL. ROSCOE TURNER

World-renowned Flyer, Three-time Winner of the Thompson Trophy, National Air Races, Cleveland.

THE BOEING 247 AIRCRAFT shown above, piloted by Colonel Roscoe Turner with Clyde Pangborn co-pilot, was winging its way to Australia in the MacRobertson International Race from England to Melbourne in 1934, establishing the superiority of the American type transport plane. The crew stepped out at the finish in fresh uniforms, shaven and untired in contrast to their competitors.

"With the specially built Learadio equipment we used in the MacRobertson Race," says Colonel Roscoe Turner, "we established several world's records for aircraft radio-distance-communication. The equipment worked faultlessly throughout the trip . . . We use Learadio equipment in our school for Army and Navy Cadet Pilot Training."

Other famous pilots who use Learadio in their planes include: Clyde Pangborn, Major Al Williams, Major Alexander P. deSeversky, and Bob Hall.

Learadio, *the pilot's preference,* is now standard equipment on the better known aircraft including Grumman Amphibians, Wacos, Fairchilds, Cessnas, and most civilian and air cadet pilot training aircraft and itinerant types used in the service of the armed forces.

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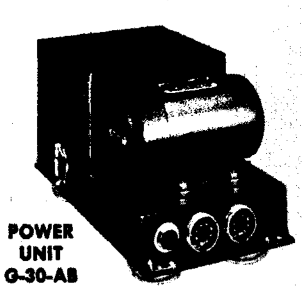
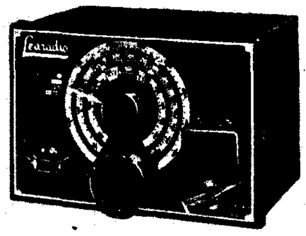


POWER UNIT G-30-AB



RECEIVER

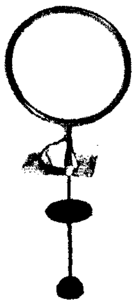
T-30 RCBB transmitter-receiver is an extremely efficient and dependable 2-way aircraft communication system. It's the *"pilot's preference"* because every flying need has been foreseen and every installation problem solved in advance — everything is at the pilot's finger tips.

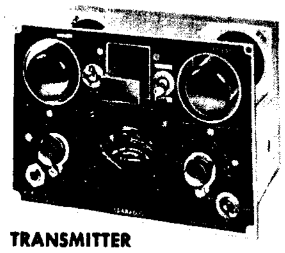
- ★ Powerful 2-frequency crystal controlled transmitter (2900 KC to 6500 KC).
- ★ Telephone and telegraph emission approx. 20 watts output.
- ★ Three Band receiver — radio ranges (180 KC to 405 KC) broadcast (500 KC to 1200 KC) airway communications (2800 to 6700 KC).

For "three-way radio", the receiver includes new provision for operating from both the conventional antennae and the famous lightweight Learadio loop *(shown below)* providing static-free reception or aural-null direction finding. *(Approved type for C.P.T. training.)*

Automatic electrical and mechanical controls of Lear-origin are incorporated in aircraft manufactured by: Consolidated, Vultee, North American, Douglas, Boeing, Lockheed, Beech, Curtiss-Wright, Grumman, Northrop, and subcontractors: Ford, General Motors, Bellanca, Eastern, Nash-Kelvinator.

LEARADIO LOOP





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"YOU'LL *have to get along with fewer pencils this year*", says Uncle Sam. Conservation is the order of the day. Colored leads that crumble and break, waste time and materials. Today, more than ever before, Quality is the best buy . . . and the most economical in the long run.

MONGOL Colored Pencils immediately suggest themselves. Their thin, strong leads permit handling just like a black lead pencil—in a pencil sharpener or in use. For years, they have been most widely used for office, engineering and art work, for checking and color-coding, for maps, graphs and a hundred and one purposes. Used also for wash effects with brush and water.

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EBERHARD FABER

Leadership IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

Food to Fly On

Continued from page 13

All these men had to be housed and clothed; they had to have planes to train in, and airfields to train on; but they also had to be kept well and well fed. So along with all the other branches of the Air Force, the Medical Branch was reorganized, and Mr. Power, bearing in mind that connection between food and efficiency, saw that it was organized to include a number of doctors who in civilian life were experts in nutrition.

They had their hands full almost before they started. Complaints were already sifting in from various air stations. The men, in spite of the new standard ration which had been adopted, were complaining in classic fashion about their food. It was too heavy, they said. It made them feel logy and uncomfortable. They didn't *like* it.

Under any normal circumstances the men might have been told, "You're in the army now. Eat your food and like it—or else!" But they weren't in the army; they were in the Air Force, and there were those nutrition-minded medical officers. They thought maybe they'd go around to a few air stations and take a look at this carefully balanced ration the men were griping about.

Proof of the Pudding

When they saw it, it didn't look very different from the old army ration. In quite a few of the air stations, the cabbage was gray, the meat was gray, the potatoes were gray. In some, the spinach and peas and tomatoes were brown. When they talked to the cooks, the cooks said, "We've always cooked it this way," or they said, "We have to cook it ahead or it won't be ready when the men come in and they'll be sore." Sometimes they just stood there and looked bored. A man doesn't join the Air Force to be a cook. If he has to do kitchen work he'll do it but he won't like it.

The medical officers looked at the cook and they looked at the food and they looked at one another. Then they got some little bottles and some preservative, and they took samples of the food the men were getting (samples of it raw and samples of it cooked) and sent them to a laboratory.

"Test these samples," they said, "for calories, minerals and vitamins."

They knew what they were going to find. They knew the simple little kitchen rule that if food looks good and tastes good, it is apt to be good for you, and if it looks awful and tastes awful, it probably is awful for you. They knew what all of us ought to: That if cabbage, for instance, is cooked ten or fifteen minutes in the proper amount of water, it not only will stay pretty and green but will keep about four fifths of its raw vitamin C content; but if it is cooked three times as long, it will only keep one third.

They knew that potatoes mashed and left on a warming table an hour lost practically all the vitamin C they had when raw or when baked whole. They knew that milk allowed to stand around in bright sunlight loses all its vitamin B_2, and that *milk is the chief source* of this vitamin. They knew, but they wanted proof and they got it.

When the tests came back, the calories were high enough, probably too high for airmen who spend more time in technical study than on long marches. The minerals were all right, too, but the vitamins just weren't there. They had been there on paper when the committee on nutrition had planned the standard ration, but they weren't there by the time the food was served to the men. Half of them had gone down the sink, and most of the other half had burned up waiting around on steam tables. In actual cold figures it turned out that as much as 85 per cent of the vitamins that were supposed to be in the food had been destroyed by the time it was served to the men.

Now you hear a lot of talk about vitamins, and some of it is too technical and some of it is too extravagant, and you get pretty tired of it. But the fact remains that, to be really well, a person has to have certain well-balanced amounts of all the vitamins there are, and he has to have them regularly. The Red Cross both here and in Canada doesn't spend hundreds of thousands of dollars sending millions of vitamin capsules to devastated countries just as a gesture; and it's perfectly clear that, to be a really efficient soldier, a man can't feel just sixty or seventy-five per cent well. He has to feel a hundred per cent well.

Probably the food was too heavy, probably a few less calories and a few more vegetables and fruits would be better for the Air Force. The medical officers filed that away for change when they could get around to it. But what was more important, probably a lot of the airmen felt logy and heavy because they were vitamin-deficient. What if most of them had gained eight or ten pounds since they came in the service, they still might not be getting enough to eat to keep them fit.

The medical officers did certain vitamin tests on selected groups of the airmen, just to be sure they were right; and they were right. Then they turned their findings over to the members of the Air Council.

Now the RCAF is somewhat proud of the fine co-ordination and co-operation of all its divisions, and with reason. When the Air Council looked at the facts, there was no making excuses or passing the buck from one department to another. Something had to be done. The only question was what, and that didn't take long to decide.

If the trouble was in the kitchen, the people to fix it were kitchen experts. And who were kitchen experts? Women. Up to this time, the problems of the kitchens and mess halls had simply been delegated to one of the officers at each air station. He always had his other regular work to do and he probably didn't know much about food anyway. Everybody wanted the men to be well fed but nobody ever wanted to be messing officer, nobody ever really had time to give to the job.

The Lady is Willing

But the RCAF already had a Women's Division like our Waacs and Waves, who were driving cars and doing bookkeeping. How about getting some women into the Women's Division to do real women's work? How about women messing officers? It was revolutionary, it was unheard of, but nobody could figure out quite why it should not be, so they went ahead.

They looked over the field and picked out a dietitian who was running the restaurants in one of the biggest department stores in Canada. They offered her the *position of chief dietitian with the commission* of flight officer. The company generously loaned her to the RCAF for the duration. They took her around through several of the airmen's messes.

When she had seen everything, they said, "The quartermaster will supply the proper food, we'll supply the proper backing, if you will work out an organization that will get the food to the men properly cooked for their health and enjoyment. Will you do it?"

That was in February, 1942. By March,

ere were seven more dietitians heading e six commands into which the RCAF divided, and the RCAF cooking school -of which more in a minute. The RCAF en had eight new-type messing officers, aned by the biggest hotels, hospitals and dustrial organizations in Canada for the uration.

Today, there are seventy more in charge f Air Force kitchens in Canada, and the CAF is on the lookout for some twenty r thirty others. There are women cooks many of the RCAF kitchens and omen kitchen helpers. Each kitchen still eeps about a third men workers for the eavy work such as lifting, butchering some baking. Each kitchen still keeps sergeant-cook to see that the orders are arried out, but the dietitian gives the orers.

The dietitian plans the menus from the tandard ration, supervises the preparaion and serving of food, and tastes, and asses on every single dish before it is erved to the men.

Food to Keep Men Fit

It hasn't, of course, all been as simple s it sounds. Women taking over desk obs and kitchen jobs so a man can get to action, women driving cars and beng secretaries was one thing. As long as ey were a convenience, let them wear e Air Force blue if it made them happy. ut women officers in the kitchen, talkg about waste and spoilage and cooking mes and temperatures, women telling exerienced sergeant-cooks what to do, that as a nuisance and an outrage. But they eeded telling and they were told.

The medical officers were given a brief fresher course in nutrition and the nuition aims of the RCAF, and the medial officers at each post were reminded hat their first job was to *keep* the men vell, and part of this job was backing up he dietitian in her projects.

There have been other subtle changes around the airmen's messes besides the egular appearance of good food freshly ooked and served. Many of the mess alls are acquiring coats of paint and pictures on walls that once were plain bare boards. A few have partitions built up, so that when a man has finished his meal and brings his dishes in, he doesn't have to look at dirty dishes and garbage but can simply hand his plates in through a small window and go on about his work.

A few of the mess halls are acquiring linoleum place mats. The women's touch, all right! Do the men feel scornful of it all? They do not. The medical officers may be concerned about the health of the men and so may the Minister for Air, but what the messing officers are basically interested in is that the men should enjoy their meals, and that is what the men are interested in, too.

One of the little ironies of this whole happy revolution is that the setup has made no provision for the officers' mess, which has always been separate so that the officers could have the little luxuries they could afford and the better cooking they demanded. But now, many of the officers are complaining that the men get better food than they, and are coercing the poor messing officer into supervising their kitchens in her spare time and planning their meals along with those of the men. And since the dietitians, as officers, have to eat what the officers' mess provides, they are usually not hard to coerce.

Of course a radical change like this, in anything as big as the RCAF has now become, took more complicated organization than just the installation of women messing officers. There had to be test laboratories, test kitchens and training kitchens, and there are. The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, which is some sixty miles outside Toronto, has helped the RCAF to set up a cooking school where women enlisting in the RCAF as cooks are sent for an eight weeks' course in RCAF cooking—five weeks in general principles and three weeks in the actual conditions of an air station kitchen complete with coal stoves and large-scale preparations.

There is a test kitchen here, too, where new recipes are being constantly tried out and improved and standardized before being sent out to all the air stations. Both the cooking school and the test kitchen use for their trial flights an Air Force Wireless School which is also at Guelph. But the men do no complaining. With the school and test kitchen in the hands of women messing officers who know their business, the Air Force Wireless School probably eats better than any other airmen's mess in Canada.

Also at Guelph is one of the four nutrition laboratories that are being set up in four different universities, to keep a continual check on the food in the various air stations. Samples of food, both raw and as it is actually served, are sent to these laboratories from each air station at intervals, and a report is sent back on the vitamin content. Then the dietitian can do more than say, "This cabbage doesn't taste right." She can say, "I have a report here that proves you might as well be serving boiled newspaper," and she probably will.

The reason for establishing the laboratories in universities is parenthetical but interesting. The Minister for Air is looking ahead of the war and hoping that these laboratories, when peace comes again, won't simply be abandoned, but will be taken over by the universities as part of a nation-wide program for better nutrition. And the universities hope so, too.

In fact, the only people not entirely happy now are the Minister for Air and the nutrition-minded medical officers. They expect to be happy soon but there is still one little problem. You order proper rations, you see that they are properly prepared and served, but they still don't do the men any good unless they are eaten. And the men in this British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, which the RCAF is running, come from all over the British Empire, from places with all sorts of different eating habits.

Forced Feeding—Painless Style

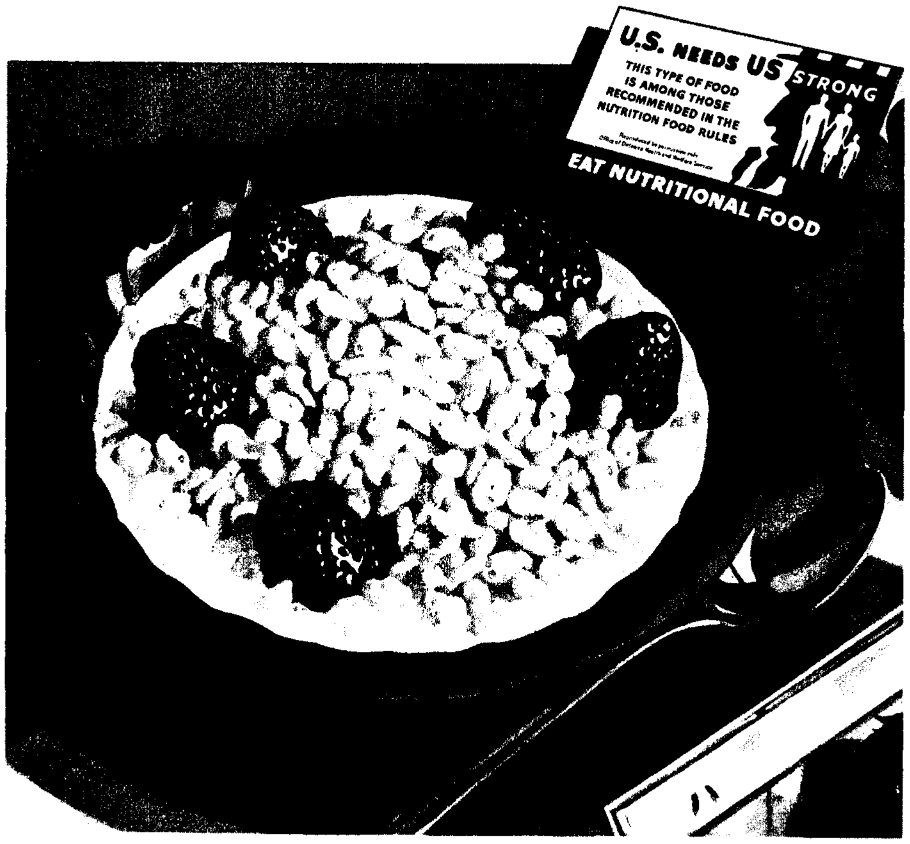
Many or them weren't used to getting fruit juices and milk and fresh vegetables. Some of them didn't like milk. Most of them didn't like raw salads. But maybe if they knew just what fruit juices and fresh vegetables and salads and milk actually did to their bodies, if they knew how the absence of these substances affected their efficiency as men and as fighting machines, they'd learn to like them.

So the RCAF has put it all into a movie: What foods an airman needs for absolute top health and how these foods produce top health and why, all in color. They're showing this movie now at the various Canadian air stations and they're following it up with a booklet. This booklet, also in color, tells the same story and is going to every man in the RCAF—a compulsory ration. The booklet, just as an interesting example of wartime co-operation, is being paid for by the life insurance companies of Canada, which plan to distribute it throughout the civilian population as well—one step toward a healthier and happier Canada.

If with this intelligent propaganda, plus the perfected RCAF ration which went into effect last June, plus the highly trained women messing officers, plus the nutrition laboratories, the RCAF boys don't continue to be the best-fed service in the British Empire, it will only be because some other service has taken a good look and started a bigger and better revolution in its own messing department.

THE END

So timely★★★ fits your food needs at any meal!


U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

So CRISP they

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

Whole grain food values.

Instantly ready to serve.

★ Wartime meal planning needn't be such a problem. Here are tempting Rice Krispies—ready instantly to give the family good nutrition at any hour.

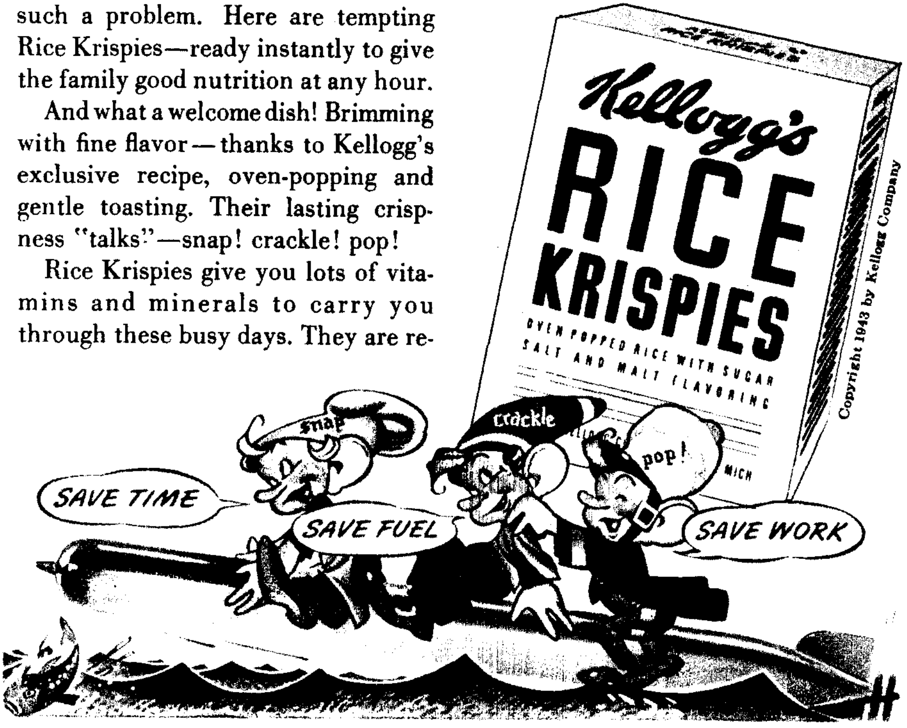
And what a welcome dish! Brimming with fine flavor—thanks to Kellogg's exclusive recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting. Their lasting crispness "talks"—snap! crackle! pop!

Rice Krispies give you lots of vitamins and minerals to carry you through these busy days. They are restored to whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B_1), niacin and iron.

Use crisp, nourishing Rice Krispies to perk up your limited menus—to save time, fuel and work. They're a perfect dish for times like these.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK.



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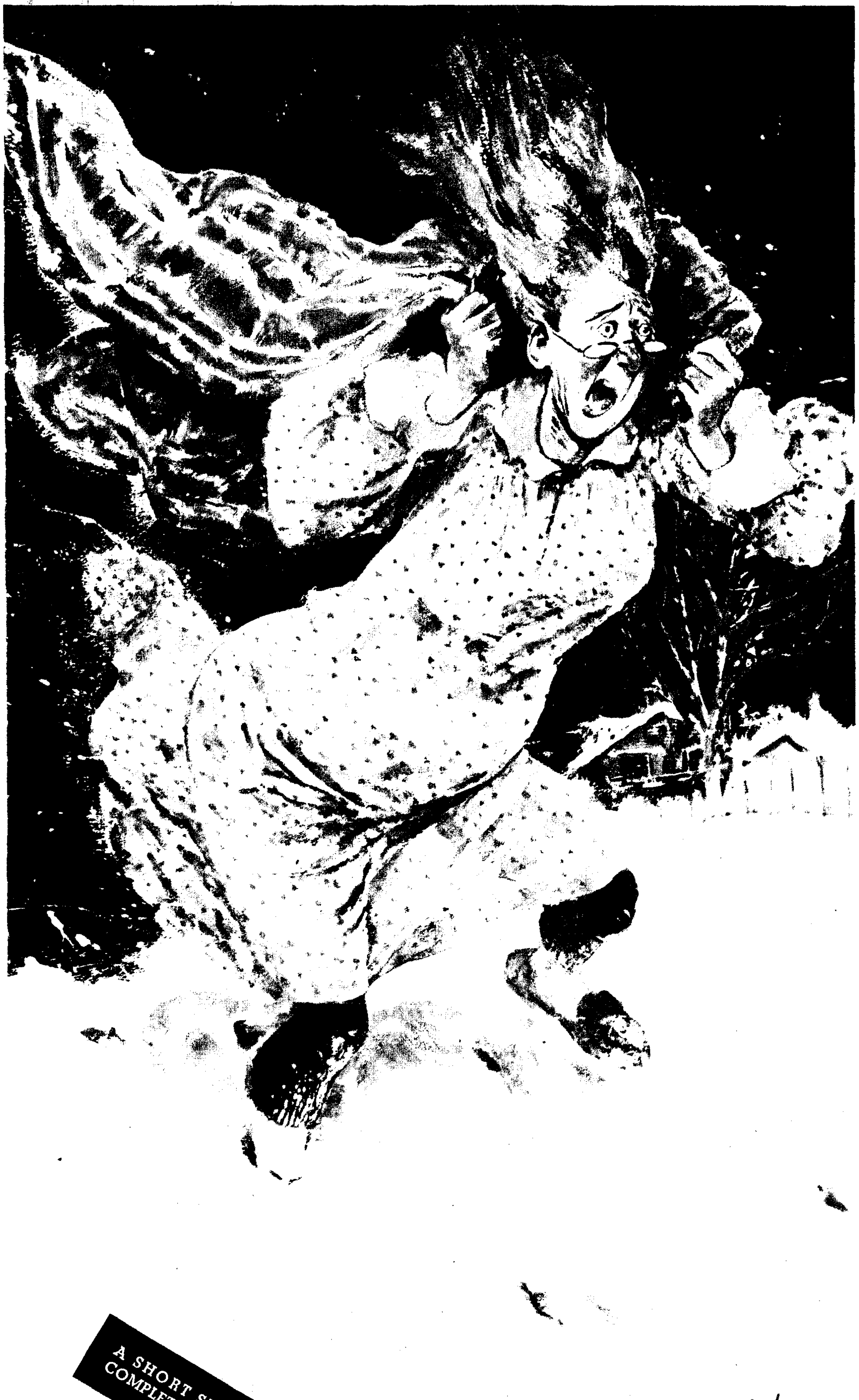
The Life of McKinley

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The old lady was Mrs. Welliver. In a few minutes she came running down off her porch in a red quilt thrown over her nightgown and started off in the footprints



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE screwiest story I ever worked on was in a little Vermont town that only had streets in the summertime. The rest of the year the snow was up to your pockets.

It takes a lot to make a Vermonter open a window when a bureau drawer will do just as well. But one frostbitten night in January a series of interlocking screams went rapidly down the center of the town. When the intrepid old ladies looked out of the windows they saw footprints making themselves. Invisible feet were punching wet stencils in the snow to the musical background of a long, pulsating shriek.

While one old lady looked to see what was parading down the street in back of the agonized calliope, the footprints hit a switch, curved right across the place where her sidewalk would blossom in spring and ran up her porch.

The old lady called, "Who's there?" and the footprints yelled, "Welliver's dead."

The old lady added a rich, toothless contralto to the invisible choir.

The old lady was Mrs. Welliver. In a few minutes she came running down off her porch in a warm, red quilt thrown over her nightgown and started off in the footprints that made themselves, but in the opposite direction. Other townies chased after the red quilt. The quilt went two blocks and then turned into a two-story building with the upper floor lighted behind black blinds.

In five minutes everybody in town was trying to get up the steps where Mrs. Welliver had gone. They made way for the doctor, the village coroner and the mayor, who were all one distinguished citizen. He came down pretty soon and then ran up again. People slushing around said, "Welliver's been murdered."

Welliver was a pretty important man in town, next to the doctor. The brass sign on the building alongside the door that led upstairs said he was a lawyer, notary, trustee, estate manager, real estater, life-insurance agent and other things. He was what you might call an all-round handy man, with a diploma to prove it. By and by, the doctor came down like he meant it this time. He said, "No murder. Just a stroke."

Whatever it was, Welliver was deader than a turkey in a paper bag, and we would all lay odds on that. Mrs. Welliver was helped down the steps in her red quilt, and all her neighbors went home with her and into her parlor.

Welliver's office was only a quarter mile from his house, but he slept in his office five nights a week.

He said he was busy and had to work nights. He had broken his ankle nine years or so ago and it never healed right. He said he tried to keep off it as much as he could, especially in slippery weather. He did his own cooking on a little gas burner, and the grocer said Welliver had quite an appetite for a thin old man. In fact, he said Welliver ate enough for two.

THE neighbors in Mrs. Welliver's parlor sympathized all they could with her, and she finally stopped heaving and gulping. Suddenly she looked around at everybody and said, "Where is she?"

Well, there were a lot of she's around in the parlor, and Mrs. Pringlette said, "Do you mean me?" and the schoolteacher asked, "Do you mean me?"

But Mrs. Welliver said, "No, the woman who told me he was dead."

The ladies were looking at one another, when something came into the parlor out of the dark dining room and said, "It was me."

You had to look twice to see it was a human being and three times to tell it was a woman. She had on a white nightgown, her feet were bare, her hair was straggly white, her eyes looked like cold tapioca, and her face was whiter than a plasterer's hat.

Her lips were blue-gray. She was so faded you couldn't have seen her against an ironing board.

You would look that way too if you had lived in a six-by-ten office storeroom for nine years. That's why she looked that way and that's why Welliver's ankle never healed.

There was an inquest the next day, and all that came out. The coroner impaneled a jury of twelve good men and true. The foreman was Spinner Beevan, who was a widower. Those men on the jury sure looked at one another when she said she had lived in Welliver's office storeroom for nine years, and the town not suspecting anything more wrong than a boy writing to Santa Claus.

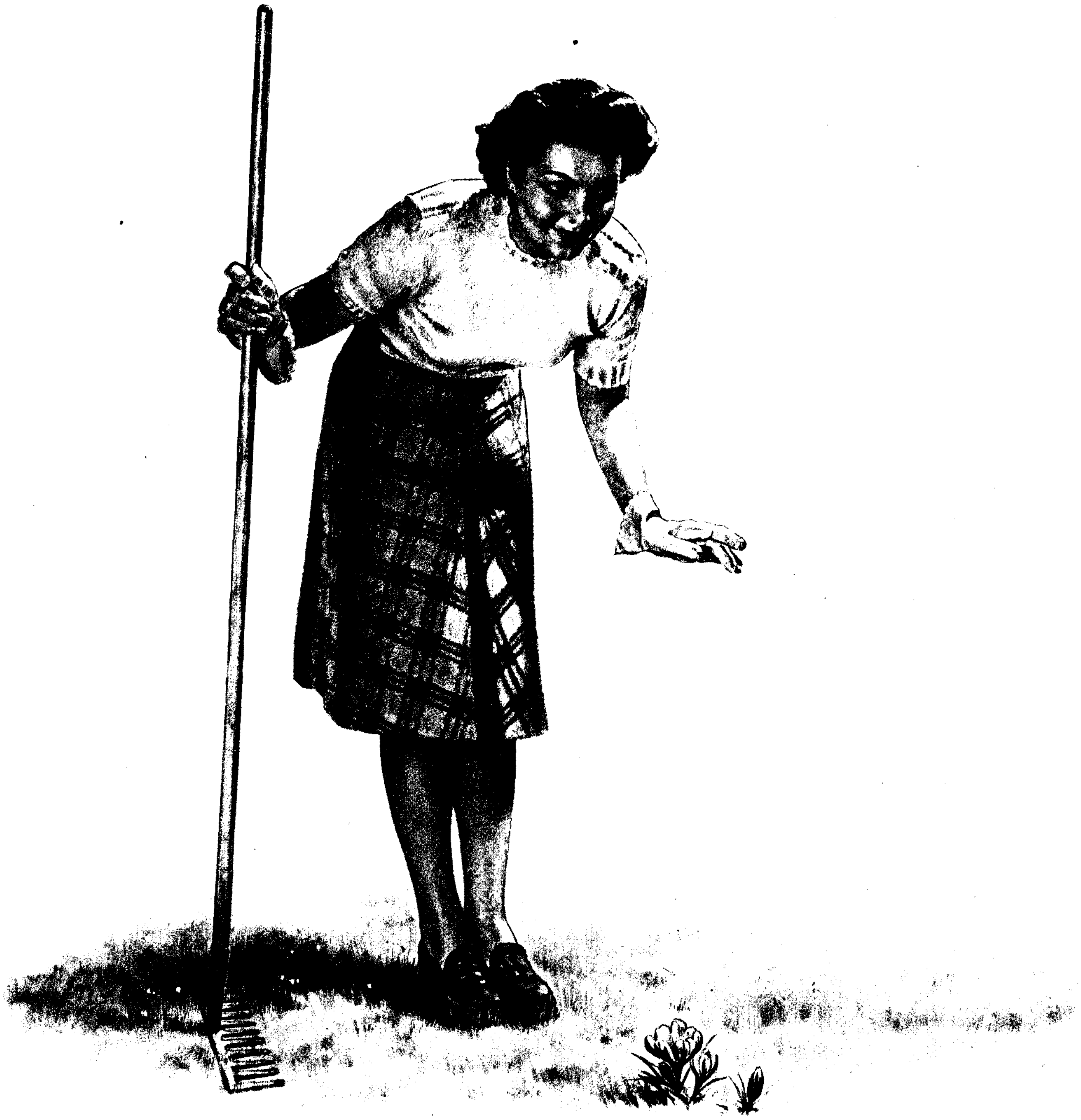
She had come to town when she was about twenty-two, so that made her thirty-one. She was a book agent. One day she had walked up the stairs to Welliver's office and never come down again.

The title of the book she was selling was The Life of McKinley.

Welliver was dead, and there was nothing to be done about it but turn her loose. He just had a stroke and went out as neat as the State House lawn. Spinner Beevan announced the jury's verdict, and she was free. He said he would drive her to the railroad depot, but first she wanted to stop at a drugstore, the beauty parlor and Welliver's office. That took all of two hours, and when she came down the steps, she looked pretty good. She had rouged her lips and her cheeks. Her clothes didn't look out of style in that Vermont town after a mere nine years. Spinner took her bag and helped her into his sleigh.

On the way to the depot, she opened her bag and took out two books. She asked, "Could I interest you in The Life of McKinley in two volumes?"

Spinner looked at her and clicked to his horse. Down at Pridemore Crossing where you bear left to get to the station, Spinner bore to the right.



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

LIKE THE FIRST BRAVE CROCUS, for instance, that pops out of the grass on a raw spring day . . .

That's one of the little things almost guaranteed to cheer you up . . . to boost the old morale.

The first crocus . . . that letter the censor thought was just like a million others . . . a lift to work in a neighbor's car . . .

Little things, sure. But little things that mean a lot, somehow.

They keep us smiling . . . help us to take the bad news with the good . . . they build morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

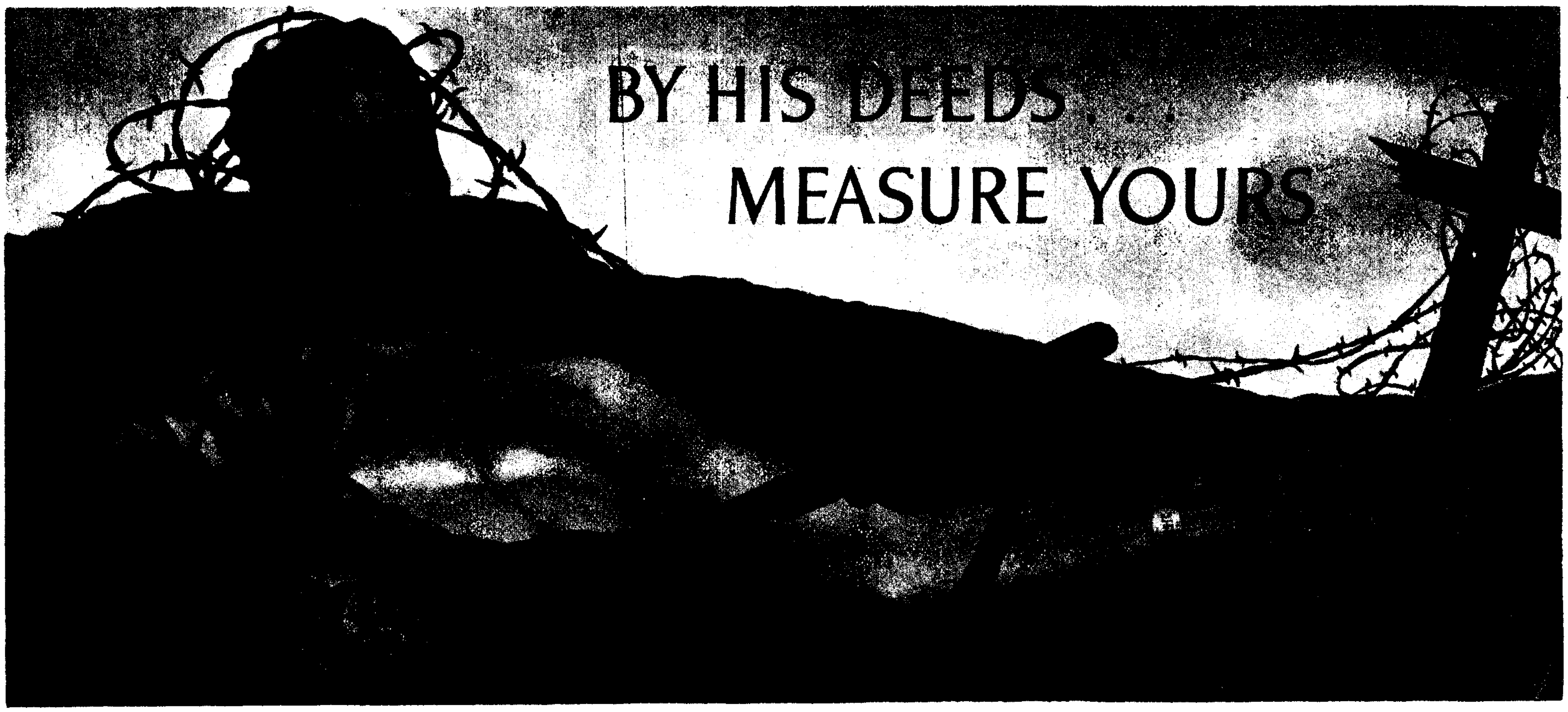
A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

IT is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities. . . . It is not pleasant to die, either. . . . Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection. . . . By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can . . . then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long. . . . Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done. . . . In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 69

could let out the nervousness of that period of waiting. To distract himself he went to Posener the jeweler's on Unter den Linden and asked to see the diamond ring again. It was idiotic to pay out so much money for a ring. But he paid it. He bought the ring at a high monthly installment rate.

At home, in the library, he solemnly substituted it for the seal ring which Frau von Trettnow had given him.

But even his pleasure in the ring could not keep his thoughts from Käthe Severin for more than a short time. There was a raging desire in him to take possession of this human being, of this stenographer, Käthe. He had to have her, body and soul. He had to hook her. After all, what was his whole gift but a branch of the great art of fishing for human souls? He must prove to himself that his skill in fishing for souls had not suffered from the tricks and fraud which he had been forced to practice.

But why this girl Käthe in particular? She was an average Berlin girl, there were dozens of her kind. True, her forehead was perhaps more stubborn than those of others, her eyes more alive, but he was spoiled; he had as many women as he wanted, very desirable, highly titled, highly praised women. What was the matter with him? He was forty-three years old, and his houghts revolved around Käthe like a choolboy's.

THEN the third day arrived. She came. Ali, the exotic servant, led her through the luxurious reception room into the big, olemn library. There Oscar awaited her n his purple smoking jacket. But she did not seem impressed by his surroundings. Simply, almost shabbily dressed, she walked through all his magnificence as if taking it for granted. Matter-of-factly she unpacked her typewriter, sat down at the huge desk, and waited.

Dissatisfied with her and with himself, he began to dictate. This time he indulged in attacks against the rationalists. It was a subject that stimulated him; he thought of Hravliczek, he grew excited, he was in the mood. But today the sweep of his words was lost on her. It was all just a lot of invective, of clumsy blustering. One couldn't even compare it with the elegance, the ease, the sureness with which Paul would do the same kind of thing. She couldn't understand herself. What could have attracted her to this Lautensack at those first sessions? Suddenly it dawned on her what Paul had meant when he had disposed of him so contemptuously. It was true, everything about him was a farce: he himself, his apartment, his "work."

Of course, she did not let Lautensack notice her disappointment. She sat there attentively, and conscientiously took down in shorthand what he dictated to her. But in spite of her efforts he had noticed her disillusionment from the very first moment. He himself was disappointed. Was this the woman he had desired so ardently for the last three days?

Nevertheless he was annoyed by her indifference. He interrupted himself. "Today you don't believe in me," he declared, irritated. "I can't work with anyone who doesn't believe in me. There's a hostile element in you that works against me."

She did not contradict him. She gazed before her while he spoke, polite, unconcerned. She was only the stenographer who worked for him. And suddenly, quite senselessly, he felt again that unruly desire to make himself master of the girl, to possess her, completely, undividedly, body and soul.

He walked up and down, went on talking. He spoke as if to himself, not to her at all; but his voice sounded satin-smooth, and he made his words urgent, caressing. "It's a pity," he complained, "that you shut yourself off from me. It happens so rarely that one finds a person who radiates inspiration, vitality. My task is not easy. The world of today simply won't admit that there is something beyond crass materialism. A man who believes it his mission to establish a faith in the spiritual, in ideas not directly perceptible through the senses, cannot shrink from coarse means; he has to advertise every success crudely."

Her reason fought against his phrases. But slowly there crept over her again that sweet, paralyzing, intoxicating sensation which she had felt the first time she had been together with him. She had done him an injustice; she had let Paul stir her up against him. The ostentatious ring on his finger, the tasteless luxury around him, were not his true self; they were the external means which he had to employ against his will. She should have recognized that of her own accord.

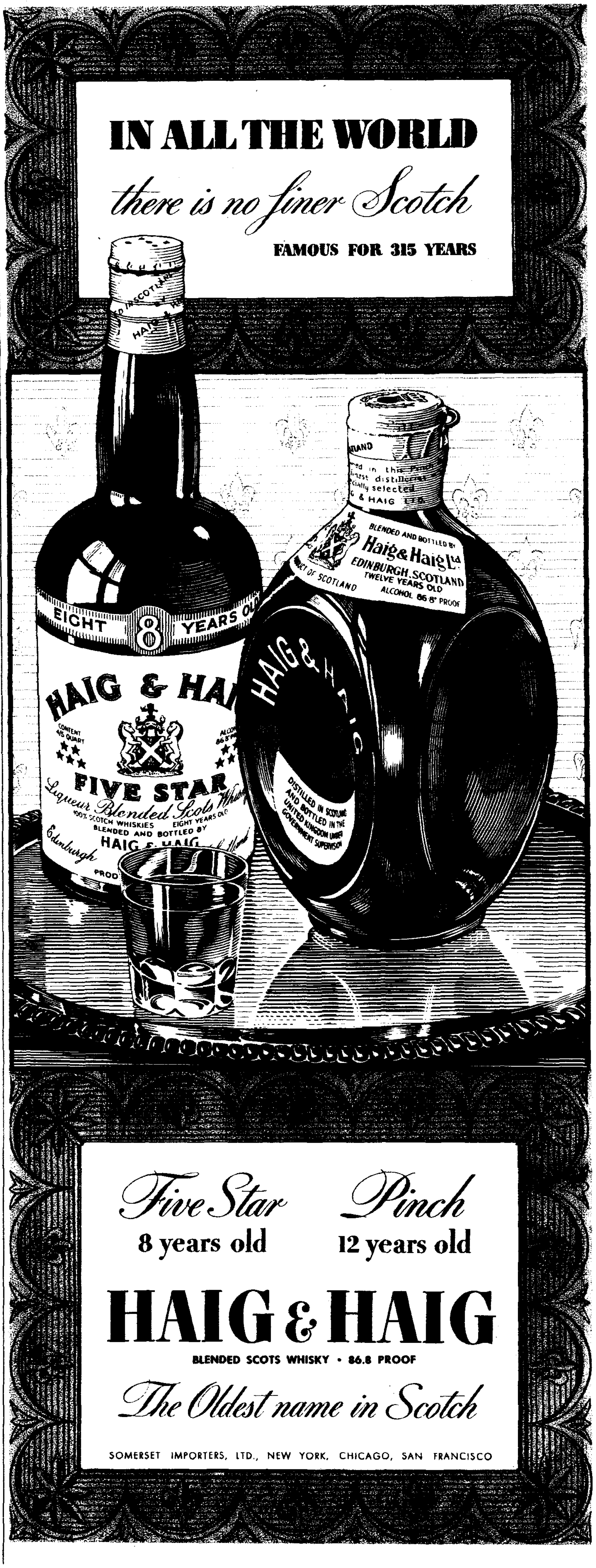
He sensed that he had struck the right note, that the old bond was re-established. And that drove him on, gave him a higher inspiration. Suddenly, blissfully, he felt that faint inner sound, as if thin silk were being torn; he "saw." Mysteriously stirred, profoundly drawn to him, Käthe witnessed how Oscar Lautensack's face suddenly became empty, how his jaw dropped involuntarily, almost idiotically, how his strangely unseeing and immeasurably deep gaze penetrated her physical self, through skin and flesh and bone. Yes, against her will and at the same time joyfully, with sensuous pleasure, she had to surrender to him what lay hidden behind her forehead.

In a drawling voice, pausing frequently, he told her: "And now I also see what stirred you up against me." And sure enough, he described Paul, described him spitefully, with malice, but unmistakably: the unbeliever, the enemy, who had no feeling for true "perception," for all that mattered.

She listened to him and paled. Now he was expressing, was putting into words, the very element in Paul which had alienated her. What she had left of critical sense told her that perhaps this man had informed himself about her half brother. But her doubts evaporated before they had really become thoughts. Her face showed plainly her amazement, her shrinking from the uncanny, her admiration. "Am I right? Am I right?" he asked her insistently, and, "You must free yourself of this person," he demanded fiercely. "You must not live in the same atmosphere with him any longer."

DR. FRITZ KADEREIT, having taken a shower, lay on his couch in his bathrobe, steaming luxuriously. He could still allow himself a few minutes; there was plenty of time before he had to change for dinner. The Kadereits were expecting guests: Herr Hitler and other prominent members of the Party.

Kadereit had indeed come to a kind of agreement with the Nazis. He had decided to back the Party, he was supporting them financially, and he was going to convert a large number of his factories to munitions. That was daring; for if the Party did not soon get control, if a rearmament did not soon take place, then such a conversion meant heavy losses. So this evening he was going to see the lords of the Party at his house. They were no real "lords." They weren't really "proletarians" either, as Ilse sometimes called them. They were simply a bunch of fortune hunters, have-nots, mercenaries, whom he and other industrialists hired to play off against the increasingly presumptuous workers and peasants. It was a risk too, to keep such a private army; for once one had got control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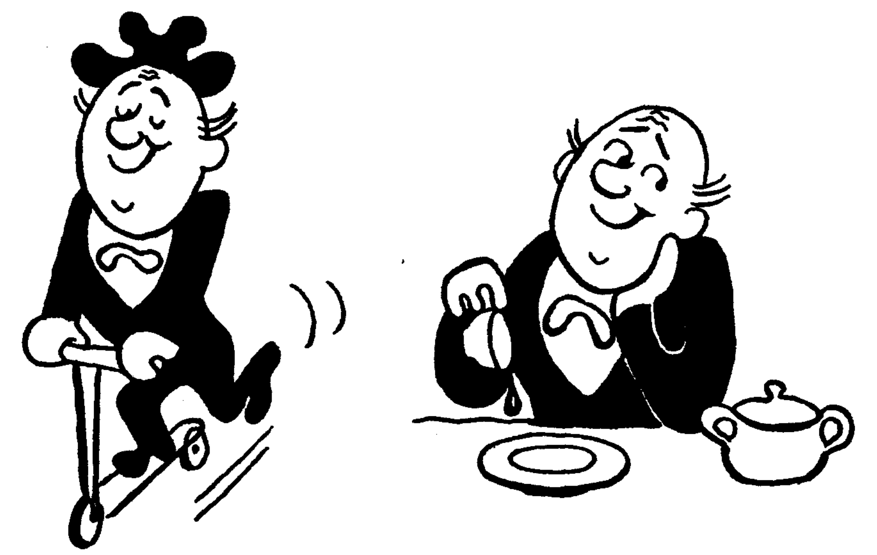
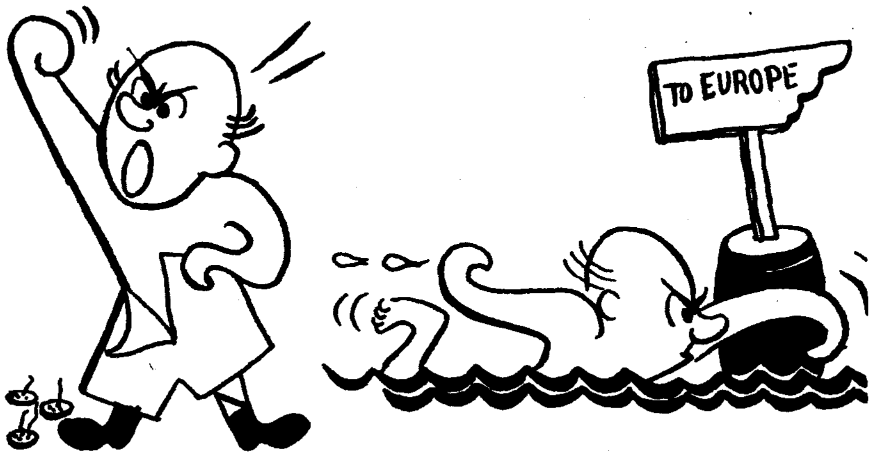
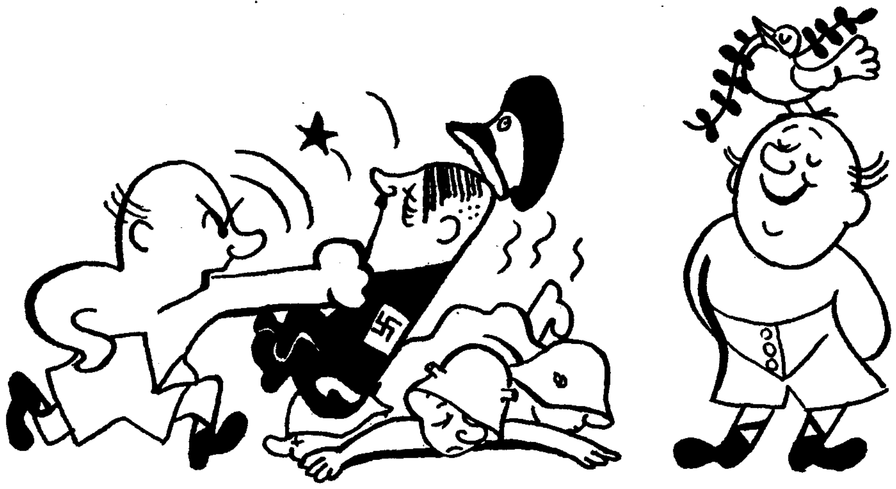


No gas, no tires . . . No sugar for coffee . . . No coffee for sugar

No fuel oil, no meat . . . that's war! But BUTTON-BOTHER!!!



That's the last straw! Got to get this war over quick . . .



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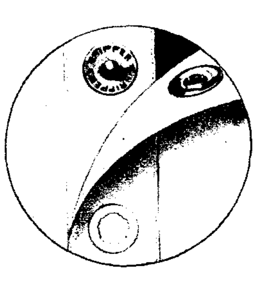

of the workers, how was one to get rid of the bandits?

Many of his friends washed their hands after they had had anything to do with the bigwigs of the Party. He, Fritz Kadereit, had a certain fondness for this Hitler, the great circus performer, the ridiculous and imposing clown. And he had a liking for Oscar Lautensack too. That mixture of an uncomfortable, rather uncanny gift with much theatricalism and even more shameless fraud was interesting. The Nazis had had the right idea when they had secured the services of that fellow for themselves; without doubt they could make good use of him. Even on Ilse, hard-boiled as she was, he had made an impression, a little too much of one.

He went over to Ilse's room. She was already dressed, wearing a blue-black gown. "You look marvelous," he said, "and very animated. You seem to be looking forward to our barbarians."

"I'm expecting to have a lot of fun," replied Ilse. "It's something different for once. Do you think I can invite our prophet to perform after dinner?"

He scrutinized her with his clever, veiled eyes. "This Lautensack fellow seems to occupy you a lot."

"He impressed you too," she said, "admit it."

"Well, yes," Fritz Kadereit answered with an amused expression. "He has his points."

They went into the reception room; the first guests had arrived. Hitler had sent word that he could not come till later; he had asked them to sit down without him.

Oscar Lautensack, however, came early and was in good form. The prospect of seeing the Fuehrer again and in such a small circle stimulated him. And it was a satisfaction to him that he had himself to thank, not Hannsjörg. He had prepared himself for the meeting, had asked Hannsjörg, and even that disagreeable Petermann, to instruct him about the details of the political situation.

AT FIRST, to be sure, things did not turn out so well as he had expected. True, he found Ilse Kadereit even prettier today than last time; she attracted everybody, especially Count Zinsdorff, and that excited him even more; yet for him she had only an occasional, absent-minded smile, and at table he sat far away from her.

Even when the Fuehrer finally arrived, the evening did not become any more exciting. Hitler turned out to be tired, preoccupied, unsettled. The elections for the Reich presidency were coming up; in the next days his candidacy was to be announced; he had important decisions to make.

For a long time he maintained a significant silence. Then, suddenly, he began a speech of some length. He held forth on the subject of elections and parliamentarianism, gathered impetus as he spoke, orated to the small circle as to a public meeting. But it was not a public meeting, and Hitler's rhetoric, in spite of the good will of all present, estranged rather than electrified them. He felt this, and just as suddenly as he had begun to speak he relapsed into his brooding.

Oscar had been obliged to wait a long time to meet the Fuehrer, and now that he had managed it at last, Hitler seemed unapproachable. Yet Oscar was not to be frightened off. He rallied his powers, inwardly begged and implored his revered leader, and behold—the Fuehrer looked up and gave Oscar a look of invitation.

Oscar arose and walked over to him. In his mind he quickly reviewed once more what he had heard from Hannsjörg and Petermann: namely that Hitler, foreseeing a certain defeat, had agreed to run against old Hindenburg with reluctance, and only because the prestige of the Party demanded it.

The Fuehrer, indeed, began at once to complain. "We don't have an easy lot, m dear Lautensack," he said. "The path c the Party is a thorny one." The others ha fallen silent. With reverence they listene to the conversation between the Fuehre and the clairvoyant.

Oscar weighed his words; he replie steadily: "It must cost a man like you, wh is so imbued with the creed of truthfulnes great self-denial to compete with the age field marshal, who after all has certai military virtues."

"There now, you've put my inner cleav age into striking words, my dear Lauten sack," answered the Fuehrer.

OSCAR took pains to reassure him spectfully. "The president is an ol man, and you, my Feuhrer, are forty-tw years of age. There is no doubt who wil win in the long run."

"Yes," said Hitler, visibly animated, "i the last analysis my confidence, too, i great and well founded. It does no waver." They looked into each other eyes; they felt a common bond her among the members of high society, th son of the city clerk and the son of th customs inspector. They had made th grade. They had not only forced an ac mission into the upper crust, but the latte had to stand around them full of awe an listen with strained attention to every wor they spoke.

"You have grasped it rightly, comrade and the Fuehrer began again after a paus "To be forced by circumstances to attac the aged field marshal wrings my spiritu vitals."

"That inner agony," Oscar consoled th Fuehrer, "is to be found from the begi nings of our history among all the gre Germans. Even as schoolboys we re with emotion that beautiful old Germa poem about Hildebrand and Hadubran Father and son must fight each other; th same blood runs in their veins, the sam heroic philosophy lives in both; but the must fight each other, with bloody swords even unto death. One can't see exactl why; it makes no real sense; but fate de mands it."

"Yes, yes," brooded the Fuehrer, an the Valkyries' Ride rang in his ears, "it just that fate demands it. Here dry, sober reason has to hold her tongue; she doesn't see the deeper causes," he went on in an inspired, portentous tone, "but they're in our very blood, my dear Lautensack."

Oscar, encouraged by the echo his words had found, elaborated the statement: "Yes, he who is destined to rule must swallow many a toad."

And Hitler agreed: "Now you've coined an expression for my conflict, with a poet's touch, one might say."

The conversation with the seer had visibly aroused the Fuehrer. During th twenty minutes more that he was able tc stay he spoke cheerfully now to one, now to another; he even laughed several tim that sonorous laugh he had learned fro the actor Karl Bischoff. As he took his leave, he said to Dr. Kadereit: "It was a nice evening. I thank you, Herr Dr. Kadereit."

"I'm delighted that you enjoyed yoursel at my house, Herr Hitler," Kadereit replied.

"Siegheil," said the Fuehrer.

"Heil, Herr Hitler," returned Dr. Kadereit.

The others were highly appreciative of the fact that Oscar had known how to cheer up the Fuehrer. Frau Kadereit, however, was as obstinate as ever in treating Oscar as a clown. "You see," she said in mocking admiration, "now you've succeeded in amusing even the Fuehrer." But Oscar remained indifferent. Calmly, almost brazenly, he looked into her bold face; he looked the graceful little woman up and down. He was sure of himself and of her.

Paul Cramer was at work. He was dicting to Käthe in his pleasant, deep voice. e paced up and down, molding his sennces. He was working on an essay about e emergence of a new age of magic. A gical application of one's reasoning pows demanded exertion and courage. Man his laziness preferred to take refuge in e conception of a miracle worker, who in ne of the worst need would be sure to lp, rather than to summon the strength consider reasonably how he might himlf abolish that need. This was why the ermany of today was so powerfully atacted by everything shadowy and obure. This was why the Hitlers and their nd had such an easy task in winning the ses.

Käthe wrote unwillingly. She had a feelg for Paul's bright, keen mind. But what ame of all this theorizing? Never had he ggested anything practical.

"It's interesting what a face you're makg," said Paul unexpectedly. "Does what dictate give you a stomach-ache?" She id not know that her reactions were irrored so clearly in her face. She gazed efore her, surprised yet not consciencericken. He stopped his work.

"Shall we go out? To the movies or to a staurant?"

"I have an appointment with Oscar Lausack," she said; she blushed faintly; her ne was defiant.

Paul's gaunt, expressive face showed anr and despair. He had had to look on ile she plunged head over heels into her ting enthusiasm for this clown; he had ed to free her of that madness. But all sonable arguments had failed before r delusion; criticism and irony had only iven her deeper into the infatuation.

"Well, then I will go to the Sociological iety," Paul said with a somewhat forced ualness and left the room to change.

Käthe, alone, told herself that she was just to Paul; she did not sufficiently apeciate his solicitude in her behalf.

SCAR made no effort at all to penetrate her confusion. His psychologil utterances were nonsense. But without ngthy analysis, with a sleepwalker's asurance, he did the very thing that was ght for her state of mind.

Oscar could feel when Käthe belonged o him. But that was not enough. He did ot want to have her for minutes or half ours; he wanted her to belong to him ompletely, to believe in him. He waited. He didn't want to spoil anything by excesive haste.

But one day he felt that the hour had ome. "Listen to me, Käthe," he said, 'things can't go on like this. I've got to peak to you openly about this. You're aring yourself out with that business of urs that can't live or die. Wouldn't you ther work exclusively for me?"

She had seen this coming for a long time. he wanted it; she didn't want it. Her fairnned face flushed; the three sharp vercal furrows appeared above her nose. "I on't want any charity," she said in her risp voice.

"Those are stupid bourgeois prejudices," e answered with unaccustomed vehenence. "I'm not going to let you get away ith that. You're simply too valuable to pe business letters for Herr Muller or Herr Schulze for eighty or a hundred narks. Work for me."

"You have your Petermann," objected Käthe.

"He doesn't mean anything in my life," Oscar returned scornfully. "I need you; ou know that. You help me by your mere resence; you inspire me. Don't act as if I were telling you anything new. From the very first day, it was settled that you must work for me alone. My offer isn't pity. Even if I hadn't any money I would invite you to drop every other job and be here just for me. Then you would just have to starve."

"I can't give up my work for Paul," said Käthe decidedly. In suspense she waited to see what Oscar would say. Paul, in Oscar's place, would have limited himself to a clever, ironical remark. Oscar would simply forbid her to work for her brother. But she would not let him forbid her.

Yet Oscar did neither the one nor the other. He just said: "Very well, go on working for your half brother Paul." And he smiled, a slow, insolent, cruel, superior, contemptuous smile. He smiled Paul Cramer away. He disposed of him far more thoroughly with that smile than he could have with rage or scorn or the cleverest criticism.

Then, with his white, fleshy, well-cared-for, brutal hands, he reached for her. His ring—the new one with the large stone—cut into her flesh and hurt her. With fear, revulsion, pain, and rapture she suffered the embrace in which he crushed the objections of her clever brother Paul.

KÄTHE lived with her brother as if nothing had happened. Sometimes she still looked to him for an understanding of her relations with Oscar, for sympathy. She felt how greatly he endeavored to help her, but the way he expressed his feeling hurt her more than it helped.

Not only at home, but everywhere now, Paul came up against the Nazis. They gave him more cause for anger than flesh and blood could stand. They stood at every corner. Wherever one spat, they were there, giving themselves airs. And nowhere was there a serious determination to put an end to the evil. Everybody retreated before them, made concessions. It was enough to turn one's stomach. More and more publishers and newspapers hesitated to irritate their powerful opponent, and told Paul they must dispense with his collaboration if he would not drop his attacks on the Nazis.

He attacked the rabble all the more violently. He knew no fear and no caution. He attended Hitler meetings, heckled the speakers, got involved in fist fights.

Paul and Herr Kiepenrath, his publisher, sat in a recess in the lounge of the Eden Hotel; it was around teatime. Herr Kiepenrath was explaining to Paul why unfortunately he must refuse to publish his book on Richard Wagner.

They were still talking of this and that, unimportant matters, when Paul saw his sister come in with that Lautensack fellow. Paul himself, in his recess, could not immediately be seen. But he was well able to observe the pair as they selected a table in the reserved space along the dance floor, sat down, and gave their orders. They made a good couple; they looked as if they belonged together. With painful objectivity Paul noted that the fellow cut a fine figure, that he cut the best figure of any man in the lounge.

Herr Kiepenrath, glad that he had finished with breaking his unpleasant news, declared he must go. But Paul stayed. He sat in his recess, alone; his long, brown eyes stared bitterly at his sister and his enemy.

Oscar felt that something hostile was in the room. He looked around for it. He discovered the man in the recess, the gaunt gentleman with the high forehead, the prominent cheekbones, the bony nose. He did not know Paul. But, "Isn't that your half brother?" he asked Käthe carelessly, casually.

Käthe flushed.

"Don't you think it rather impudent," Oscar asked after a little while, "the way he's staring at us?"

Käthe retorted defiantly: "After all, Paul's got a right to sit here in the Eden too." But it was an awkward situation for them all. Paul sat there and stared across at them, turned his glance away, stared afresh. He felt that Oscar was behaving with much more assurance than he himself. He was sweating. He raged at his own awkwardness. Oscar would be able to

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dispose of a clumsy lout like himself in less than no time.

Oscar pretended to be unconcerned, chatting cheerfully. But he was not unconcerned. In the middle of an irrelevant sentence he interrupted himself and said with a wicked little smile: "He's going to have to pay for his impudence." And as she looked frightened, he added even more wickedly: "Don't be afraid. I won't make a scene. It won't be so bad. But I, too, want to have my little joke."

They sat thus, Oscar and Käthe at their table in the reserved space next the dance floor, Paul in his recess, for a long time. Neither wanted to retreat. Oscar and Käthe danced, went back to their table, chatted. Paul sat in his recess, read a paper, read a second, a third, then the first again. Finally, after an eternity, he called the waiter and paid.

From that moment on, Oscar did not let him out of his sight. He fixed his gaze first on Paul's face, then on his side, then on his back. Thus his eyes accompanied his enemy attentively, coolly, on his way from the recess to the exit, and it was quite a long way. Paul began to walk more stiffly, almost like a marionette. Oscar, always keeping his gaze on him, said between his teeth to Käthe, with grim enjoyment: "Now I'm going to make your honorable brother dance. Just watch."

In anxious suspense Käthe looked at Paul as he made his way out of the room. He walked as if strangely drawn, strangely unseeing. Now he was at the revolving door; she sighed in relief. But strange—he couldn't find the way out. He revolved in the revolving door, around and around; it was a pitiful, lamentable, ridiculous sight. It did not last long, that dance in the revolving door, certainly not a full minute. But for Käthe, and no doubt for Paul too, it was an eternity; until at last the doorman stopped the door and liberated Paul from his strange predicament.

From then on, there was mingled in all Käthe's feelings for Oscar, however close they were to each other, a shade of fear of the uncanny.

THAT same Herr Joachim Tischler to whom Oscar had foretold a weathered gravestone for the near future, and who had thereupon wanted to know further details, had not found it easy to get access to Oscar. First, at the office of the Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy they had demanded a staggeringly high fee; then he had to sign a whole list of guarantees: that he would not attempt to mislead the Master, that he would not talk about the consultations in public, that he would not hold Lautensack responsible for damages which might result from following his advice.

Finally, however, a consultation took place, and a second and a third. Oscar gave Herr Tischler advice, very precise advice according to certain instructions from Hannsjörg. Herr Tischler's industrial interests were similar to Dr. Kadereit's. Yet Dr. Kadereit had a wide margin; in his work he could take the long view, and what was permissible for him was too dangerous for Herr Tischler. Herr Tischler's undertakings tottered; it became clear that Dr. Kadereit held legal titles which granted him a certain influence over Herr Tischler's undertakings; Herr Tischler saw himself helplessly encircled by companies which formed part of Dr. Kadereit's interests.

Herr Tischler's face grew grayer and grayer. He directed his rage against Oscar, talked of betrayal, raved unrestrainedly. Several newspapers took up the matter.

Oscar rejected Herr Tischler's outbreaks with a haughty shrug. Nor did Hannsjörg take them seriously. They were insured against indemnity suits by Herr Tischler's signature; to the reporters, Hannsjörg said that Herr Tischler had probably misunderstood the clairvoyant. All in all, thought Hannsjörg, the affair merely gave Oscar publicity; people said that there must be something to a man whose advice was sought by the leaders of industry.

In the end Herr Tischler shot himself.

Oscar felt chilled. At bottom he had only intended it as a joke when he had foretold an early death to Tischler. Was that still mere chance? Was it not rather that his words, even when he just let them drop carelessly, were realized by fate? Indeed, his prophecy came true even to the topographical details. For Herr Tischler's heirs, angered by the small pickings, did not carry out his expensive wish of having his corpse transported to his home but had him buried in Woodland Cemetery.

But soon Oscar's dismay vanished, and instead of shuddering at fate he felt something like satisfaction, even something like admiration for himself.

Käthe, however, obviously felt otherwise. The next time he met her she was withdrawn, chill. This time it was Käthe who "saw." She saw, as if right before her eyes, how he wiped every trace of Herr Tischler, dead or alive, from his memory forever. But Oscar, the clairvoyant, the blind man, did not notice how his attitude had shaken Käthe's affection more than all Paul Cramer's clever analyses.

However that might be, Oscar's prophecy had come true; that was a fact. And if Herr Tischler had contributed to the heightening of Oscar's popularity by his curses and by his accusations that Oscar was responsible for his misfortune, his death was even greater propaganda for the seer. Not many felt revolted like Käthe; instead, the men and, above all, the women in the leading circles of that Berlin of 1932 were attracted by the faint odor of blood with which Oscar, like Count Zinsdorff, was now enveloped.

Oscar found an invitation to the Kadereits' in his mail. There was a note saying, "The Fuehrer is expected," and Ilse Kadereit had added in her firm, neat handwriting: "We need a little amusement." She had left it open to interpretation whether those words referred to the Fuehrer or to the seer.

Although Oscar had to be prepared to hear some of Ilse's sharp comments when he went to the Kadereits', he was full of pleasant expectation. He hadn't seen Ilse again since that evening; he found her very attractive, and—he knew his high and mighty women—in her eyes Herr Tischler's suicide would be no less becoming than t
new tails which the masterly hand of Wa
the tailor had created for him.

This time it was Dr. Kadereit hims
who badgered him with all sorts of lit
gibes. "Your prophecies, my dear Laut
sack," said the blond giant, "are a little li
a horse doctor's remedies. They agree w
the robust patient, but finish off the weal
He followed his joke with more of t
kind. Oscar took his quips in good part.

The Fuehrer came early that evening a
stayed a long time. That meant somethin
he was in the midst of the electoral ca
paign, and the battle was heated. Still, o
had to keep one's most important financ
backer in a friendly mood; on that, M
fred Proell had insisted.

HITLER, incidentally, was not in b
form; one could hardly notice ho
rushed and overworked he was. And aga
he singled out Oscar. "What is your fe
ing, Comrade Lautensack?" he aske
"How are these elections going to tu
out? Is your premonition favorable
Oscar plunged his gaze into the Fuehrer
and while all listened in suspense he a
nounced without haste, without raising
voice, quietly assured: "It will be a defe
but an honorable German defeat."

No one spoke. For a while the Fueh
maintained a somber and portentous
lence. Then he said: "I thank you for y
honesty. After all, you can't help it, H
Lautensack. It is fate which imposes u
me the humiliation of this demeaning e
tion."

"At least you're a courageous clow
Ilse Kadereit whispered to Oscar with
sharp tongue.

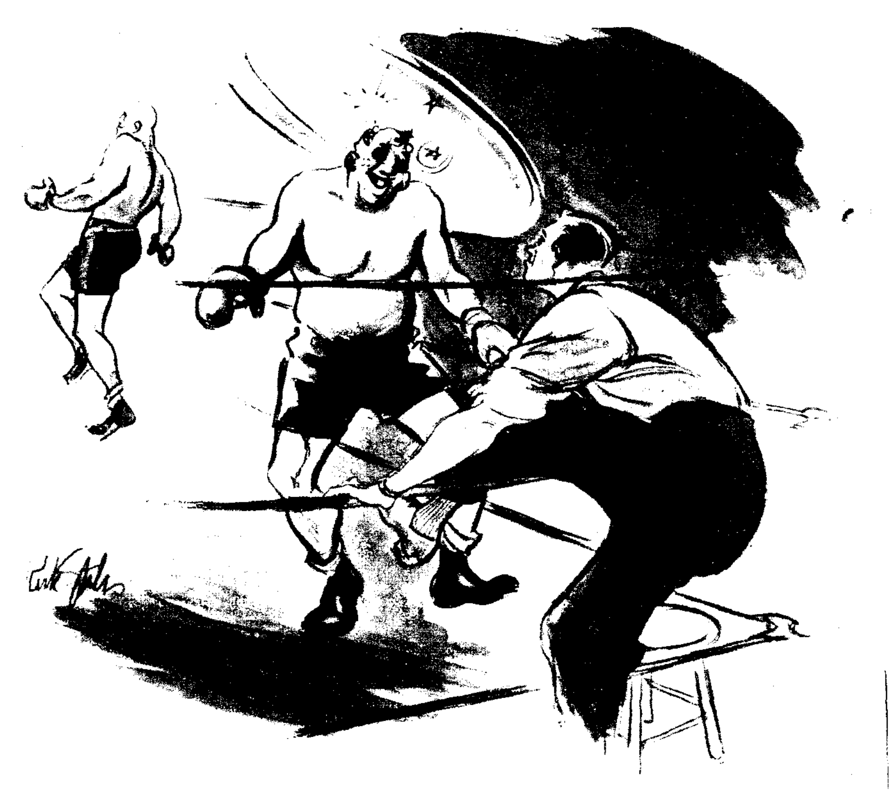
Hitler, however, took a few steps, bro
ing, then came back to Oscar. "Stay h
est, party comrade," he said, looking d
into his eyes, "and I shall not let you su
for foretelling the tricks of fate. As sc
as we assume control," he promised,
shall found a school for those dark scien
of which you have proved yourself such
shining representative."

Oscar thanked him warmly.

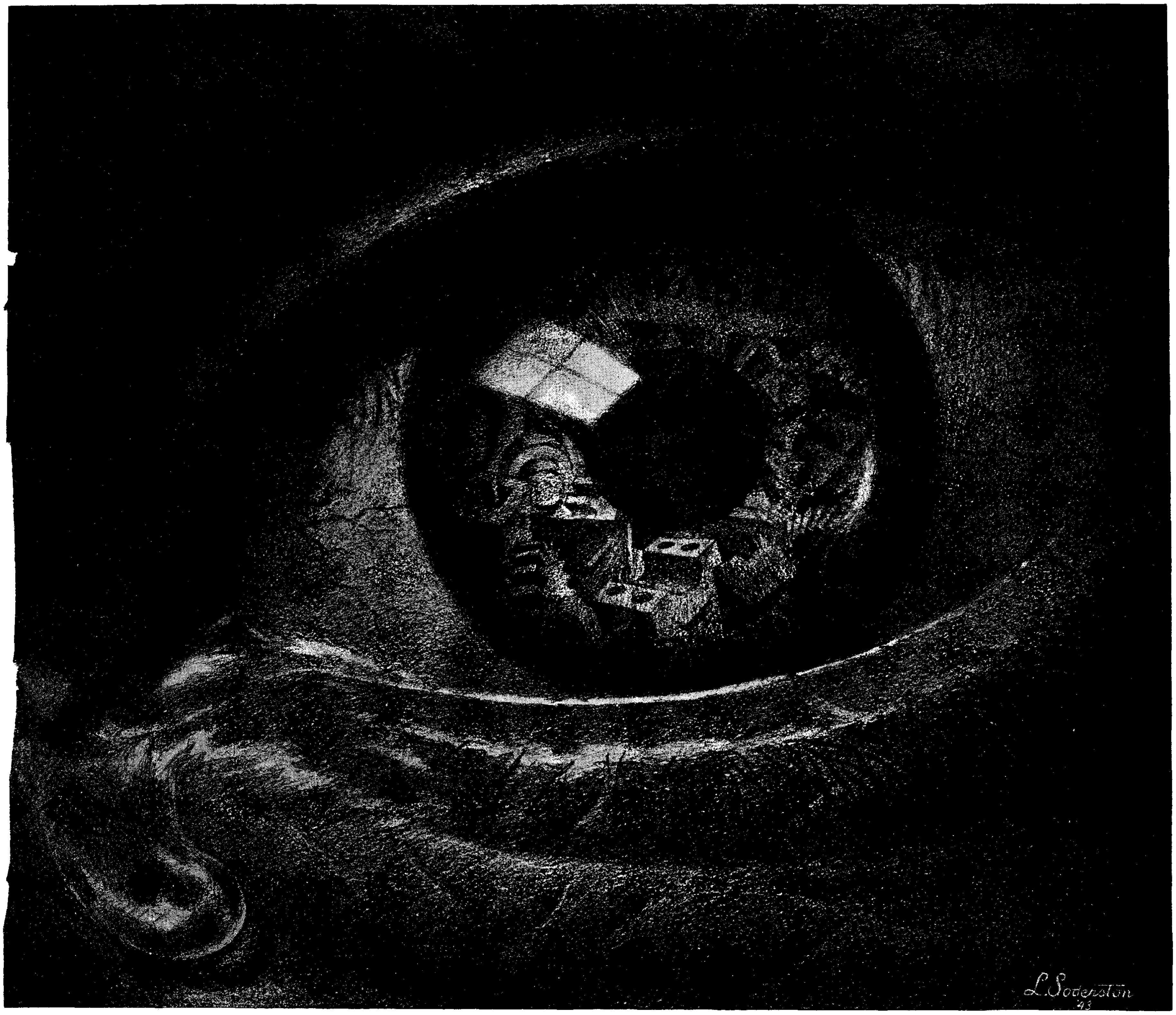
Then Hitler took his leave. "I am sorry
he said, "that my presence in this intere
ing circle must be so short. Siegheil."

"Heil, Herr Hitler," Dr. Kadereit a
swered.

When Oscar said goodby, Ilse informe
him that Dr. Kadereit would have to tak
a trip to the Ruhr in the next week, to a
tend to his affairs in a factory recently ac



COLLIER'S "Ah-h-h—he's just a slugger" KIRK STILES



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Spoilage Lies in Straining Eyes

A MACHINIST makes an error of a thousandth of an inch in reading his micrometer . . .

A worker drills a hole a few hairbreadths off center in the nose section of a bomber . . .

A stenographer misreads a 5 for a 3 in the notes she is copying . . .

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This is happening every day in United Nations war plants. It is a reflection of preventable personal weakness that accounts for losses running monthly into thousands of tons and hours.

Some of it is due to carelessness. *But a great deal of it is caused by defective vision*—eyes that do not see well, that strain, tire, fog, jump out of focus and are bound to make mistakes and cause accidents.

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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure—keep you foot-happy! Separate *Medications* supplied for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

quired from the late Herr Tischler. It would be nice of Oscar if some time during Dr. Kadereit's absence he would entertain her in his accustomed style.

THE presidential elections had brought the Nazis the expected defeat. A reaction followed; the Party's private army was banned, their funds were low. They had counted on this, but now it was important to adjust, to cut down on things.

All the Party organizations felt this, first of all the German World Philosophy.

Hannsjörg had to inform Oscar that he was no longer in a position to accede to his limitless demands; he would have to give up his present standard of living.

Oscar had thought things would continue in their progress upward the same as before.

And now Hannsjörg stood before him and dryly informed him: "It's all over. Your bubble's burst.

"For the time being," the little fellow now explained to him clearly and tersely, "I can promise you two thousand marks a month. But not one penny more."

"Two thousand marks," retorted Oscar grimly and contemptuously. "Now I know what to think of your promises."

"You are the most ungrateful piece of scum I've ever come across," said Hannsjörg. "Two thousand marks is a cabinet member's salary. If somebody had told you in Deggenburg or Munich that I was going to offer you a monthly stipend of two thousand marks, you'd have said the man was touched in the head."

Oscar could not well dispute that. He abandoned the fruitless debate and contented himself with summing up the situation with the words: "What a stinking mess." He sat there looking sullen and defeated.

This was where Hannsjörg wanted to have him. "Perhaps," he began cautiously after a pause, "I know a way you could bolster up your finances." Oscar looked up hopefully. "Your contract with the German World Philosophy stipulates that you shall be exclusively at the disposal of the society. In view of the circumstances, and loyal, stout and true as the society undoubtedly is, it would perhaps be willing to reconsider that clause."

"You mean—" asked Oscar in joyous excitement.

"Of course I can't guarantee anything," grinned Hannsjörg.

"Of course you can," Oscar contradicted him. "The German World Philosophy is you."

"All right," replied Hannsjörg, flattered and magnanimous. "If you're willing to appear publicly, there's no objection to it as far as the German World Philosophy is concerned."

OSCAR was inwardly much excited. When Alois had talked to him about doing an act together, they had been thinking of medium-sized towns, at most, of Munich. Now Oscar saw the Scala before him, the greatest vaudeville theater in the Reich; he saw his name in lights, giant billboards, crowds of onlookers hanging on his lips, staring at his hands, those hands which Tirschenreuth had represented so cruelly and ambiguously. Yes, the inner receptiveness of the crowd would inspire him, just as it did the Fuehrer; it would pour strength into him.

True, his offerings would have to be made even more sensational, his tricks even cruder; the mask would hang even higher and farther away from him, and it would be even more difficult for him to live up to it.

He was a fool if he let such considerations hinder him any longer. He would appear. Of course he would. He had just been waiting for Hannsjörg's offer. So now his economic difficulties were turning out to be a blessing.

"All right," he said in a martyred tone, "if you can't find any other way out, I'll give a public performance."

Alois also was full of enthusiasm when he heard about the project. The expectation of being allowed to demonstrate his real art on a real stage instead of in "chamber performances" revived him like a plant that feels the rain after a long drought.

Oscar and Alois had often occupied themselves with the working out of an act such as was now expected of them; they tested every detail anew. Approved, accepted, discarded. They praised each other, called each other nincompoop, felt their two hearts beat as one, hurled spiteful character estimates at each other, were entranced by each other's ideas, quarreled, broke off for good, made it up again.

They agreed on the following: The act was to be called Fiction and Truth. First, Alois was to perform the best of his magic tricks. But these tricks were to be designated as such; in this way the genuineness of Oscar's manifestations which followed would be the more strongly underlined. Oscar himself was to begin by performing several telepathic and hypnotic experiments, as a matter of course without the use of tricks. Then he intended to climax his performance with a sensational offering: the raising of a spirit from the dead, combined with a prophecy.

After they had tried out a number of dead personages and discarded them, they decided to call up the dead naval hero, Brittling, from his watery grave. Alois wanted to make visible, if not the ghost himself, at least certain of his attributes; he was wonderful at those things. But Oscar refused sharply. He was relying on his powers of suggestion. If he was well prepared inwardly, then the dead man would speak out of him so clearly that everyone would see him.

He prepared himself inwardly. Alois brought him piles of pictures of the dead man and phonograph records of his voice. Behind locked doors, safeguarded by soundproof walls, Oscar practiced with Alois. The dead man's voice must sound so that it startled those who had known that voice; on the other hand it must have a slight admixture of the macabre. Finally Oscar hit it off so well that sometimes he had to restrain himself from speaking with the dead naval hero's voice on unsuitable occasions.

So far so good. But what was the ghost to foretell? After all one couldn't drag him up out of Oscar's depths and then his sepulchral voice utter a lot of bana ties. Oscar racked his brain. He lock himself in his den, and stared at King Lu wig's proud, noble face, at the mask, at t pictures of the dead naval hero. No illun nation came; Oscar's breast remained lent and dead.

In his dire need he confided in Hann jörg. He scratched his head. It had be relatively simple to find out the circu stances of those whose future Oscar h "seen" until now. But this time Hann jörg had to produce an event which co cerned everybody, a great political e [illegible] He was tempted to say: "Do your [illegible] dirty work." But he saw the trust in O car's eyes, it flattered him that his broth in his distress had again been forced turn to him, and, "All right," he said. "I get you an event that you can prophesy

THE evening came nearer. Every sma est technical detail had been rehearse but Oscar's heart felt heavier and heavi when he considered that he still didr know what sensation he should have h ghost foretell.

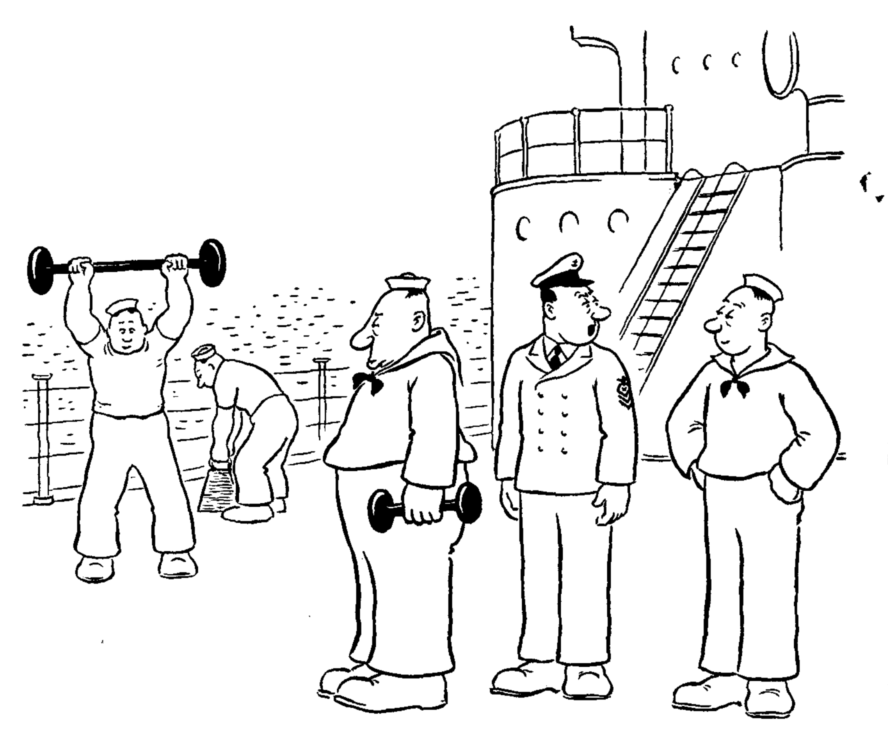
Then, two days before the *premiè* Hannsjörg appeared at his brother's, cited and hurried. "I've got it," he nounced, beaming. Inwardly Oscar gav deep sigh of relief. But, "So?" was all said, acting as if unconcerned. Hannsjö however, did not waste any time in givi Oscar a rap for his insolent pretense of difference; he was too full of his news. means of a tortuous game of intrigue, explained to his brother, they had got H denburg to the point where he was going dismiss the minister of war, the Part worst enemy. The newly appointed m ister would then lift the ban on the Part private army. It might still take a wh before this happened, but it was absolut settled. Only a very small circle kne about it.

Oscar reflected. Then, casually, ma nanimously, he said: "It's nice of you have taken the trouble to bring me t news. It confirms what my inner voice to me."

For a fraction of a second Hannsjö was stupefied by this piece of unbound effrontery. But again he controlled hin self. He patted his brother on the shou der. "You really are something," he said "Yes, we Lautensack brothers, we're a pair.'

(To be continued next week)

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Well, what if Alfred didn't do so well in the weight-lifting contest? After all, he's more the intellectual type"

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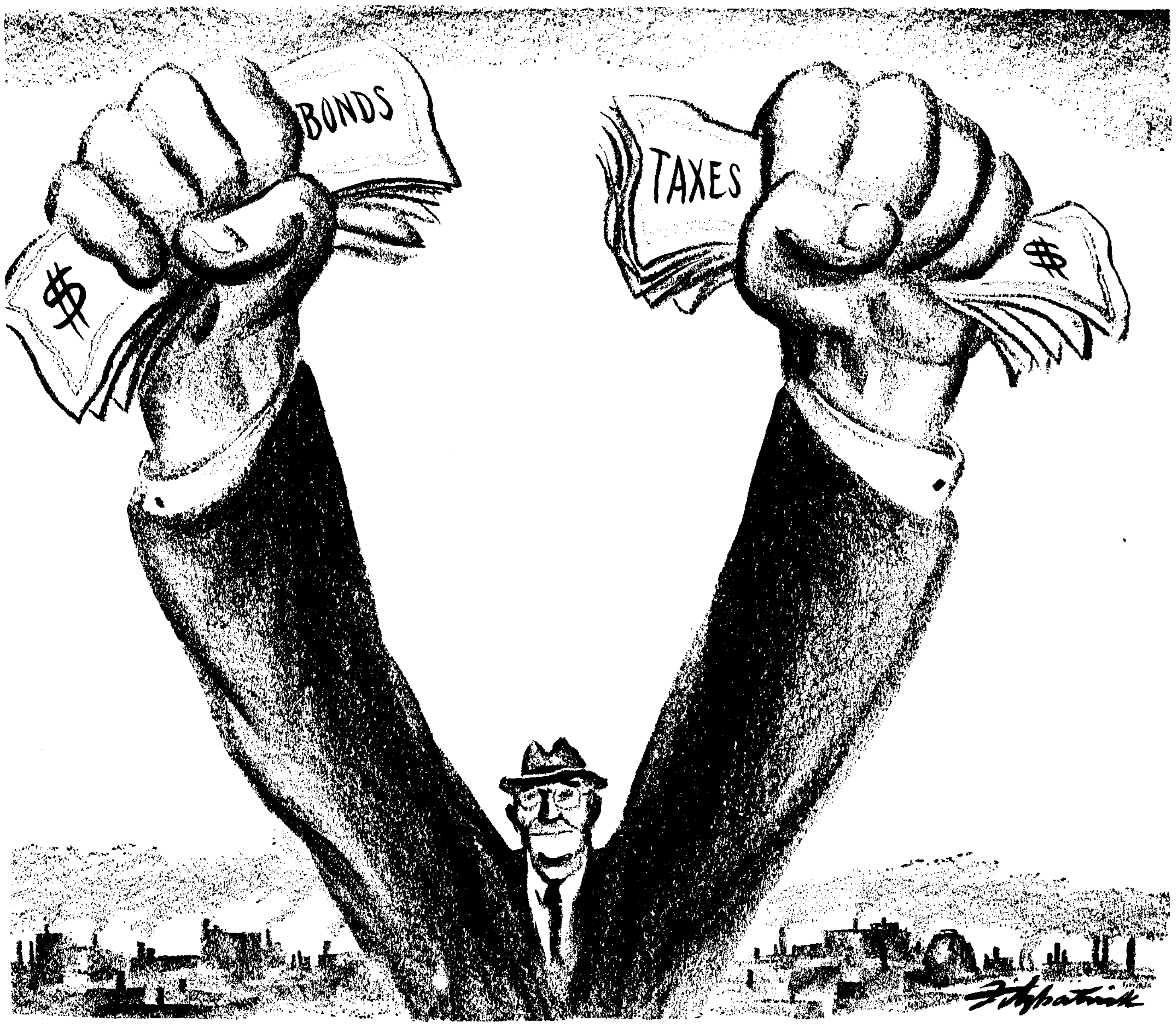

AS THE Treasury Department keeps pointing out, it will take a lot of taxes *and* a lot of War Bond purchases to round up the money to pay for victory in this war.

We're glad to mention the matter here again, and to renew our earnest recommendations to our readers to do their utmost in both of these fields. In time of war, it is one of the citizen's chief duties to pay his taxes promptly and to buy all the War Bonds he can.

We would like to add, however—still in the same constructive mood—that if we had a pay-as-you-go system of income-tax collection, both the taxation and the War Bond pictures would be looking healthier than they do look now.

It is feared (and we think reasonably) that numerous income-tax payers, come March 15th, are going to have to cash some of their War Bonds in order to meet their first installments of income tax. The most cogent reason why this is feared is the fact that millions of these people never paid income taxes before, and a lot of them did not figure out their taxes soon enough to put aside enough money to pay them.

The big puzzle to us in the whole affair is why the Treasury opposes the simple, clear-cut and businesslike Ruml plan for putting us on a pay-as-you-go basis at one jump, and why it keeps pushing muddleheaded, jumbled-up plans of its own.

Beardsley Ruml's scheme is the now well-known and widely approved proposal for "daylight saving" on income-tax collections. Under it, we would pay income taxes as usual, beginning March 15th, but they would be called payments on income earned this year, instead of last year. Appropriate safeguards would be set up against undue profit in isolated windfall cases, and the Treasury would lose money only in theory. Actually, it would collect taxes from people now making money, it would operate on a businesslike cash basis, and it would by-pass a myriad of unavoidable tax defaults in the year after the year in which the war boom ends.

To repeat, we hope everybody will pay taxes and buy bonds with the greatest enthusiasm for the duration. But we also hope the Treasury will come around pretty soon now to the common-sense attitude toward the Ruml plan. We further hope that Congress will adopt the Ruml plan, whether the Treasury likes it or not.

That "$25,000 Top"

CONGRESS owes it to its own integrity, and to American people, to repeal the so-called $25, wartime limit on incomes. Congress is the forum which such alleged reforms should be made if th are made at all. This one was made by decree, by Congress. Hence, Congress should knock it without ceremony or compunction.

The history of the so-called $25,000 income lin is instructive. It was first noised through Ameri newspapers, early in the war, that British taxes w so high that nobody in England was able to ke more than $28,000 a year, no matter how much might make.

This struck the Communists in the United Stat as a splendid idea. Presently it impressed M Roosevelt as a fine idea, too, and she began talki about it in My Day. The Administration twice ask Congress to impose such a limit on incomes in th country—not by taxation but by flat decree. Congre twice refused. Then Jimmy Byrnes, economic sta lizer, went ahead and said it was the law regardle

Thus our government apes a British state affairs, but does it in a completely undemocra extralegal way.

To make matters more ridiculous and unjust t is not a $25,000 limit on all incomes. Actually, i a $67,200 limit on incomes earned by work, but on incomes from bonds, stocks, rents, etc. It is a cree which discriminates against industrious, en getic, enterprising people, in favor of people who their big money without at present working for though some of them worked in the past to pile up reserves on which they are now living.

On all counts, the thing is a mistake and injustice. If it is allowed to stand, there will nothing to prevent the Executive branch of the go ernment, no matter what Congress may say, fro limiting us all to $2,500 a year, or $25 a year, or cents a year. This "law" which is not a law shou be kicked out, and kicked out fast.

Nisei Soldiers

NISEI is a word which up to now is known to fev Americans east of the Pacific West, but whicl we have a notion will be well and favorably know to all of us before the war is over. A Nisei is an American-born citizen whose parents were Japane

There are a large number of Nisei in the Far We Most of them are as loyal to the United States as a other group of Americans. Until recently, howeve they were not eligible for service in our Arme Forces in this war with Japan and its Axis partner

About a month ago, Secretary of War Stims announced that Nisei from then on would be a cepted for training in special units, including infantr artillery, engineer and medical personnel, and woul see actual fighting service in due course. Unde present arrangements, Nisei can get into these serv ices through draft boards in their communities.

It seems beyond dispute to us that this is the righ way to handle the matter. We feel confident, too that these men will become tough and valiant fighter for the country of their parents' adoption. Judging from our boys' experiences with the Jap soldiers o New Guinea and Guadalcanal, we can well affor to turn some Japanese-descended fighting talen against the original Japs.

We got the old familiar "That's the stuff!" kick out of this piece of news—a renewal of the conviction that American democracy can do such things and get away with them gloriously, because of its power to attract and hold the loyalty of all manner of people. In opening the Army to the Nisei, we think the War Department did its best single day's work in months.

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

that he realizes that wars
are not won by money alone,
but by *men*—and sends
books, games, magazines for relaxation!...
that he knows how important
relaxation is on the home front too—
and makes the night doubly thrilling
by remembering to send *her* flowers!

that he shows the same thoughtfulness
in his choice of a whiskey,
preferring one so mild, so fine
it adds pleasure to his leisure . . .
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by always serving Old Schenley,
America's Mildest Bottled-In-Bond!

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BITE SIZE
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BISCUITS

ENERGY . . . that's what I need . . . and that's what I get in Shredded Ralston. Whole wheat energy and that good Shredded Ralston flavor. Doesn't matter what shift I work—Shredded Ralston is ready-to-eat when I'm ready. And man! does it give me a lift! No wonder Uncle Sam says—eat this type of food every day.

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1 pkg. Shredded Ralston
½ cup shortening 1½ tsp. salt

Melt butter or other shortening in saucepan. Add Shredded Ralston. Sprinkle with salt. Stir while heating—about 5 minutes. Serve as nuts or popcorn. Use as croutons in soup.

Ry-Krisp
Ry-Krisp

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